

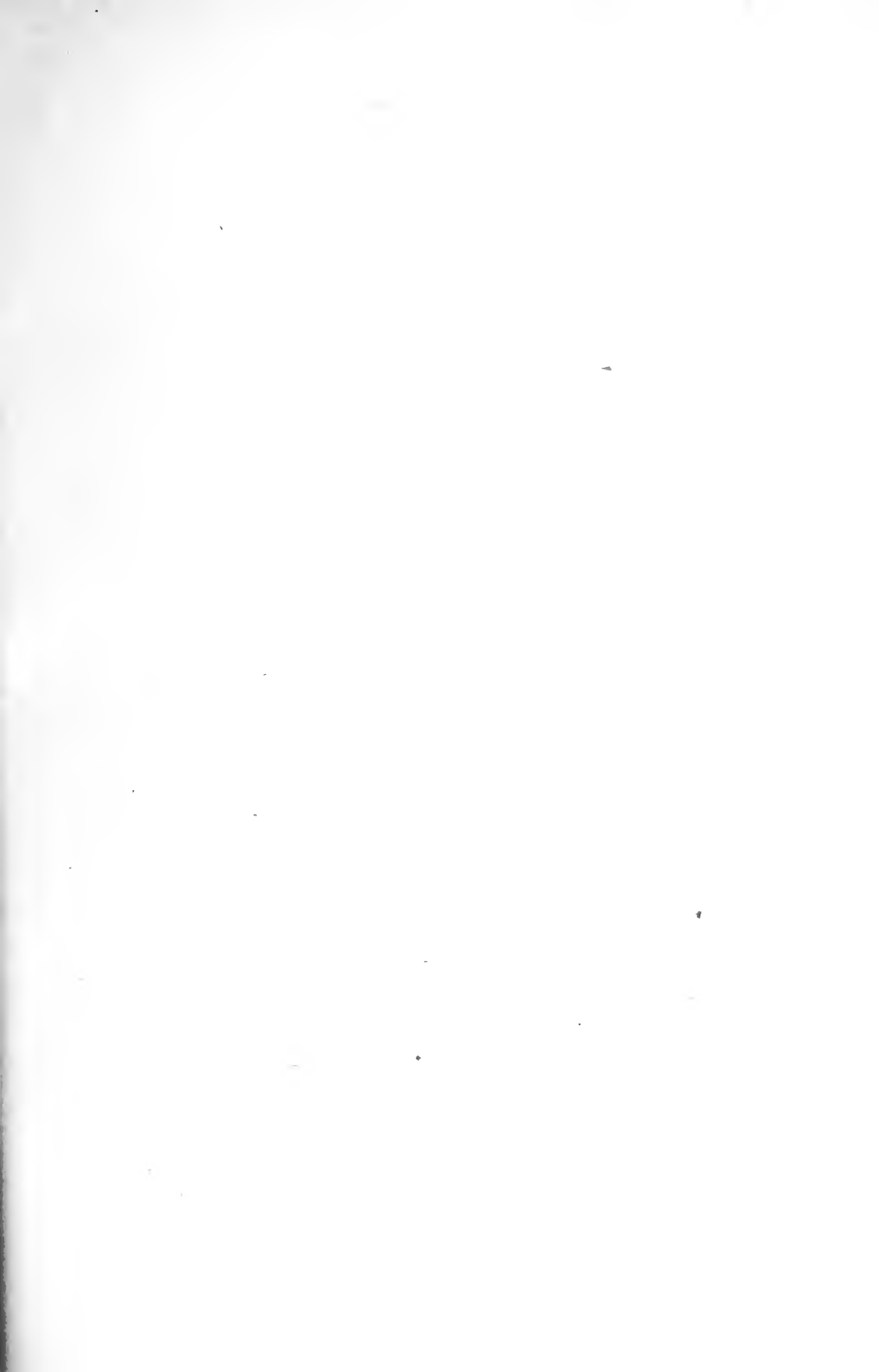


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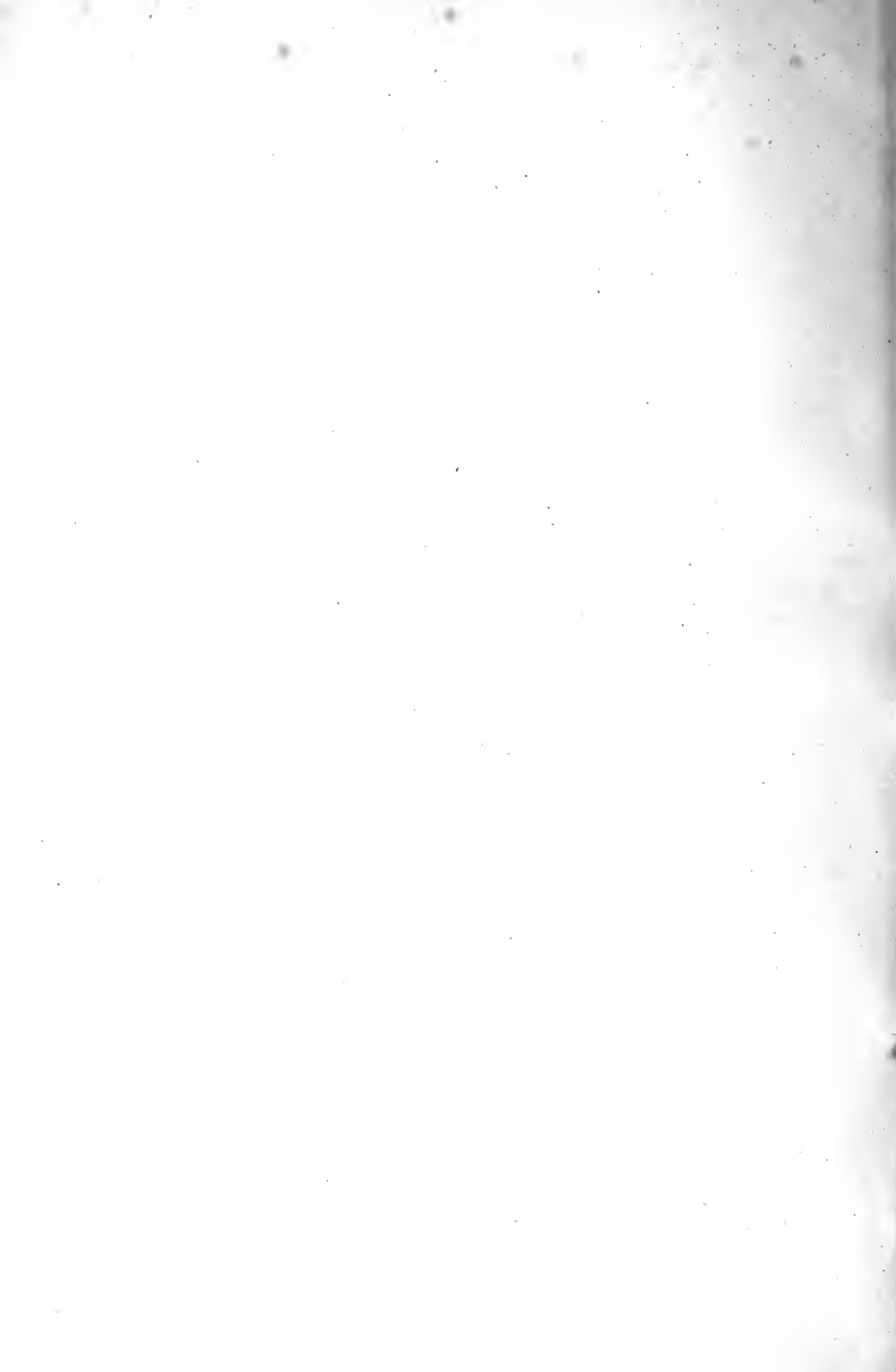
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Special Days In School

WITH

• Literary Selections •

ARRANGED BY

JEAN L. GOWDY,

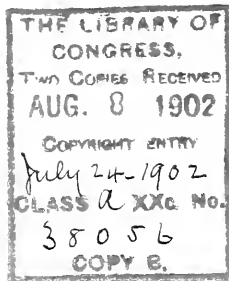
Principal Washington School.

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1902



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JEAN L. GOWDY

TO ALICE WOODWORTH COOLEY,

My honest critic and true friend,

This volume is affectionately dedicated.

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ERRATA.

The portions headed "Lincoln's Birthday" (page 59) and "Washington's Birthday" (page 68) should appear as independent chapters.

SPECIAL-DAY EXERCISES.

The aim in these exercises should not be to exhibit the school or simply to please the parents, but all special-day exercises should be the outgrowth of special study, in some line, and should be given to fix the important points in that study more firmly in the minds of the children.

No extra time need' be given in preparing for the programmes. The poems may be learned as class exercises, the songs may be part of the daily music lesson, and from time to time the best reproduction or essay in the written language lesson may be laid aside to be read on the day appointed for the special exercises.

Only the best in literature should be given to the children, and that in the most impressive manner. By the special-day exercises we may greatly strengthen the impressions made by our history and literature lessons, and we may set before the children grand ideals of patriotism, courage, loyalty, good living and true ambition.

Every time a child truly appreciates a good poem, story or essay or feels the truth of a noble thought, a new cell of the right kind is developed, and by the building of such cells we help in the formation of his character.

Let the formation of noble ideals of life be the aim in giving these exercises.

JEAN L. GOWDY.

THANKSGIVING DAY

PRIMARY GRADES.

THOUGHT,—THANKFULNESS.

For two or three days before Thanksgiving, the teacher should be instilling into the hearts of the children, by means of poem, story and act, the true feeling of gratitude for the blessings they have received and are now receiving.

To give, to think of others, to be thankful to others; to think not merely of the dinner to come, but of the hands that supply the dinner; tracing always back to the source of all good gifts—our Heavenly Father.

The following is a list of stories and poems which will be found very helpful in the work:

STORIES:

How Patty Gave Thanks.—(From "Child's World.") (Milton, Bradley Co.)

Thanksgiving in the Barn.—(From "Child's World.") (Milton, Bradley Co.)

The Thrifty Squirrels.—(From Child's World.") (Milton, Bradley Co.)

Chusey, The Thanksgiving Turkey.—Susan Coolidge.

How We Kept Thanksgiving.—H. B. Stowe. (From "Old Town Folks.")

Peggy's Thanksgiving Dinner.—Kindergarten Stories.

Thanksgiving Story.—Ella Reeve Ware. (From "Three Little Lovers of Nature.")

Two sides to a Thanksgiving Story.—(Youth's Companion, Nov., 1899.)

The First Thanksgiving.—(From "Story Hour.")

The Chopper's Child.—Alice Cary.

POEMS:

Harvest Song.—James Montgomery.

Thanksgiving Day.—Lydia Maria Child.

Thanksgiving Always.—Margaret Sangster.

Nut Babies.—(From "Child Garden.")

Who Gives Us Our Thanksgiving Dinner?—Kindergarten Review.

HYMNS:

A Thanksgiving Song.—R. W. Emerson.

Thanksgiving Hymn.—Mary Mapes Dodge.

Thanksgiving Hymn.—Montgomery.

We Thank Thee.

On Thanksgiving Day the schoolroom may be darkened and decorated with lighted jack o' lanterns somber and jack o' lanterns jolly, or pumpkins may be made into the forms of rose bowls or vases or jardinières, and filled with flowers.

A table may be placed in the front of the room and covered with fruits and vegetables representing the harvest, and sheaves of wheat, barley and oats may be arranged artistically about the room.

A large horn of plenty may be made, and fruit and vegetables be so placed as to appear to be rolling from its mouth.

The children should be allowed to assist in the work of decoration and arrangement. The donation of harvest products should be made by them and when the exercises are over, the whole may be made their offerings to the poor.

DOWN TO SLEEP

NOVEMBER woods are bare and still,
 November days are clear and bright,
 Each noon burns up the morning's chill,
 The morning's snow is gone by night,
 Each day my steps grow slow, grow light,
 As through the woods I reverent creep,
 Watching all things lie "down to sleep."

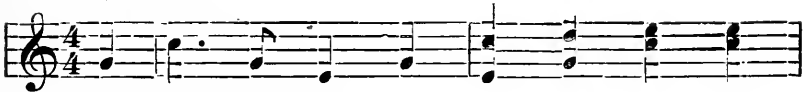
I never knew before what beds,
 Fragrant to smell and soft to touch,
 The forest sifts and shapes and spreads;
 I never knew before how much
 Of human sound there is in such
 Low tones as through the forest sweep
 When all wild things "lie down to sleep."

Each day I find new coverlids
 Tucked in, and more sweet eyes shut tight;
 Sometimes the viewless mother bids
 Her ferns kneel down, full in my sight;
 I hear their chorus of "good night,"
 And half I smile and half I weep,
 Listening while all lie "down to sleep."—H. H.

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A THANKSGIVING SONG.

R. W. EMERSON.



1. For flow'rs that bloom a - bout our feet, For
2. For blue of stream and blue of sky, For
3. For moth - er love and fa - ther care, For
4. For Thy dear, ev - er - last - ing arms That



ten - der grass so fresh, so sweet, For song of bird and
 pleas - ant shade of branches high, For fragrant air and
 broth - ers strong and sis - ters fair, For love at home and
 bear us o'er all ills and harms, For blessed words of



hum of bee, For all things fair we
 cool - ing breeze, For beau - ty of the
 school each day, For guid - ance lest we
 long a - go, That help us now Thy



hear or see, Our Fa - ther, we thank Thee.
 blooming trees, Our Fa - ther, we thank Thee.
 go a - stray, Our Fa - ther, we thank Thee.
 will to know, Our Fa - ther, we thank Thee.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING.

NEARLY three hundred years ago, in a queer little ship called the Mayflower, a little boy and girl came to our country from Holland. Their parents were seeking a home where they might serve God as they thought it right to serve Him. They had lived here about a year when our story begins.

Such an odd little home they had, near the New England coast, which was very wild, not at all as it is to-day. The house in which they lived was built of logs, and the windows were just oiled papers stretched tightly across a small square hole. Although little Jason and his sister Thankful stood by the window this morning, they could not see through it at all, and only stood there because it seemed lighter there than elsewhere in the room. The floor was of rough boards and overhead were great rafters on which were hung swords, belts, coats, bundles of herbs, pots, pans and many other things. There was very little furniture in the room; a wooden table scoured very white, a few stiff-backed chairs arranged against the wall, and a dresser on which were some pewter cups and platters, standing in a corner. But there as a great fireplace with a settle beside it, and the cheerful blazing fire helped to make the poor little room brighter. Near the fireplace was a spinning-wheel, where the mother was stepping rapidly to and fro, making a busy, humming sound as she worked.

Little Thankful wore a white cap which fitted closely over her curls in Puritan style, for she was a little Puritan maiden and she lived in Plymouth. It was not like the Plymouth of to-day, but a town of several log dwelling houses in a line, leading to the ocean, and one larger building which served as a church on Sunday, as a fort whenever unfriendly Indians appeared, and as a storehouse at all times.

When the Mayflower had landed, this spot had seemed a very dreary place to make a home, but they had all worked faithfully through sickness and many hardships, often being unable to get food enough to satisfy their hunger. The Mayflower had been sent back across the ocean to get food; but months had passed, and it had not returned.

Some friendly Indians had taught the settlers how to raise corn and other things, and now the storehouse was filled to overflowing. With thankful hearts, the settlers had decided to have a day of thanksgiving and a feast, and they had invited their Indian friends to enjoy it with them in the storehouse.

There was to be wild turkey shot in the forest, venison furnished by their Indian friends, corn bread made from their own corn, and pumpkin pies made from their pumpkins raised in the cornfields on the hillside.

Do you see now, children, why we use these things each year in our Thanksgiving feast? We can hardly imagine a Thanksgiving dinner without turkey and pumpkin pie!

It was about this Thanksgiving feast that the children were talking as they stood by the window in the little Plymouth home.

"We cannot go, just because we are children," said Jason angrily, "I believe the grown up people want all the good things themselves."

"Mother said she would bring us a Dutch cake, and we have plenty of nuts," whispered Thankful.

"Well, I won't stay at home, see if I do," answered Jason.

"But Father told us not to leave the house, and Mother would be so worried if we ventured into the woods," replied Thankful, "and you must take care of me, you know."

"I'm no baby, and besides I do not intend to go into the woods," said Jason stoutly, "I'll take care of you all right."

"But I won't disobey father and mother," declared Thankful.

When at last they were left alone, it did seem very quiet and lonesome, and they opened the door just a little. How pleasant the sunshine was, and how tempting the mild November air!

Just at that moment a pretty gray squirrel skipped across a field near by.

"I'll catch him," cried Jason, "and we'll have him for a pet." Out he ran, and Thankful, snatching up her little bonnet ran after him. On and on they ran, the nimble little squirrel now near at hand, now almost out of sight. Finally he disappeared altogether.

"Never saw anything run so fast," panted Jason dropping down to rest. "Guess we had better go back." But when they tried to find their way back they could not even tell in which direction to go. Poor Thankful began to cry.

Jason put his arms around her and said bravely, "Never mind, little sister, we will soon find our way, but let us rest a minute." As they sat there on the stone they heard a sweet voice say, "How do, English!"

Looking up, they saw a little Indian boy standing before them. He was dressed in skins and he had a tiny bow and quiver hanging upon his back. His feet were bare, and he had stepped so lightly that the children had not heard him.

At first Thankful was frightened, and she clung close to her brother; but Jason thought him so funny that he returned the salutation and began to talk to him. But the bright-eyed little fellow only laughed and shook his head. When Jason took from his pocket a handful of nut-meats, the little Indian seemed delighted. After he had eaten a few of them he began to dance for the children. It was a queer fantastic dance, and it interested them so much that they shouted and clapped their hands. This pleased the little Indian, and he kept on for some time.

When he had finished the strange performance, he turned suddenly and gazed out over the water. The children looked too. "What is that?" asked Thankful, pointing in the direction the boy was looking. "It must be a sea bird," answered Jason. "How large it is, and see how its wings are spread!"

"May be it will carry us off," said Thankful in a frightened tone. "O dear, can we never find Plymouth again?"

Before Jason could answer, the little Indian sprang forward, motioning them to follow. "Plymout'! Plymout'!" he shouted.

"He knows the way," cried Jason joyfully.

"Oh, he is going in the wrong direction, I know," said Thankful, drawing back. At this the little stranger grasped her arm, and tried to pull her along still shouting, "Plymout'!"

"Let's try it, anyhow," said venturesome Jason; "anything is better than staying here, and it is getting late."

So they followed their guide, often running to keep pace with him. And sure enough, after a long, weary walk they arrived, breathless, at their home. Forgetting everything but their desire to see father and mother again, they rushed down to the storehouse and burst in upon the people assembled at the feast, dragging their dusky little friend with them.

Around the great tables were seated the settlers and their Indian guests enjoying the good things. When the great chief Massasoit saw the little Indian boy, he dropped the cup he held, and springing forward he caught the child in his arms. "Light of my eyes—staff of my footsteps! Thou art come back to my heart to be the sunshine of my wigwam!" he exclaimed joyfully.

It was found that the boy was his own son, who had been stolen some time before by unfriendly Indians, and the father had supposed him dead.

Amid the great rejoicing, Jason and Thankful were clasped in the arms of their parents, who forgot to chide them for their disobedience; and as Thankful sat upon her proud father's knee, Massasoit placed about her neck a string of wampum.

"We saw a wonderful sea bird out on the ocean," said Jason. "It was many times larger than the swans at Amsterdam, and its wings were spread."

"The ship! the ship!" cried the settlers, and they rushed out of the storehouse and down to the sea shore. Sure enough, there was a ship in the distance, sailing straight towards Plymouth.

How the guns rang out their welcomes from the shore, how the ship's cannon sent joyous replies, and how full of gladness was the little town!

The good ship, *Fortune*, brought food, friends, and many comforts of which the settlers had long been deprived.

As Jason and Thankful sat on the settle before the fire that night, Jason said, "I know what Thanksgiving means, it means plenty to eat." "Perhaps," replied Thankful, "but I think it means giving thanks for being all together again."

Although this Thanksgiving happened so many years ago, we still keep a day for special thanksgiving each year, and it still means thanks for plenty to eat and for all being together once more, just as it did in Plymouth to Jason and Thankful.—Adapted from "An Old-Time Thanksgiving." (In *St. Nicholas*.)

PROGRAMME.

Song: We Thank Thee.

Tunes:

"The Morning Light is Breaking."

"Come May, Thou Lovely Lingerer."—*Mozart*.

We plow the fields and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's Almighty hand.
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine
And soft refreshing rain.

He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far.
He paints the wayside flower
And lights the evening star.
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed.
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.

We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
Accept the goods we offer
For all thy love imparts
And what thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

—Selected.

STORIES:

The First Thanksgiving.—"Story Hour."

or,

The First Thanksgiving. (See page 4.)

SONG: Thanksgiving hymn. Tune, "America."

The God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Heart, hand and voice.
The valleys laugh and sing.
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

Then God of harvest praise,
 Hands, hearts and voices raise,
 With sweet accord.
 From field to garner throng,
 Bearing your sheaves along,
 And in you harvest song,
 Bless ye the Lord.

James Montgomery.

Thanksgiving Day Thoughts:

God is glorified, not by our groans, but by our thanksgivings.
—Whipple.

If happiness has not her seat
 And center in the breast;
 We may be wise, or rich or great,
 But never can be blest.

—Burns.

Little gifts are precious,
 If a loving heart
 Help the busy fingers,
 As they do their part. —Selected.
 Give thy heart's best treasure,—
 From fair Nature learn;
 Give thy love—and ask not,
 Wait not a return!
 And the more thou spendest
 From thy little store,
 With a double bounty
 God will give thee more.

Adelaide Proctor. (From "Give.")

A grateful heart is itself a prayer. *—Lessing.*

Thank God for the beauty broadcast
 Over our own dear land;
 Thank God, who to feed his children,
 Opens his bounteous hand;
 Thank God for the lavish harvests,
 Thank Him from strand to strand.

—Margaret Sangster.

"And ever, where honest hands have wrought,
 God hears the true Thanksgiving."

I know not where His islands lift
 Their fronded palms in air,
 I only know I cannot drift
 Beyond His love and care.

Whittier.

"Kindness is the music of good-will to men, and on this harp the smallest fingers may play Heaven's sweetest tones on earth."

STORY: The Thrifty Squirrels.—(From "Child's World.")

(Told by a child.)

RECITATION: Nut Babies.

Rock-a-by babies on the tree top;
 When the wind blows the cradles will rock,
 When the stems break the cradles will fall,—
 Down comes rock-a-bye babies and all.
 Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye babies grow;
 Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye nuts you know
 Will fall to the ground
 And there will be found
 By children and squirrels all around.

—(From *Child's Garden*.)

SONG: A Thanksgiving Song.—R. W. Emerson. (See page 3).

SELECTED QUOTATIONS: (Children holding the fruit referred to in the quotations.)

The soil untilled, a ready harvest yields;
 With wheat and barley wave the golden fields.
 —*Pope*.

And chestnuts fall from satin burrs,
 Without a word of warning;
 When on the ground red apples lie,
 In piles like jewels shining,
 And redder still, on old stone walls
 Are leaves of woodbine twining.

—*H. H.*

Bent low, by Autumn's wind and rain, through husks that,
 dry and sere,

Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out the yellow ear;

Beneath, the turnip lay concealed, in many a verdant fold,

And glistened in the slanting light the pumpkin's sphere of
 gold.—

—*Whittier*.

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
 Heap high the golden corn!
 No richer gift has Autumn poured
 From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands exulting glean
 The apple from the pine.
 The orange from its glossy green,
 The cluster from the vine;

* * * * * *

But let the good old crop adorn
 The hills our father trod;
 Still let us for His golden corn,
 Send up our thanks to God!

—*Whittier.*

For mellow pears we have gathered in,
 For rosy apples and well-filled bin,
 That tell of a fruitful year,
 For golden grain that is stored away,
 For fragrant piles of clover hay,
 Let us thank our Father dear.

—*Dora Read Goodale.*

The berries of the brier-rose
 Have lost their rounded pride;
 The bitter-sweet chrysanthemums
 Are dropping heavy-eyed.

His store of nuts and acorns now
 The squirrel hastes to gain,
 And sets his house in order for
 The winters dreary reign.

—*Alice Cary.*

SONG: Thanksgiving Hymn.

Can a little child like me,
 Thank the Father fittingly?
 Yes, oh yes, be good and true,
 Patient, kind in all you do;
 Love the Lord and do your part,
 Learn to say with all your heart,
 Father, we thank Thee!
 Father, we thank Thee!
 Father in Heaven we thank Thee!

For the fruit upon the tree,
 For the birds that sing of Thee
 For the earth in beauty drest,
 Father, Mother and the rest,
 For Thy precious loving care,
 For Thy bounty everywhere,
 Father, we thank Thee!
 Father, we thank Thee!
 Father in Heaven we thank Thee.

—*Mary Mapes Dodge.*

STORY: The Chopper's Child.—Alice Cary. (Told by a child.)

RECITATION :

"Gratefully we saw in the spring
Rain and sunshine gay;
All together let us sing
On Thanksgiving day.

"Heavenly Father, hear our thanks,
For Thy loving care;
Help us now to show our love
And each blessing share."

SONG: Over the River.

Over the river and through the woods,
To grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the woods,—
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes
And bites the nose
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the woods,
To have a first-rate play,
Hear the bells ring
"Ting-a-ling-ling!"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the woods,—
Now grandfather's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah! for the pumkin pie!

—*Lydia Maria Child.*

RECITATION :

O let us hold unruffled still
The pure peace of believing;
The clear, rich anthem of our praise
Be free from notes of grieving;
In sweet, serene and thankful hearts
Lies all the joy of living;
Lift pure and strong your choral song
And make a glad Thanksgiving.

—*Goodale.*

RECITATION: (By School.)

Thank God for rest, where none molest,
And none can make afraid,—
For Peace that sits as Plenty's guest
Beneath the homestead shade!

* * * * *

Build up an altar to the Lord.
O grateful heart of ours!
And shape it of the greenest sward
That ever drank the showers.

Lay all the bloom of gardens there,
And there the orchard fruits,
Bring golden grain from sun and air,
From earth her goodly roots.

* * * * *

There let the common heart keep time
To such an anthem sung
As never swelled on poet's rhyme,
Or thrilled on singer's tongue.

* * * * *

A song of faith that trusts the end
To match the good begun,
Nor doubts the power of Love to blend
The hearts of men as one!

—Whittier. (From "The Peace Autumn.")

THANKSGIVING DAY

HARVEST IN MANY LANDS.

IN the Geography and Language work much of this preparation work must be given.

The idea of the horn of plenty may be here used, as suggested in the exercises for primary grades, with products of the many lands studied, falling from it, as cocoanuts, rice, coffee, tea, cocoa, pepper, spices, foreign nuts, corn, pumpkins, etc.

The children who read the papers on the harvests in the different lands, may be dressed in the costume of the country of which they read, or may carry the flag of that country.

As many of the products of the different countries as possible should be collected, that the countries may be more real to the children.

There is a wide field for selection in making a program, and the one given is intended to be merely suggestive.

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- The World by the Fireside.—Kirby. (T. Nelson & Son, New York.)
- Boys of Other Countries.—Bayard Taylor. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)
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- Ten Boys.—Jane Andrews. (Ginn & Company.)
- Our World.—Mrs. Mary Hall. (Ginn & Company.)

POEMS:

- The Harvest Moon—Longfellow.
- Autumn.—Longfellow.
- November.—Alice Cary.
- The Palm-Tree.—Whittier.
- The Coloring of the Grapes.—Sarah K. Bolton.
- The Corn Song.—Whittier.
- The Pumpkin.—Whittier.
- The Autumn Festival.—Whittier.

The Peace Autumn.—Whittier.
 Maize for the Nation's Emblem.—Celia Thaxter.
 Song of the Harvest.—Henry Stevenson Washburn.
 Australian Poetry.—James Rochis.
 The Wind Across the Wheat.—Margaret Songster.
 Columbia's Emblem.—Edna Dean Proctor.

SONGS:

O the Merry Harvest Time.—Geo. Webb. (From "Encore.") (Oliver Ditson Co.)
 Song of the Sun.—Jennie Youngs. (The Wyatt Company.)
 Thanksgiving Day.—Canon Ainslee. (Scott, Foresman & Company.)
 Thanksgiving Ode.—J. G. Holland.
 The Happy Farmer.—Schumann.
 Merry Autumn Days.—C. H. Congdon.

THE HARVEST MOON.

IT is the Harvest Moon! On gilded vanes
 And roofs of villages, on woodland crests
 And their aerial neighborhoods of nests
 Deserted, on the curtained window-panes
 Of rooms where children sleep, on country lanes
 And harvest-fields, its mystic splendor rests!
 Gone are the birds that were our summer guests,
 With the last sheaves return the laboring wains!
 All things are symbols: the external shows
 Of Nature have their image in the mind,
 As flowers and fruits and falling of the leaves;
 The song-birds leave us at the summer's close,
 Only the empty nests are left behind,
 And pipings of the quail among the sheaves.
—Longfellow.

THE CORN SONG.

HEAP high the farmer's wintry hoard!
 Heap high the golden corn!
 No richer gift has Autumn poured
 From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean
 The apple from the pine,
 The orange from its glossy green,
 The cluster from the vine;

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest-fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meades of flowers,
Our ploughs their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

All through the long bright days of June
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with autumn's moonlit eyes,
Its harvest-time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.—*Whittier.*

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THE COLORING OF THE GRAPES.

DAY by day we watched them taking on the purple,
Lying with the sunshine in a golden mist,
Sending out their fragrance with a royal bounty,
Happy in their beauty simply to exist.

Through the long dry summer, broad green leaves had shaded
Tiny growing clusters from the parching heat;
Gathering, from earth and sky, good and air and moisture;
Bathing them in evening dew, just to make them sweet.

Red and white and purple globes of wondrous texture,
Grown and sealed and colored by no mortal hand;
Types of peace and plenty—nature's perfect working;
Blessings on the vineyards of our favored land!

—*Sarah K. Bolton.* (From "Chautauquan.")

MAIZE FOR THE NATION'S EMBLEM.

UPON a hundred thousand plains
Its banners rustle in the breeze,
O'er all the nation's wide domains,
From coast to coast betwixt the seas.

It storms the hills and fills the vales,
It marches like an army grand,
The continent its presence hails,
Its beauty brightens all the land.

Far back through history's shadowy page,
It shines a power of boundless good,
The people's prop from age to age,
The one unfailing wealth of food.

God's gift to the New World's great need,
That helps to build the nation's strength,
Up through beginnings rude to lead
A higher race of men at length.

How straight and tall and stately stand
Its serried stalks upright and strong!
How nobly are its outlines planned!
What grace and charm to it belong!

What splendid curves in rustling leaves!
What richness in its close-set gold!
What largess in its clustered sheaves,
New every year, though ages old!

America! from thy broad breast
It sprang, beneficent and bright,
Of all the gifts from heaven the best,
For the world's succor and delight.

Then do it honor, give it praise!
A noble emblem should be ours:—
Upon thy fair shield set thy maize,
More glorious than a myriad flowers.

And let the states their garlands bring,
Each its own lovely blossom sign;
But leading all, let Maize be king,
Holding its place by right divine.

—*Celia Thaxter.*

By permission of Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

HARVEST HOME IN ENGLAND.

AT this Thanksgiving time let us stop for a day or so in England, the home of the Pilgrims. The harvest of wheat, oats, barley and flax has been gathered. The apples, pumpkins and vegetables are safely stored for winter. With hearts full of thanksgiving to God for their abundant crops, the people have their Harvest Home. This is a church celebration and is held on Sunday. It may not be on the same day throughout all England, but is held as soon as the harvest is ended. For a day or two before the Harvest Home, the people are busy trimming the church. Every nook is decorated with sheaves of grain and brilliant autumn leaves. The altar rail is quite concealed with festoons of scarlet vines. Rosy-cheeked apples and big yellow pumpkins smile at us from every corner. On Sunday the church is filled to overflowing. The lessons, sermon, and indeed the whole service is one of praise and thanksgiving to God for the bountiful harvest. Can you not almost hear them sing that grand old harvest hymn?

"Come, ye thankful people, come."

Is this not a beautiful custom? Don't you think that the Pilgrims, when they had gathered their crops the first year and held their first Thanksgiving Day in America, must have remembered the Harvest Home in the land from which they came?

ENGLISH SONG—HARVEST HYMN.

COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest home;
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin.
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest home."

—Marie Willard.

GAMBIA AND THE BRAZIL NUTS.

COME with me now to another home. You have been in this country before, I think. See if you remember.

A bright sun, a wealth of vegetation, brilliant flowers, and birds which in gayness of coloring rival the flowers. There are twisting vines, rubber trees, monkeys,—yes, I see that you know now where you are; but this time we will go farther back from the river bank, where it is slightly cooler and where the vegetation is less dense.

Here is a home. The roof is thatched with dry grass, and bamboo is used for walls. Not an elegant home by any means, but here lives Gambia, a bright-eyed little boy with brown skin. He has just come outside to gaze wonderingly at us. A cluster of palm trees shade the hut, and a very pleasant spot it is. Gambia will tell us, if we ask him, that tomorrow his father is going on a short journey, to be gone several weeks, and has promised to take him along this time, as a rare treat.

We will watch them start, early in the morning, while it is yet dark, for it will be much easier to travel when it is cool. The load consists mainly of large bags, rough axes, and food. Before noon they have reached a forest of giant trees; very, very tall ones. Gambia's father looks anxiously up at the large round balls almost hidden by the leaves and says in his language, "We must hurry, my son, and build our house, for the nuts are nearly ripe and in a day or so will be falling."

Two days are spent with hard work and the hut is finished, with a very strong roof, the reason for which you will soon see. That night after the last bit of work was done, and all things had been carried inside, Gambia and his father stood at the door looking out into the fast increasing darkness. The father gives a start and says, "We have done well to hurry. There will be a strong wind tonight and the nuts are ripe enough to fall. Do not leave the hut again until I give you permission. Hear the wind rising now." Gambia says nothing, but looks through the forest whose branches are so far above that he can see only the huge trunks; but he hears the wind howling through the trees, and he gladly turns with his father back into the hut. They build a fire, bake some small cakes and have some cocoanuts for supper. Not long after this they are both sleeping soundly and do not awaken until morning. Not even the fierce raging of the wind storm, nor the falling branches of the trees disturb them.

When morning comes the wind is much more quiet, and as they stand again at the door, Gambia is perfectly astonished at the change which has been wrought in one night. The ground is covered with branches and balls, which lie at least eight inches deep. Gambia would have rushed out to pick one up, but his father nuzzles him quietly back with a sharp reminder of last night's warning; and just at that moment a nut falls very near the door from a branch so high above their heads that the force gained by falling so far, added to its weight, sends it down into the ground and there it lies almost buried in the earth. Gambia's father goes out and brings in just one ball for the boy to examine, but neither of them venture out again until the wind has quite ceased, for one would not care to be struck by so heavy missiles.

By noon all wind has died down and they go out and fill the sacks which are so heavy, when full, that it is hard to drag them into the hut. At night both are very tired, but the father is in excellent humor, for they have gathered a fine pile of nuts, and the season promises to be successful. They do not have to work so hard again for many days, for there is very little wind and there is only the daily fall of the nuts as they ripen. These must be picked, although at such great risk that Gambia is not allowed to help, but he has found work inside. With a stone he breaks off the outside shell and loosens the nuts within, which are packed so closely that, try as hard as you might, you could not fit them back again. Sixteen or eighteen nuts are in a single case and each nut has its own three-sided shell; so you see why they made such a heavy ball.

This is where the Brazil nuts grow, and this is how they are gathered; and this, too, is the danger which threatens all the gatherers. I saw some children eating Brazil nuts yesterday ("nigger toes" they called them), but none of them knew about the harvest in Brazil.

But this is not all the story. At the end of the season, when the nuts have ceased falling and have been taken from the large shell, men come with donkeys and carry away the sacks, and very glad is Gambia to go home again. His mother welcomes him joyfully, for she knows through how much danger he has passed. In a few days the nuts will be carried to a city by the sea shore. A large steamer will bring them to us, and many children in many lands will eat the nuts during winter evenings. Perhaps Gambia in this way will help to prepare a part of your Christmas feast of nuts.

—Alice Hamblin.

HAYTI:—SUGAR CANE.

HAYTI'S father is very poor, and has to work hard on a sugar plantation. He sets the plants in rows and has to hoe and weed them, until they are high enough to shade their roots; after which they can be left alone until ripe.

When ripe, the stalks are a light golden yellow, with a streak of red here and there. The top is dark green, with long narrow leaves, much like those of a corn stalk. From the center grows a silvery stem two feet high, from the top of which comes a white fringed plume almost lilac-colored. Just think how beautiful that must be under a bright sun with a gentle breeze waving the tops!

Hayti's master owns miles upon miles of the bright golden green sugar cane, and here and there are clusters of low buildings where the people live who work in the fields.

Hayti lives in one of these houses, and near by is the tall white chimney of the sugar mill, from which issues the thick black smoke, just as comes the smoke from the stack of a steamboat. Hayti has a garden of sweet potatoes, and behind the cabin are chickens and pigs. A little to one side is the master's low white house, surrounded by beautiful shade trees. On a sturdy pony the master rides about the field which is alive with people of Hayti's color.

About the first of December, they begin to cut the canes. This means hard work, for it must not be left too long on the fields after it is ripe. Both men and women have to work early and late; and so hard that at the end of the season they are nearly worn out, and oxen often die from overwork in the hot sun.

Only four or five hours are allowed for sleep, and while some are sleeping, the rest work, so that the mill is not idle for a single hour while the season lasts.

The men have been divided into gangs. One gang cuts the cane, which is now about as large as a walking-stick. They use sharp knives which resemble swords. Others load the stalks upon ox carts, and still others drive the loads to the mill and feed the cane to the great iron crushes. From under the machine pours forth a constant stream of liquid, thick and jelly-like.

An iron pipe carries it to the boilers, where it is boiled and purified. After the crushing, children help to spread the cane where it can dry; for it will be good to burn. The

juice is boiled until it is sugar, and being in large lumps it has to be crushed. Now it is ready to be sent away, either in bags or in hogsheads.

There is but one sugar crop a year. In some countries it ripens faster, and the harvest lasts only eight weeks; but here in Hayti's home, it is four months in ripening.

Now, when you eat sugar, will you not think of little Hayti, who perhaps at this very moment is working for you?

—*Alice Hamblin.*

Note:—Many such simple stories may be written by the teacher, and used as reproduction stories.

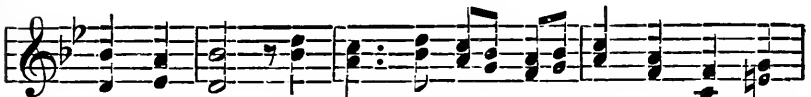
MERRY AUTUMN DAYS.

DICKENS.

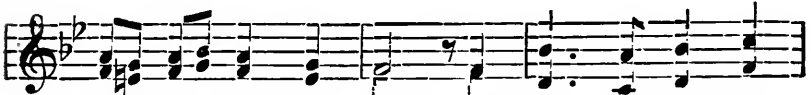
C. H. CONGDON.



1. Oh hail the mer - ry autumn days When leaves are
2. 'Tis pleas - ant on a fine spring morn 'To see the
3. Then hail to mer - ry autumn days Who cut on



turn - ing red Because they're far more beau - ti - ful Than
buds expand, 'Tis pleasant in the summertime To
all the leaves And make them all so beau - ti - ful That



an - y one has said. We hail the mer - ry
see the fruit - ful land 'Tis pleas - ant on a
no one o'er them grieves Then hail the mer - ry



harv - est time The gay - est of the year, The
win - ter's night To sit a - round the blaze, But
harv - est time The gay - est of the year, The



time of rich and bounteous crops Rejoicing and good cheer.
what are joys like these my boys To mer - ry au - tumn days?
time of rich and bounteous crops Rejoicing and good cheer.

By permission of C. H. Congdon.

PROGRAMME.

HARVEST IN MANY LANDS.

RECITATION: From Whittier's "Autumn Festival."

And we, to-day, amidst our flowers
And fruits, have come to our own again
The blessings of the autumn hours,
The early and the latter rain!

To see our Father's hand once more
Reverse for us the plenteous horn
Of autumn, filled and running o'er
With fruit, and flower, and golden corn!

Once more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems of gold;
Once more with harvest song and shout
Is Nature's bloodless triumph told.

* * * * *

And let these altars, wreathed with flowers
And piled with fruits, awake again
Thanksgivings for the golden hours,
The early and the latter rain!

SONG: O, the Merry Harvest Time.—Geo. Webb.

RECITATION: The Song of the Harvest.—Washburn.

TOPICS:

The Cotton Harvest.

The Harvest of Brazil Nuts. (See Gambia and the
Brazil Nuts.—Alice Hamblin, page 19.)

The Harvest of Grapes.

RECITATION: The Coloring of the Grapes.—Sarah K. Bolton.
(See page 16.)

SONG: The Song of the Sun.—Jennie Youngs.

TOPICS:

The Harvest of Sugar Cane. (See Hayti—Sugar Cane.—
Alice Hamblin, page 21.)

The Cocoa Harvest, or

The Tea Harvest.

RECITATION: The Palm-Tree.—Whittier.

TOPICS:

Our Own Country.

Harvest in New England.

READING: Ezra's Thanksgiving out West.—Eugene Field.
(In "A Little Book of Profitable Tales.") (Chas.
Scribner's Sons.) or

An Old Time Thanksgiving.—J. G. Holland.

TOPIC: Harvest in the West.

RECITATION: Selection from,

The Corn Song.—Whittier. (See page 15.)

The Pumpkin.—Whittier. or

Maize for the Nation's Emblem.—Celia Thaxter. (See
page 17.)

RECITATION: The Wind Across the Wheat.—Songster.

SONG: The Happy Farmer.—Schumann. or

The Merry Autumn Days.—Congdon. (See page 23.)

RECITATION: The Harvest Moon.—Longfellow. (See page
15.) or

Autumn.

THE PILGRIMS.

INTERMEDIATE GRADES.

THE same thought as in Primary grades may be brought out with older children through the study of the Pilgrims.

A week or more may be profitably spent in the study of these people.

TOPICS:

- (a) Their home in England.
- (b) Persecutions.
- (c) Removal to Holland and then reasons for leaving that country.
- (d) The Journey to America.
- (e) Landing at Plymouth Rock.
- (f) Building homes.
- (g) Discouragements, hardships, sickness and famine.
- (h) The first Thanksgiving.

REFERENCE BOOKS:

- Eggleston's First Book of American History. (American Book Company.)
- Montgomery's Beginners' History. (Ginn & Company.)
- Pilgrims and Puritans.—Moore.
- The Pilot of the Mayflower.—Butterworth.
- The Story Hour.—Wiggin & Smith.
- Morning Talks.—Sarah Wiltse. (Houghton, Mifflin & Company.)
- The Child's World.—Emilie Poulsson. (Milton Bradley Company.)
- The Making of New England.—Drake.
- Colonial Children.—Pratt. (Educational Publishing Co.)
- Stories of Massachusetts.—Pratt. (Educational Publishing Co.)
- Chronicles of the Pilgrims.—Young.
- Boston Town.—Scudder.
- Old Times in the Colonies.—Coffin. (American Book Company.)

STORIES:

- The Story of the Thirteen Colonies—Guerber. (American Book Company.)

Home Life in Colonial Days.—Alice Morse Earle. (The Macmillan. Company.)

The First Thanksgiving.—“Story Hour.”

Betsey Hull’s Wedding.—“Grandfather’s Chair.”

Betty Alden.—Jane Austin.

Standish of Standish.—Jane Austin.

The Pilgrims.—Edward Everett.

The Pilgrims’ Easter Lily.—Edward Everett.

POEMS:

The Landing of the Pilgrims.—Hemans.

The Twenty-Second Day of December.—Bryant.

Miles Standish.—Longfellow.

The Mayflowers.—Whittier.

The Pilgrims.—Procter.

Beads for a Name.—Pratt.

The Pilgrim’s Vision.—Holmes.

The Pilgrim Fathers.—Pierpont.

Song of the Pilgrims.—Upham.

The Pilgrims.—John Boyle O’Reilly.

The Rock of the Pilgrims.—George P. Morris.

SONGS:

The One Hundredth Psalm.

The Golden Shore.—J. Stainer.

The Rock of Liberty.—James G. Clark.

If possible, one of the following pictures should be before the children during these lessons:

The Embarking of the Pilgrims.—Weir.

The Landing of the Pilgrims.—Rothermel.

The Departure of The Mayflower.—Hayes.

The Two Farewells.—Broughton.

The Pilgrim Exiles.—Broughton.

(Perry Pictures Company, Malden, Mass.)

These Perry Pictures are a delight to children and are within the means of any teacher.

Children should also be told of the National Monument at Plymouth. A picture of the monument should be shown and the figures explained.

If relics of the old Plymouth days can be collected, they make the lesson much more real;—spinning-wheel, wearing apparel, sword, belt, chairs, cooking utensils, etc.

During the exercises, a boy and girl dressed as Pilgrims may act as ushers. Other children may be dressed as Indians.

THE MAYFLOWERS.

Note.—The trailing arbutus, or mayflower, grows abundantly in the vicinity of Plymouth, and was the first flower that greeted the Pilgrims after their fearful winter.

SAD Mayflower! watched by winter stars,
And nursed by winter gales,
With petals of the sleeted spars,
And leaves of frozen sails!

What had she in those dreary hours,
Within her ice-rimmed bay.
In common with the wild-wood flowers,
The first sweet smiles of May?

Yet, "God be praised!" the Pilgrim said,
Who saw the blossoms peer
Above the brown leaves, dry and dead,
"Behold our Mayflower here!"

God wills it; here our rest shall be,
Our years of wandering o'er,
For us the Mayflower of the sea
Shall spread her sails no more."

O sacred flowers of faith and hope,
As sweetly now as then
Ye bloom on many a birchen slope,
In many a pine-dark glen.

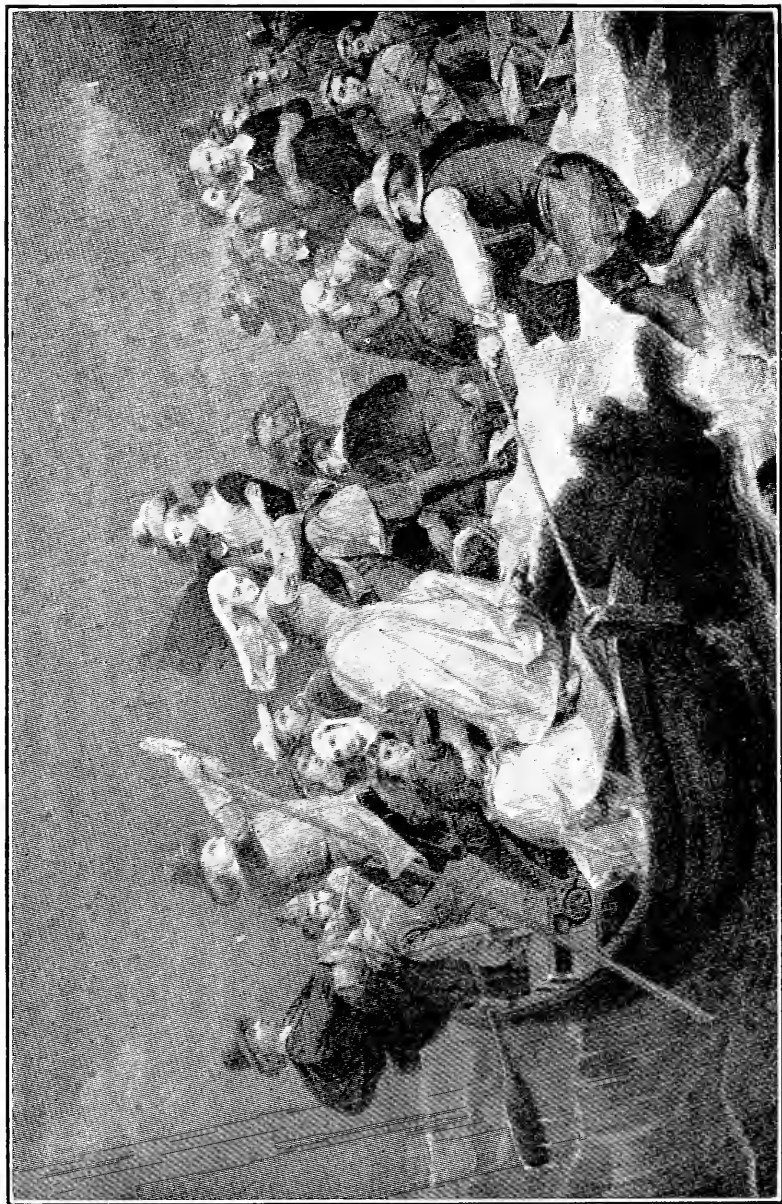
Behind the sea-wall's rugged length,
Unchanged, your leaves unfold,
Like love behind the manly strength
Of the brave hearts of old.

So live the fathers in their sons,
Their sturdy faith be ours,
And ours the love that overruns
Its rocky strength with flowers.

The Pilgrim's wild and wintry day
Its shadow round us draws;
The Mayflower of his stormy bay,
Our Freedom's struggling cause.

But warmer suns ere long shall bring
To life the frozen sod;
And, through dead leaves of hope, shall spring
Afresh the flowers of God!

—Whittier.



THE PERRY PICTURES.

LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

From painting by Rothermel.

SONG OF THE PILGRIMS.

THE breeze has swelled the whitening sail,
The blue waves curl beneath the gale
And, bounding with the wave and wind,
We leave old England's shores behind:—
Leave behind our native shore,
Homes, and all we loved before.

The deep may dash, the winds may blow,
The storm spread out its wings of woe,
Till sailors' eyes can see a shroud
Hung in the folds of every cloud;
Still, as long as life shall last,
From that shore we'll speed us fast.

For we would rather never be,
Than dwell where mind cannot be free,
But bows beneath a despot's rod,
Even where it seeks to worship God.
Blasts of heaven onward sweep!
Bear us o'er the troubled deep!

O, see what wonders meet our eyes!
Another land, and other skies!
Columbian hills have met our view!
Adieu! Old England's shores, adieu!
Here, at length, our feet shall rest,
Hearts be free, and homes be blest.

As long as yonder firs shall spread
Their green arms o'er the mountain's head—
As long as yonder cliffs shall stand,
Where join the ocean and the land,—
Shall those cliffs and mountains be
Proud retreats for liberty.

—Upham.

THE ROCK OF THE PILGRIMS.

A ROCK in the wilderness welcomed our sires,
From bondage far over the dark-rolling sea;
On that holy altar they kindled their fires,
Jehovah! which glow in our bosoms for Thee.

Thy blessings descended in sunshine and shower,
 Or rose from the soil that was sown by Thy hand;
 The mountain and valley rejoiced in Thy power,
 And heaven encircled and smiled on the land.

The Pilgrims of old the example have given
 Of mild resignation, devotion and love,
 Which beams like a star in the vault of the heaven,
 A beacon-light hung in their mansion above.

In church and cathedral we kneel in our prayer,—
 Their temple and chapel were valley and hill;
 But God is the same in the aisle or the air,
 And he is the rock that we lean upon still.

—George P. Morris.

LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

THE breaking waves dashed high
 On a stern and rock-bound coast;
 And the woods against a stormy sky,
 Their giant branches tossed;
 And the heavy night hung dark,
 The hills and waters o'er,
 When a band of exiles moored their bark
 On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
 They, the true-hearted, came;—
 Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
 And the trumpet that sings of fame;—

Not as the flying come,
 In silence, and in fear;—
 They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
 And the stars heard and the sea;
 And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
 To the anthem of the free.

The ocean-eagle soared
 From his nest by the white wave's foam,
 And the rocking pines of the forest roared:—
 This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band:
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?
There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.
What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas? The spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine.
Ay, call it holy ground,—
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God!

—Mrs. Hemans.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

THE Pilgrim Fathers—where are they?
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
As they break along the shore:
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day,
When the Mayflower moored below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.
The mists, that wrapped the Pilgrim's sleep,
Still brood upon the tide;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale,
When the heavens looked dark, is gone:—
And an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
Is seen, and then withdrawn.
The Pilgrim exile—sainted name!—
The hill whose icy brow
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hillside and the sea,
Still lies where he lay his houseless head;—
But the pilgrim—where is he?

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest:
When summer is throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The Pilgrim *spirit* has not fled:
It walks in moon's broad light;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay, where the Mayflower lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more.

—Pierpont.

PROGRAMME.

RECITATION: The Song of the Pilgrims.—Upham.

See page (29)

RECITATION: Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.—Mrs. Hemans. (See page 30.)

TOPIC: Building Homes. (Quotation from the "Courtship of Miles Standish.")

"Solid, substantial, of timber rough-hewn from the firs of the forest.

Wood-barred was the door, and the roof was covered with rushes;

Latticed the windows were, and the window-panes were of paper,

Oiled to admit the light, while wind and rain were excluded. There too he dug a well, and around it planted an orchard: Still may be seen to this day some trace of the well and the orchard."

RECITATION: The Mayflowers.—Whittier.

SONG: The Rock of Liberty.

A SONG for the rock, the stern old rock,
 That braved the blasts and the billows' shock,
 It was born with Time on a barren shore,
 And laughed with scorn at the breakers' roar;
 'Twas here that first the Pilgrim band
 Came weary up to the foaming strand;
 And the tree they reared in the days gone by,
 It lives, it lives,—and ne'er shall die!

Thou firm old rock, in the ages passed
 Thy brow was bleached by the warring blast.
 But thy wintry toil with the wave is o'er,
 And the billows beat thy base no more!
 Yet countless as thy sands, old rock,
 Are the hardy sons of the Plymouth stock;
 And the tree they reared in the days gone by,
 It lives, it lives,—and ne'er shall die!

Then rest, old rock, on the sea-beat shore,
 Our sires are lulled by the ocean's roar!
 'Twas here that first their hymns were heard,
 O'er the startled cry of the white sea-bird!
 'Twas here they lived; 'twas here they died,—
 And their forms repose on the green hill's side;
 But the tree they reared in the days gone by,—
 It lives, it lives,—and ne'er shall die!

—James Gowdy Clark.

(D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.)

TOPIC: Their Discouragements.

RECITATION: The Pilgrims.—O'Reilly.

Here where the shore was rugged as the waves,
 Where frozen nature dumb and leafless lay,
 And no rich meadows bade the Pilgrims stay,
 Was spread the symbol of the life that saves:
 To conquer first the outer things; to make
 Their own advantage, unallied, unbound,
 Their blood the mortar, building from the ground;
 Their care the statutes, making all anew;
 To learn to trust the many, not the few;
 To bend the mind to discipline; to break
 The bonds of old convention, and forget
 The claims and barriers of class; to face
 A desert land, a strange and hostile race,
 And conquer both to friendship by the debt
 That nature pays to justice, love and toil.

Here on this rock, and on this sterile soil,
 Began the kingdom, not of kings, but men;
 Began the making of the world again.
 Here centuries sank, and from the hither brink
 A new world reached and raised an old-world link,
 When English hands, by wider vision taught,
 Threw down the feudal bars the Normans brought,
 And here revived, in spite of sword and stake,
 Their ancient freedom of the Wapentake.
 Here struck the seed—the Pilgrim's roofless town—
 Where equal rights and equal bonds were set;
 Where all the people equal-franchised met;
 Where doom was writ of privilege and crown;
 Where human breath blew all the idols down;
 Where crests were naught, where vulture flags were
 furled
 And common men began to own the world!

SONG: The One Hundredth Psalm. (Sung by a little girl in costume, spinning.)

TOPIC: Sickness and Famine.

"I have been thinking all day," said gently the Puritan maiden,

"Dreaming all night and thinking all day, of the hedge-rows of England,—

They are in blossom now and the country is all like a garden;

Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and the linnet,

Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbors

Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together,

And, at the end of the street, the village church, with the ivy

Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in the churchyard.

Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my religion;
 Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in Old England.

You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it; I almost
 Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely and wretched!

Thereupon answered the youth: "Indeed I do not condemn you;

Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter."

* * * * *

"Let not him that putteth his hand to the plow look backwards;

Though the plowshare cut through the flowers of life to its fountains,

Though it pass o'er the graves of the dead and the hearts of the living,

It is the will of the Lord; and his mercy endureth forever!"

—*Longfellow*. (From "Courtship of Miles Standish.")

RECITATION: The Unknown Grave.—Procter. Or
The Pilgrims.—Procter.

TOPIC: The First Harvest.

MONTH after month passed away, and in Autumn
the ships of the merchants

Came with kindred and friends, with cattle and corn
for the Pilgrims.

All in the village was peace; the men were intent on their labors,

Busy with hewing and building, with garden-plot and with merestead,

Busy with breaking of glebe, and mowing the grass in the meadows,

Searching the sea for its fish, and hunting the deer in the forest."

"Merrily sang the birds, and the tender voices of women
Consecrated with hymns the common cares of the household."

SONG: Thanksgiving. Tune, "Come, Thou Fount."

TO the Giver of all blessings
Let our voices rise in praise
For the joys and countless mercies

He hath sent to crown our days;
For the homes of peace and plenty,
And a land so fair and wide,
For the labor at the noonday,
And the rest at eventide.

For the splendor of the forest,
For the beauty of the hills,
For the freshness of the meadows
And a thousand sparkling rills,
For the blossoms of the springtime
And the memories they bring,
For the ripened fruits of autumn,
Do we thank Thee, O our King.

For the wealth of golden harvests,
For the sunlight and the rain,
For the grandeur of the ocean,
For the mountain and the plain,
For the ever changing seasons,
And the comforts which they bring,
For Thy love so grand, eternal,
We would thank Thee, O our King.

—*Wm. G. Park.*

TOPIC: The First Thanksgiving.—“Stories of the Thirteen Colonies.”

RECITATION: The Pilgrim Fathers.—Pierpont. (See page 31.)

SONG: America. (By the school.)



THE PERRY PICTURES.

From painting by Correggio.

THE HOLY NIGHT.

CHRISTMAS WITH THE LITTLE ONES.

"What is the thought of Christmas?

Giving.

What is the heart of Christmas?

Love."

THE Christmas work should be such that these thoughts may be made the prominent ones in every grade.

Children always enjoy decorating a Christmas tree. It gives the exercises added pleasure and brightens the room. Curtains may be drawn and the tree lighted during the exercises. The tree may be given to some society or mission Sunday school afterwards, and thus do double service.

There should always be in the room a picture of one of the world's famous Madonnas. The Madonna of the Chair is very popular with little children. The Bodenhausen Madonna is another which always appeals to young children.

For the primary children, the use of the following stories and poems has proved satisfactory:

STORIES:

The Story of Christmas.—"Story Hour."

The Story of the Forest.—"Story Hour."

The Christ-Child.—"Christ-Child Tales."

The First Christmas Tree.—Eugene Field. (From "A Little Book of Profitable Tales.")

The First Christmas Presents.—Kindergarten Stories.

The Heart of Christmas.—Jennie Youngs. (The Wyatt Company.)

How Dot heard the Messiah.—Butterworth. (From "Christmas Book.") (D. Lothrop Co.)

The Loving Child.—Andrea Hofer. (From "Christ-Child Tales.")

The Christmas Angel.—Katharine Kyle. (Little, Brown & Co.)

POEMS:

The Sparrow.—Celia Thaxter.

While Shepherds Watched.—Margaret Deland.

Santa Claus and the Mouse.—"Child's World."

The Empty Stockings.—"Ladies' Home Journal."

Why.—Eugene Field.
 Piccola.—Celia Thaxter.
 The Loving-Cup.—Margaret Sangster.
 Christmas Wreaths.—Andrea Hofer. (From "Christ-
 Child Tales.")
 Christmas Everywhere.—Phillips Brooks.
 O Little Town of Bethlehem.—Phillips Brooks.
 Hang Up the Baby's Stocking.—Emily Huntington Mil-
 ler.
 The Good Little Sister.—Phoebe Cary.
 The Little Christmas Tree.—Susan Coolidge.
 Merry Christmas.—Louisa M. Alcott.

SONGS:

Shine Out, O Blessed Star. (Oliver Ditson Co.)
 A Wonderful Tree. (Wm. A. Pond & Co.)
 Christmas Bells.—Alice Jean Cleator.
 Santa Claus Is Coming.
 Once a Little Baby Lay.—(From "Child Garden.")
 Luther's Cradle Hymn.
 There's a Song in the Air.—Holland.

W H Y ?

WHY do bells for Christmas ring?
 Why do little children sing?

Once a lovely shining star,
 Seen by shepherds from afar,
 Gently moved until its light
 Made a manger cradle bright.
 There a darling baby lay,
 Pillowed soft upon the hay;
 And its mother sang and smiled,
 "This is Christ, the holy Child."

Therefore, bells for Christmas ring.
 Therefore, little children sing.

—Eugene Field.

THE LITTLE CHRISTMAS TREE.

THE Christmas day was coming, the Christmas eve
 drew near;
 The fir-trees they were talking low, at midnight cold
 and clear.
 And this is what the fir-trees said, all in the pale moonlight:
 "Now which of us shall chosen be to grace the holy night?"

The tall trees and the goodlv trees, raised each a lofty head,
In glad and secret confidence, though not a word they said;
But one, the baby of the band, could not restrain a sigh;
"You all will be approved," he said, "but oh, what chance
have I?"

"I am so small, so very small, no one will mark or know
How thick and green my needles are, how true my branch-
es grow;
Few toys or candles could I hold, but heart and will are
free,
And in my heart of hearts I know, I am a Christmas tree."
The Christmas angel hovered near; he caught the grieving
word,
And laughing low he hurried forth, with love and pity stirred.
He sought and found St. Nicholas, the dear old Christmas
Saint,
And in his fatherly, kind ear rehearsed the fir-tree's plaint.

Saints are all-powerful, we know, so it befell that day
That, ax on shoulder, to the grove, a woodman took his way.
One baby girl he had at home, and he went forth to find
A little tree, as small as she, just suited to his mind.

Oh, glad and proud the baby fir, amidst his brethren tall
To be thus chosen and singled out, the first among them all!
He stretched his fragrant branches, his little heart beat fast.
He was a real Christmas tree, he had his wish at last.

One large and shining apple, with cheeks of ruddy gold,
Six tapers and a tiny doll, were all that he could hold.
The baby laughed, the baby crowed, to see the tapers bright;
The forest baby felt the joy, and shared in the delight.

And when at last the tapers died, and when the baby slept,
The little fir, in silent night, a patient vigil kept.
Though scorched and brown its needles were, it had no
heart to grieve;

"I have not lived in vain," he said; "Thank God for Christ-
mas Eve."

—*Susan Coolidge.* (From "St. Nicholas.")

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

“**A**RE you waking?” shout the breezes
To the tree tops waving high,
“Don’t you hear the happy tidings
Whispered to the earth and sky?
Have you caught them in your dreaming,
Brook and rill in snowy dells?
Do you know the joy we bring you
In the merry Christmas bells?”
Ding, dong! ding, dong! Christmas bells!

“Are you waking, flowers that slumber
In the deep and frosty ground?
Do you hear what we are breathing,
To the listening world around?
For we bear the sweetest story
That the glad year ever tells:
How He loved the little children,—
He who brought the Christmas bells!”
Ding, dong! ding, dong! Christmas bells!

—Selected.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

IN the hush of early morning
When the red burns through the grav.
And the wintry world lies waiting
For the glory of the day,
When we hear a fitful rustling
Just without upon the stair,
See two small white phantoms coming,
Catch the gleam of sunny hair.

Are they Christmas fairies stealing,
Rows of little socks to fill?
Are they angels floating hither
With their message of good will?
What sweet spells are these elves weaving,
As like larks they chirp and sing?
Are these palms of peace from heaven
That these lovely spirits bring?

Rosy feet upon the threshold,
 Eager faces peeping through,
 With the first red ray of sunshine,
 Chanting cherubs come in view:
 Mistletoe and gleaming holly,
 Symbols of a blessed day,
 In their chubby hands they carry,
 Streaming all along the way.

Well we know them, never weary
 Of this innocent surprise,—
 Waiting, watching, listening always,
 With full hearts and tender eyes,
 While our little household angels,
 White and golden in the sun,
 Greet us with the sweet old welcome,—
 "Merry Christmas, every one!"

—*Louisa M. Alcott.*

WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED.

LIKE small curled feathers, white and soft,
 The little clouds went by.
 Across the moon, and past the stars,
 And down the western sky;
 In upland pastures, where the grass
 With frosted dew was white,
 Like snowy clouds the young sheep lay
 That first, best Christmas night.

The shepherds slept, and glimmering faint,
 With twist of thin blue smoke,
 Only their fire's crackling flames
 The tender silence broke—

Save when a young lamb raised his head,
 Or, when the night wind blew,
 A nesting bird would softly stir,
 Where dusky olives grew.

With finger on her solemn lip
 Night hushed the shadowy earth,
 And only stars and angels saw
 The little Saviour's birth;
 Then came such flash of silver light
 Across the bending skies,
 That wondering shepherds woke, and hid
 Their frightened, dazzled eyes.

And all their gentle, sleepy flock
 Looked up, then slept again,
 Nor knew the light that dimmed the stars
 Brought endless peace to men.
 Nor even heard the gracious words
 That down the ages ring—
 "The Christ is born! the Lord has come,
 Good-will on earth to bring!"

Then o'er the moonlit, misty fields,
 Dumb with the world's great joy,
 The shepherds sought the white-walled town
 Where lay the baby boy;
 And oh, the gladness of the world,
 The glory of the skies.
 Because the longed-for Christ looked up
 In Mary's happy eyes!

—*Margaret Deland.*

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PROGRAMME.

RECITATIONS Why?—Eugene Field. (See page 38.)

STORY: The Story of Christmas. (Told by a child.)

RECITATION: While Shepherds Watched. Margaret Deland. (See page 41.)

SONG: Shine Out, O Blessed Star!

RECITATION: O Little Town of Bethlehem.

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem!

How still we see thee lie:

Above thy deep and dreamless sleep

The silent stars go by.

Yet in thy dark streets shineth

The everlasting Light;

The hopes and fears of all the years

Are met in thee to-night.

How silently, how silently,

The wondrous gift is given;

So God imparts to human hearts

The blessings of His heaven.

No ear may hear His coming,

But in this world of sin,

Where meek souls will receive Him, still

The dear Christ enters in.

For Christ is born of Mary,
 And gathered all above,
 While mortals sleep, the angels keep
 Their watch of wondering love.
 O morning stars, together
 Proclaim the holy birth;
 And praises sing to God the King!
 And peace to men on earth.

O Holy Child of Bethlehem!
 Descend to us, we pray,
 Cast out our sin and enter in,
 Be born in us to-day.
 We hear the Christmas angels
 The great, glad tidings tell.
 Oh, come to us, abide with us,
 Our Lord Emmanuel.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

QUOTATIONS: Christmas Thoughts.

For they who think of others most
 Are the happiest folks that live.

—*Phoebe Cary.*

Only a loving word, but it made the angels smile;
 And what it is worth perhaps we'll know,
 After a little while.

Lillian Grey.

The best of Christmas joy,
 Dear little girl or boy,
 That comes on that merry-making day,
 Is the happiness of giving
 To another child that's living
 Where Santa Claus has never found his way.

—(From "Youth's Companion.")

SONG: Santa Claus is Coming.

QUOTATIONS: Christmas Thoughts. (Continued.)

Who gives to whom hath naught been given,
 His gift in need, though small indeed,
 Is as the grass blades' wind-blown seed,
 As large as earth, and rich as heaven.

—*Whittier.*

O Christmas is a jolly time
 When forests hang with snow,
 And other forests hang with toys,
 And lordly yule logs glow.

And Christmas is a solemn time,
Because beneath the star,
The first great Christmas gift was given
To all men near and far.

—*Selected.*

'Tis the time of year for the open hand,
And the tender heart and true,
When a rift of heaven has cleft the skies,
And the saints are looking through.
The flame leaps high when the hearth was drear.
And sorrowful eyes look bright,
For a message dear, that all may hear,
Is borne on the Christmas light.

—*Margaret Sangster.* (From "The Loving Cup.")

True happiness, if understood,
Consists alone in doing good. —*Somerville.*

STORY: Story of the First Christmas Tree.—Eugene Field.

RECITATION: The Little Christmas Tree.—Susan Coolidge.
(See page 38.)

SONG: A Wonderful Tree.

REPRODUCTION STORY: The Good Little Sister.—Phoebe Cary.
Or The Loving Child.—"Christ-Child Tales."

RECITATION: Merry Christmas.—Louisa M. Alcott. (See
page 40.)

REPRODUCTION STORY: Little Gottlieb's Letter to Santa Claus.
—Phoebe Cary.

SONG: Christmas Bells.

RING, O bells, in gladness,
Tell of joy to-day;
Ring and swing o'er all the world so wide.
Banish thoughts of sadness,
Drive all grief away.
For it is the Merry Christmas tide.

CHORUS.

Ring, O bells, from spire and swelling dome,
Ring and bid the peaceful ages come;
Banish thoughts of sadness,
Drive all grief away,
For it is the Merry Christmas Day.

Ring, O bells, the story
From the ages far;
Of the Christmas joy and song and light;
How the wondrous glory
Of the Christmas star
Led the shepherds onward through the night.

Ring, O bells, in gladness
Of the Saviour King;
May your silver chimings never cease;
Banish thoughts of sadness
And all nations bring:
Glorious dawning of the Day of Peace.
—*Alice Jean Cleator.*

CHRISTMAS IN THE INTERMEDIATE GRADES.

ECHOES FROM OTHER LANDS.

THE study of children's Christmas in other lands is an interesting and profitable study to be correlated with the geography work as the Christmas season draws near, especially with classes that are taking up the relation of the countries.

The children may take imaginary journeys to the different countries, joining in their Christmas festivities.

After a class reproduction has been written, the best paper may be laid aside to be used in the Christmas program.

The value of pictures in this work cannot be over estimated, and a good supply of them should be on hand. A chart containing the Madonnas of the different countries is invaluable at this time.

Children may appear in the costumes of the countries represented, and any valuable relics from such countries should be collected.

NOTE.—Among the Perry Pictures are excellent reproductions of the world's famous Madonnas.

FOR READING AND REPRODUCTION:

Christmas Carol.—Dickens.	England.
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Or

The Angel's Story.—Adelaide Procter.	
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Piccola.—Celia Thaxter.	France.
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The Sparrows.—Celia Thaxter.	Norway.
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Or

The Christmas Sheaf.—Phoebe Cary.	Norway.
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Little Gottlieb.—Phoebe Cary.	Germany.
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Or

Christmas Time for Louise.—(From "Each and All.")	
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Germany.

The Fir-Tree.—Hans Andersen.	Denmark.
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The Beautiful Bells.—Elizabeth Harrison.	Belgium.
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(From "In Story Land.")

Or

The Dog of Flanders.—Ouida.	Belgium.
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St. Anthony and the Christ-Child.—Andrea Hofer.	
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Italy.

Christmas in Other Lands.—Alice W. Cooley.
(The Wyatt Company.)

Christmas Carol.—Wiggin. United States.

The Coming of the Prince.—Eugene Field. (From "A
Little Book of Profitable Tales.")

Christmas in Germany.

Christmas in Switzerland.

Christmas in Holland.

Christmas in Italy.

Christmas in France.

Christmas in Norway.

Estes and Lauriat, Publishers, Boston.

POEMS:

Once In Royal David's City.—(From "Open Sesame,"
Vol. I.)

Christmas Treasures.—Eugene Field.

Christmas Bells.—Longfellow.

Ring Out, Wild Bells.—Tennyson.

Christmas Bells.—Tennyson.

Tiny Tim.—Sangster.

The Christmas Glow.—Charles Crandall.

The Christmas Message.—(From "Each and All.")

Three Kings.—Longfellow.

The Loving-Cup.—Margaret Sangster.

SONGS:

Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning.—(From
"Ladies' Home Journal.")

Joy to the World.—Isaac Watts.

The Children's *Te Deum*.—Henry Tucker. (George Root
Co.)

Christmas Bells.—Longfellow.

In a Manger Laid So Lowly.—William Bradbury.

WHAT THE POETS SAY OF CHRISTMAS.

I HEARD the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat,
Of "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

—Longfellow.

The yearly course that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holiday.

—Shakespeare.

There's a song in the air,
There's a star in the sky,
There's a mother's deep prayer,

And a baby's low cry;
 And the star rains its fire,
 While the beautiful sing,
 For the manger of Bethlehem
 Cradles a king. —*J. G. Holland.*

This happy day, whose risen sun
 Shall not set through eternity;
 This holy day when Christ the Lord
 Took on him our humanity.
 For little children everywhere
 A joyous season still we make;
 We bring our precious gifts to them,
 Even for the dear Child Jesus' sake.
 —*Phoebe Cary.*

O little town of Bethlehem,
 How still we see thee lie!
 Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
 The silent stars go by.
 Yet in thy dark street shineth
 The everlasting Light,
 The hopes and fears of all the years
 Are met in thee to-night. —*Phillips Brooks.*

Blow bugles of battle, the marches of peace,
 East, west, north and south, let the long quarrels
 cease.

Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
 Sing of glory to God, and of good-will to man.
 —*Whittier.*

The time draws near the birth of Christ;
 The moon is hid; the night is still.
 The Christmas bells from hill to hill
 Answer each other in the mist. —*Tennyson.*

Again at Christmas did we weave
 The holly round the Christmas hearth.
 —*Tennyson.*

The glory from the manger shed,
 Wherein the lowly Saviour lay,
 Shines as a halo round the head
 Of every human child to-day. —*Phoebe Cary.*

Sing, O my heart!
 Sing thou in rapture this dear morn
 Whereon the blessed Prince is born!
 And as thy song shall be of love,
 So let my deeds be charity,—
 By the dear Lord that reigns above,
 By Him that died upon the tree,

By this fair morn
Whereon is born
The Christ that saveth all and me!
—*Eugene Field.* (From "A Christmas Hymn.")

It is His birthday,—His, the only One
Who ever made life's meaning wholly plain;
Dawn is He to our night! No longer vain
And purposeless our onward struggling years;
The hope He bringeth overflows our fears,—
Now do we know the Father through the Son!
O earth, O heart, be glad on this glad morn!
God is with man! Life, life to us is born!
—*Lucy Larcom.*

Awake, glad heart! get up and sing!
It is the birthday of the King. —*Vaughn.*

Heap on more wood! the wind is chill!
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our merry Christmas still. —*Scott.*

"What means the glory round our feet,"
The Magi mused, "more bright than morn?"
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
"To-day, the Prince of Peace is born!"

"What means that star," the shepherds said,
"That brightens through the rocky glen?"
And angels, answering overhead,
Sang, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."
—*Lowell.*

Wherever children love Him,
The loveliest child of all,
Wherever men, adoring,
Before the Saviour fall,
Wherever tender mothers
Beside their dear ones stand,
The Father sends his angels down,
And names it Christmas land. —*J. G. Holland.*

"And the bright feast of Christmas is dawning."
The moon that now is shining
In skies so blue and bright,
Shone ages since on shepherds
Who watched their flocks by night.
There was no sound upon the earth,
The azure air was still,
The sheep, in quiet clusters, lay
Upon the grassy hill.

When, lo! a white-winged angel
 The watchers stood before,
 And told how Christ was born on earth
 For mortals to adore;
 He bade the trembling shepherds
 Listen, nor be afraid,
 And told how in a manger
 The glorious Child was laid.

When suddenly in the Heavens
 Appeared an angel band,
 (The while in reverent wonder
 The Syrian shepherds stand).
 And all the bright host chanted
 Words that shall never cease,
 Glory to God in the highest,
 On earth, good-will and peace!

—*Adelaide Procter.*

CHRISTMAS PROVERBS AND SAYINGS.

"Pass on to others the kindnesses you daily receive."

"Help given promptly is twice given."

"Scatter seeds of kindness."

"Strive to leave the world better than you find it."

"The hand of the giver is ever above that of the receiver."

"The heart that loveth most hath most, of sweetness and content."

"Daily on the hearts of others we write our autographs."

"The bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring."

Of all dear days is Christmas day
 The dearest and the best;
 Still at its dawn the angels sing
 Their song of peace and rest.
 And yet the blessed Christ-child comes
 And walks the shining way,
 Which brings to simple earthly homes
 Heaven's light on Christmas Day.

—*Margaret Sangster.* (From "Of All Dear Days.")

Remember the manger so cold and bare,
 The breath of kine in the chilly air,
 And think how the child that shivering lay,
 Doth warm the hearts of the world to-day!
 The great white star that bent on earth
 Kindled the yule-log on each hearth.

—*Charles H. Crandall.* (From "Wayside Music.")

STAR OF THE EAST.

STAR of the East, that long ago
Brought wise men on their way
Where, angels singing to and fro,
The child of Bethlehem lay—
Above that Syrian hill afar
Thou shinest out to-night, O star!

Star of the East, the night were drear
But for the tender grace
That with thy glory comes to cheer
Earth's loneliest, darkest place;
For by that charity we see
Where there is hope for all and me.

Star of the East! show us the way
In wisdom undefiled
To seek that manger out and lay
Our gifts before the child—
To bring our hearts and offer them
Unto our King in Bethlehem!

—*Eugene Field.*

THE CHRISTMAS MESSAGE.

WE bear the Christmas message
Brought to us so long ago.
Why have the centuries kept it fresh?
Why do we prize it so?
Because it is rich with the gold of love
That with bright, exhaustless flow,
From unfailing source in the Heart Divine,
Supplies our hearts below.

And it tells of the tender, human bond,
Since ever the world began,
For it teaches the Fatherhood of God,
The brotherhood of man.

But how can we carry the tidings,
Make each man as loving and true
To the poor, the oppressed and the lowly,
As they are to me and to you?

Let them shine in thought and word and deed,
As we work out the heavenly plan;
And, blessed by the Fatherhood of God,
Prove the brotherhood of man.

—*Jane Andrews.* (From "Each and All.")

CHRISTMAS EVERYWHERE.

EVERYWHERE, everywhere, Christmas to-night!
 Christmas in lands of the fir-tree and pine,
 Christmas in lands of the palm-tree and vine,
 Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white,
 Christmas where cornfields lie sunny and bright.

Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,
 Christmas where old men are patient and gray,
 Christmas where peace, like a dove in his flight,
 Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight;
 Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

For the Christ-child who comes is the Master of all;
 No palace too great, and no cottage too small.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

PROGRAMME.

SONG: Christmas Bells.—Longfellow.

READING: The Christmas Message.—(From "Each and All.")
 (See page 51.)

STORY: Christmas with Tiny Tim.—Dickens.

RECITATION: Tiny Tim.—Margaret Sangster. Or
 God Bless Us.—James Whitcomb Riley.

RECITATION OR

STORY: Piccola.—Celia Thaxter.

RECITATION OR

STORY: The Sparrow.—Celia Thaxter. Or

The Christmas Sheaf.—Phoebe Cary.

STORY: Little Gottlieb.—Alice Cary.

STORY: The Beautiful Bells.—Elizabeth Harrison. (From
 "In Story Land.")

READING: St. Anthony and the Christ-Child.—Andrea Hof-
 er. (From "Christ-Child Tales.")

STORY OR

READING: Carol Bird's Christmas.—Kate Douglas Wiggin.
 (From "Birds' Christmas Carol.")

SONG: My Ain Countrie.

QUOTATIONS: What the Poets Say of Christmas. (See
 page 47.)

READING: The Coming of the Prince.—Eugene Field. (From
 "A Little Book of Profitable Tales.")

RECITATION: Christmas Everywhere.—Phillips Brooks. (See
 above.)

SONG: Joy to the World.—Isaac Watts.

OUR HEROES AND OUR FLAG.

PRIMARY GRADES.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND.

ONE of the first steps in teaching any good thing is presenting the ideal. In teaching patriotism to little children, we must present ideals that will instill into their hearts an honest love and respect for heroic deeds. They must be led to see that such deeds are not confined to soldiers, but that heroism may be shown in everyday life, and that even very young children may be heroic. They should also be led to see that being a heroic boy or girl leads to becoming a heroic man or woman, and that by being brave and courageous in everyday life, we serve our country and honor our flag. In the story of the life of Lincoln and in that of Washington, we find many illustrations of this. Such poems as "Our Heroes," and "The Wishes," also help to teach this kind of patriotism,—the patriotism of good living.

The following programme is intended for the youngest primary children, and the selections are chosen largely from those poets who seem to come nearest to childhood—the Cary sisters, Celia Thaxter and Eugene Field.

OUR HEROES.

HERE'S a hand to the boy who has courage
To do what he knows to be right;
When he falls in the way of temptation
He has a hard battle to fight.
Who strives against self and his comrades,
Will find a most powerful foe;
All honor to him if he conquers,
A cheer for the boy who says "No!"
There's many a battle fought daily
The world knows nothing about;
There's many a brave little soldier
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.
And he who fights sin single-handed
Is more of a hero, I say,
Than he who leads soldiers to battle,
And conquers by arms in the fray.
Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted,
And do what you know to be right;

Stand firm by the colors of manhood,
 And you will o'ercome in the fight.
 "The right," be your battle cry ever
 In waging the warfare of life;
 And God, who knows who are the heroes,
 Will give you the strength for the strife.
 —Phoebe Cary.

A HERO.

TO be a hero does not mean
 To march away
 At sounding of the trumpet call
 To war's array;
 It does not mean a lifeless form
 'Neath foeman's dart;
 To be a hero simply means
 To do your part.
 Perhaps you may not gain the cheers
 Of the great world;
 Just do your part each little day,
 Be brave and true;
 A greater than a soldier's joy
 Will come to you.
 —Alice Jean Cleator.

THE WISHES.

DOWN where the corn leaves with graceful ease
 Whispered and swayed in the autumn breeze,
 A youthful band in the gray twilight,
 With faces sober and faces bright,
 Were tossing the shining ears of gold
 Into a wagon brown and old.

There was Daisy with ruddy hair,
 Shading eyes like violets fair,
 Declaring when older she would be
 As great a lady as Nina Lee;
 "And I won't live," with frowning face,
 "In such a horrid, tumbly place."

"I'll be a soldier," said Bert the brave,
 "And go where the magnolias wave;
 I'll ride the best horse in all the land,
 And be one of the very proudest band.
 If you don't believe me, just wait and see;
 Now, Miss Mabel, what will you be?"

"O I'll be rich," said Mabel the fair,
"And live in a house like that up there,"
And she pointed, with one little hand,
Up to a mansion old and grand.
"I'll dress in satin, blue and white,
And give a party every night."

"I'm going to be a sailor bold
And visit countries strange and old!"
And Jesse tossed his handsome head,
And glanced around o'er the sunny mead.
"I don't care what you may all be,
But I will plow the deep blue sea!"

"Will you, my child?" and turning there,
Standing near was their brother Clare,
And in his thoughtful dark blue eyes
Was a look of grieved and sad surprise,
And laying his hand on Jesse's hair,
"Have you forgotten your parents' care?"

"Jesse, they've watched o'er you all your years,
Labored and suffered from many fears,
And now will you cause them greater grief?
You know their stay with us will be brief.
You can visit the fields in heather drest,
When those who best love you lie at rest."

"Daisy and Mabel both, I see,
Wish to be rich like Nina Lee;
And I, too, hope that you sometime may,
But she did not always live in this way.
Once she was humble and lonely and poor,
And lived in a little house on the moor."

"Anguish claimed her again and again,
But she worked and sung in sunshine and rain,
Till He who guards the sparrow's fall
And tenderly watches o'er us all,
Took Nina from that lonely place
To a home of luxury, ease and grace."

"Bertie, you need not go to fight
Where the foreign suns are shining bright;
There are battles as great with sloth to be wrought,
As ever with armor and cannon were fought;
You can show as much courage in being a man,
As the very bravest soldier can."

The crimson clouds paled in the sky
And the rising wind went surging by,
But the lesson learned that summer night
Will not fade away like the clouds so bright;
The influence of Clare's brave words will last
After their memory long has passed.
—*Nellie F. Gowdy.*

OUR FLAG.

FLAG of the fearless-hearted,
Flag of the broken chain,
Flag in a day-dawn started,
Never to pale or wane.
Dearly we prize its colors,
With the heaven light breaking through,
The clustered stars and the steadfast bars,
The red, the white, and the blue.

Flag of the sturdy fathers,
Flag of the royal sons,
Beneath its folds it gathers
Earth's best and noblest ones.
Boldly we wave its colors,
Our veins are thrilled anew
By the steadfast bars, the clustered stars,
The red, the white, and the blue.
—*Margaret Sangster.*

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

THAT one isn't as pretty as ours, anyway!" Esther cried triumphantly.

"No, indeed—not half," agreed Leigh. "It's all faded out-y!"

"An' there's free holes into it!" chimed in the Midget.

Grandpa swung round on his seat and regarded the three little girls on the back seat gravely.

"The most beautiful flag I ever saw had holes in it," he said. "It was all 'faded out-y' and soiled and frayed, but it was beautiful. We cheered it."

The older children instinctively understood and sat silent, with solemn little faces.

"Why!" cried the Midget. "An' holes into it—an' dirty?"

"Was it after a battle, grandpa?" Leigh asked softly, after a few minutes.

Grandpa's stooped shoulders straightened grandly. Esther thought how much he looked as if it were Decoration

Day and he was marching in the procession, with a gold cord around his hat. She always liked to see him at the head of his company.

"Yes, it was after a battle—and a victory," grandpa said, and how his eyes shone down on the back seat from under their shaggy gray brows! "We boys were dirty and frayed, too, and some of us were full of holes—poor fellows! But we cheered the old flag—how we cheered it!"

Dick, on the front seat beside grandpa, straightened his shoulders, too, and threw up his small brown head. He was wishing he could have cheered grandpa's battle-flag with the other boys.

They rode along farther, and there were more flags to count and compare with the flag at home. Almost all the houses had a flag, and some of them a good many. They took the breeze bravely and floated and waved as if they were proud of themselves. By and by grandpa turned down a poorer street, lined with toppling tenement houses.

"O grandpa, what we going down this street for?" Dick cried, in a little disgust.

"To see the flags," grandpa said, and he pointed to a tiny Old Glory that fluttered from a window high above the sidewalk.

And sure enough, the dismal little street was full of little Old Glories! They were very tiny ones indeed, but they all had the stars and the stripes in them, and they seemed to be proud of themselves, too.

"Oh, my, seems as if the world was brim-over full o' flags!" sighed Leigh, happily. "There isn't any end to 'em."

"But there was a beginning," said grandpa quietly, nodding over his shoulder.

"Truly? But of course there was!" Esther exclaimed, laughing.

"My! Was there ever just one flag in the country?" Dick cried; "just one, grandpa?"

"Just one flag—the very first one of all, Dick. Who can guess who drew the design for it?"

"I guess it was Adam!" Esther said, promptly.

"And Eve sewed the stripes together," finished Leigh.

Grandpa laughed heartily. "I guess it was George Washington," he said. "He got the lady who made his shirt-ruffles to make the first flag of all the flags in this country; and he sat in her little back room and made the plan for it. Thirteen stripes and thirteen stars—the first Old Glory. That lady made all the flags for the government until she died, and then her sister took up the work. Mustn't it have been glorious work?"

"Oh yes!" murmured Esther, dreamily. "I'd have loved to sew that my own self. It would have been glorious to prick my fingers making a flag!"

"How long ago did that woman make the very first one, grandpa?" asked Dick, suddenly, his tiny brown freckles aglow with interest.

"Well," grandpa said, "it was in the year 1776, and you can reckon for yourselves how long ago that was."

—*Youth's Companion.*

PROGRAMME.

RECITATION BY SCHOOL:

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;—

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

RECITATION: Our Heroes.—Phoebe Cary. (See page 53.)

SONG: Hurrah for the Flag.

RECITATION: Some Tributes to Lincoln, one of the world's greatest heroes.

He sought to make every man better and happier.

—*R. Jeffery.*

His words and his deeds were one.—*Henry Fowler.*

He was the most perfect ruler of men the world has ever seen.—*E. M. Stanton.*

The greatest man of his age.—*E. M. Burnside.*

"A laboring man, with horny hands,
Who swung the axe, who tilled his lands.

"O honest face, which all men knew!
O tender heart, known but to few!"

STORY: A Little Hero of Holland. (A Leak in the Dyke.)

—*Phoebe Cary.*

SONG: The Meadow Is a Battlefield. —*F. D. Sherman.*

STORY: Peggy's Garden and What Grew Therein.

—*Celia Thaxter.*

RECITATION: Washington's Birthday.—*W. C. Bryant.*

Yet has no month a prouder day,
Not even when the summer broods
O'er meadows in their fresh array,
Or autumn tints the glowing woods.

For this chill season now again
 Brings, in its annual rounds, the morn
 When, greatest of the sons of men,
 Our glorious Washington was born.

RECITATION: A Hero.—Alice Jean Cleator. (See page 54.)

SONG: The Soldier's Song.—Zelter. Or

*The Drum.—Eugene Field. (By youngest children, marching.)

RECITATION: The Wishes.—Nellie F. Gowdy. (See page 54.)

SONG: *Our Heroes.

RECITATION: Our Flag.—Margaret E. Sangster. (Flag Salute—by school.) (See page 56.)

*Published by Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.

TOO much cannot be done to preserve the memory and deepen the moral expression of such a man as Lincoln.—*O. B. Frothingham.*

The picture of Lincoln draped with flags should be before the children while the preparatory lessons are being given and during the Lincoln Day exercises.

There is no influence so great in the building of character as that of a truly noble personage. No characters in American history ever made such deep and lasting impressions as those of Washington and Lincoln, because of the honesty and simplicity of their lives in the midst of their greatness. They come very near to all children, and each year their birthday should be celebrated, either separately or together.

Much trash is taught to the primary children for this celebration. The only safe rule to follow is this: Never teach children anything that is not worthy of remembering throughout life. Rather teach them something that is beyond them just now, but which will come to them later in all its beauty.

Many of the beautiful tributes to Lincoln and Washington, and also many of their sayings, can be understood by the youngest of school children.

The following are some simple tributes to Lincoln:

He sought to make every man better and happier.

—*R. Jeffery.*

His deeds and his words were one. —*Henry Fowler.*

He became our father, and his tomb is our shrine.

—*Rufus Blanchard.*

His fame will grow brighter as time passes and his great work is better understood.
—*U. S. Grant.*

There is in the crown of England no diamond whose lustre will not pale before the name of Abraham Lincoln.

—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

Lincoln's deeds will live in the household words of an elevated race.
—*J. C. Bingham.*

He was the most perfect ruler of men the world has ever seen.
—*Edward M. Stanton.*

The greatest man of his age.
—*A. E. Burnside.*

The noted sayings of Lincoln are simplicity itself, and, at the same time, each saying possesses so much strength that it carries with it a deep impression.

There are also many simple poems in literature which are tributes to Lincoln. A few references are here given.

Our Good President.—Phoebe Cary.

Abraham Lincoln.—Alice Cary.

The Death of Lincoln.—Bryant.

The Emancipation Group.—Whittier.

O Captain! My Captain!—Whitman.

The Commemoration Ode, Canto VI.—Lowell.

Services in Memory of Lincoln.—Holmes.

OTHER APPROPRIATE POEMS:

Nobility.—Alice Cary.

Union and Liberty.—Holmes.

Our Country's Call.—Bryant.

Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud.—T. Buchanan Read. (Lincoln's favorite hymn.)

God Save the Flag.—Holmes.

On the Death of a Great Man.—Richard Watson Gilder.

GOOD STORIES AND REFERENCES:

Lincoln Stories.—J. B. McClure. (McClure & Rhodes, Chicago.)

Words of Lincoln.—Osborne Oldroyd.

Lincoln Memorial Album.—O. H. Oldroyd (Washington, D. C.)

Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. ("The high water mark of American oratory.") A. Lincoln.—(T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.)

Eggleston's First Book of American History.—(American Book Company.)

Montgomery's Beginner's American History.—(Ginn & Company.)

Abraham Lincoln and the Downfall of American Slavery.—N. Brooks.

Children's Life of Lincoln.—Putnam.

Among the Perry Pictures are the following:

Lincoln.

His Home, Springfield, Ill.

The First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation.

The Emancipation Group—Boston.

The St. Gaudens Statue.—Lincoln Park, Chicago.

TOPICS:

1. Lincoln's chances for an education.
2. How Lincoln paid for a damaged book.
3. His love for children.
4. Lincoln's kindness to his mother.
5. How he earned his first dollar.
6. Splitting one thousand rails for a pair of pants.
7. How he gained the name of "Honest Abe."
8. His kindness to his step-mother.
9. Buying his step-mother a farm.
10. How he wrote the story of his life.
11. His experiences in politics.
12. His services in the Black Hawk War.
13. Lincoln and "Tad."
14. His great courage.
15. His humor.

(See "Lincoln Stories," or "Words of Lincoln.")

NOBILITY.

TRUE worth is in *being*, not *seeming*.—

In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in the dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure—
We cannot do wrong and feel right,
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But alway the path that is narrow
And straight for the children of men.

'Tis not in the pages of story
The heart of its ills to beguile,
Though he who makes courtship to glory
Gives all that he hath for her smile.

For when from her heights he has won her,
 Alas! it is only to prove
 That nothing's so sacred as honor,
 And nothing so loyal as love.

We cannot make bargains for blisses,
 Nor catch them like fishes in nets;
 And sometimes the thing our life misses,
 Helps more than the thing which it gets.
 For good lieth not in pursuing,
 Nor gaining of great nor of small,
 But just in the doing, and doing
 As we would be done by, is all.

Through envy, through malice, through hating,
 Against the world early and late,
 No jot of our courage abating—
 Our part is to work and to wait.
 And slight is the sting of his trouble
 Whose winnings are less than his worth;
 For he who is honest is noble,
 Whatever his fortunes or birth.

—*Alice Cary.*

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OUR GOOD PRESIDENT.

OUR sun hath gone down at the noonday,
 The heavens are black;
 And over the morning, the shadows
 Of night-time are back.
 Stop the proud, boasting mouth of the cannon;
 Hush the mirth of the shout:—
 God is God! and the ways of Jehovah
 Are past finding out.
 Lo! the beautiful feet on the mountains,
 That yesterday stood,
 The white feet that came with glad tidings
 Are dabbled in blood.
 The Nation that firmly was settling
 The crown on her head,
 Sits like Rizpah, in sackcloth and ashes,
 And watches her dead.
 Who is dead? who, unmoved by our wailing,
 Is lying so low?
 O my Land, stricken dumb in your anguish,
 Do you feel, do you know,

That the hand which reached out of the darkness
Hath taken the whole;
Yea, the arm and the head of the people,—
The heart and the soul?

And that heart, o'er whose dread awful silence
A nation has wept,
Was the truest, the gentlest, and sweetest,
A man ever kept.

Why, he heard from the dungeons, the rice-fields,
The dark holds of ships,
Every faint, feeble cry which oppression
Smothered down on men's lips.

In her furnace, the centuries had welded
Their fetter and chain;
And like withes, in the hands of his purpose,
He snapped them in twain.

Who can be what he was to the people,—
What he was to the state?
Shall the ages bring to us another
As good and as great?

Our hearts with their anguish are broken,
Our wet eyes are dim;
For us is the loss and the sorrow,
The triumph for him!

For, ere this, face to face with his Father
Our martyr hath stood;
Giving into his hand a white record,
With its great seal of blood!

—*Phoebe Cary.*

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LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG SPEECH.

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. We are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation—or any other nation so conceived and dedicated—can long endure.

We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a large sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is won,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,

Where on the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

—*Walt Whitman.*

(From Lincoln Collection. By permission.)

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths, for you the shores
a crowding,

For you they call the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;

Here, Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head!

It is some dream that on the deck

You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and
done,

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!

But I with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

—*Walt Whitman.* (From Lincoln Collection.)

By permission.

P R O G R A M M E .

SONG: Guard the Flag.—Holmes.

TOPIC: Early Life of Lincoln.

- (a) Birth.
- (b) Homes.
- (c) Education.

QUOTATIONS:

Born in the humble walks of life, and unaided by education or by fortune, Abraham Lincoln, by his own endeavor and native resources, attained to the highest honors of the republic.
—*David Davis.*

The typical American, pure and simple.—*Asa Gray.*

By patient culture, step by step he rose
From rude cabin of the humblest poor;
Wrestling from year to year with life's stern foes,
Till victory opened wide her crystal door.

—*John Westall.*

PROVERBS:

A good cause makes a stout heart and a strong arm.
God helps him who helps himself.
Men of few words are the best men.
Industry is fortune's right hand.
He that is master of himself will soon be master of others.
United we stand, divided we fall.
Actions speak louder than words.
A tree is known by its fruits.
Honesty is the best policy.
Where there's a will there's a way.

TOPIC: His Manhood.

- (a) Honesty.
- (b) Cheerfulness.
- (c) Courage.

RECITATION: Nobility.—Alice Cary. (See page 61.)

TOPIC: Lincoln in the Black Hawk War.

RECITATION: Our Country's Call.—Bryant.

SONG: Freedom, Our Queen.—Holmes.

TOPIC: Lincoln, Our President.

RECITATION: Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?
—T. Buchanan Read.

FAMOUS SAYINGS OF LINCOLN:

"I am nothing, but the truth is everything."

"All I am, or ever hope to be, I owe to my angel mother.
I remember her prayers, and they have always followed me. They have clung to me all my life."

"Those who deny freedom to others, deserve it not for themselves."

"Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith, let us, to the end, dare to do our duty, as we understand it."

"Let us renew our trust in God, and go forward without fear, and with manly hearts."

"Stand fast to the Union and the old flag."

"A government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

"Let us at all times remember that all American citizens are brothers of a common country, and should dwell together in bonds of fraternal feeling."

"My early history is perfectly characterized by a single line of Gray's Elegy: 'The short and simple annals of the poor.'"

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

READING: Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. (See page 63.)

RECITATION: Our Good President.—Phoebe Cary.

TOPIC: The Death of Lincoln.

RECITATION: O Captain! My Captain!—Whitman. (See page 76.)

QUOTATIONS: Tributes to Lincoln.

A power was his beyond the touch of art
Or armed strength,—a pure and mighty heart.

—*Richard Watson Gilder.*

He stood an heroic figure
In the midst of an heroic epoch.

—*Emerson.*

He has no parallel since Washington, and while our republic endures, he will live with him in the grateful hearts of his grateful countrymen.—*Schuyler Colfax.*

He united in his nature the rugged endurance of the oak, with the yielding humility of the willow.

—*C. F. Burdick.*

America has never had a President who found such words in the depth of his heart.

—*Carl Schurz.*

God-given, and God-led and sustained we must ever believe him.

—*Wendell Phillips.*

Pure in life and motive, inflexible in his purpose to do right as he understood it. —*John B. Gough.*

Lincoln was the purest, the most generous, the most magnanimous of men. He will hold a place in the world's history loftier than that of any king or conqueror. It is no wonder that the parliaments of Europe, that the people throughout the civilized world, should everywhere speak of him with reverence; for his work was one of the greatest labors a human intellect ever sustained. —*John Sherman.*

No hand was ever stretched toward liberty that was not grasped and championed and saved by Abraham Lincoln. —*F. W. Gunsaulus.*

His constant touch and sympathy with the people inspired the confidence which enabled him to command and wield all the forces of the republic. —*Chauncey M. Depew.*

He offered no shining qualities at the first encounter; he did not offend by superiority; he had a face and manner that disarmed suspicion, which inspired confidence, which confirmed good-will. —*Emerson.*

Our hearts lie buried in the dust,
With him so true and tender,
The patriot's stay, the people's trust,
The shield of the offender:
Yet every murmuring voice is still,
As, bowing to thy sovereign will,
Our best loved we surrender. —*Holmes.*

Hold warriors, counselors, kings!
All give place
To this dear benefactor of the race.
—*Richard Henry Stoddard.*

Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.
—*Lowell.*

His character and service to this country will stand as a monument long after the granite monuments erected to his memory have crumbled in the dust. —*Thomas A. Edison.*

His was the tireless strength of native truth,
The might of rugged, untaught earnestness.

Deep-freezing poverty made brave his youth,
 And toned his manhood with its winter stress.
—Maurice Thompson.

(See others given at the beginning of this chapter.)

TOPIC: Famous Statues of Lincoln.

- (a) Washington.
- (b) Chicago.
- (c) Boston.

RECITATION: The Emancipation Group.—Whittier.

SONG: Battle Hymn of the Republic.—Julia Ward Howe.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

MARBLE columns may moulder in the dust, and time
 erase all impress from the crumbling stone, but his
 fame arose with American liberty, and with American liberty
 alone can perish.
—Daniel Webster.

The schoolroom should be well decorated with flags
 and bunting, and the portrait of Washington should occupy
 a conspicuous place while his life is being studied, and his
 glorious deeds celebrated.

Among the Perry Pictures are the following, which will
 be found very pleasing and impressive:

The Washington Elm.

Washington Crossing the Delaware. (Lentze.)

Washington at Trenton. (Taed.)

Washington and Lafayette at Mt. Vernon. (Rossiter.)

The Washington Monument.

Washington.

Martha Washington.

Mt. Vernon.

Among the many useful helps in the study of Washington,
 the following are suggested:

Life of Washington, or

Washington and his Country.—Washington Irving.

Life of Washington.—Scudder.

Life of Washington.—Hale.

The Virginians.—Thackeray.

The Character of Washington.—Jefferson.

Apostrophe to Washington.—Webster.

The Birthday of Washington.—Choate.

Maxims of Washington.—Scudder.

Washington's Farewell Address.

Rules of Conduct.—Washington.

Patriotism.—(American Book Company.)

- First Book of American History.—Eggleston. (American Book Company.)
 Story of the Thirteen Colonies.—Guerber. (American Book Company.)
 Story of Our Republic.—Guerber. (American Book Company.)
 Beginners' American History.—Montgomery. (Ginn & Company.)
 Early Sketches of George Washington.—Baker.
 Great George Washington.—"Story Hour."
 Little George Washington.—"Story Hour."

POEMS:

- From Ode to Napoleon.—Lord Byron.
 Ode for Washington's Birthday.—Holmes.
 Under the Old Elm, Canto VIII.—Lowell.
 Ode to Washington.—Whittier.
 The Twenty-second of February.—Bryant.
 Washington.—Margaret Sangster.
 Crown Our Washington.—Butterworth.
 The Birthday of Washington Ever Honored.—George Howland.
 A True Soldier.—Alice Jean Cleator.
 A Hero.—Alice Jean Cleator.
 Our Defenders.—Thomas B. Reed.
 The Bell of Mt. Vernon.—Butterworth.
 The American Flag.—Joseph Rodman Drake.

SONGS:

- Freedom, Our Queen.—Holmes.
 America.—Smith.
 Guard the Flag.—George M. Vickers.
 There are Many Flags.—M. H. Howliston.
 Mt. Vernon Bells.—"Golden Robin."
 Columbia.
 New Hail Columbia.—G. W. Chadwick. ("Tabasco March.")
 The Star Spangled Banner.—Francis Scott Key.
 Flag Song.—Eleanor Smith.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

WHEN George Washington was about eighteen, his half brother Lawrence secured for him from Admiral Vernon, a midshipman's warrant to serve on the beautiful English frigate Bellna.

George was delighted at the prospects of a naval career, and when his uniform was forwarded to him he put it on with

an elation he had never known before. It did not occur to him that his widowed mother would positively object to his going to sea. So he announced to her as soon as he arrived at Ferry Farm, the home of Madam Washington, "I have a warrant from Admiral Vernon to serve on the Bellna, and my brother Lawrence has been kind enough to forward my uniform from Alexandria."

To his surprise his mother answered: "Your brother doubtless thought he was kind, but I never gave my consent,—and I shall never give it."

"I am sorry to hear you say that, dear mother, for as much as I love you yet I cannot let you choose my course in life."

The mother and son looked at each other, both pale and determined.

The mother in a low voice asked, "Do you intend to disobey me, my son?"

"Do not force me to do it, dear mother. My honor is engaged to Admiral Vernon and my brother. I cannot obey you in this matter."

"You do refuse then, my son?"

"Mother, I must."

"My son, my best beloved child," she cried, tears streaming down her face, "Do not break my heart by leaving me for the perils of the sea. I implore you to change your purpose."

George stood motionless.

His mother sobbed, "I would go on my knees, if that would move you."

There was a short pause—then trembling with emotion George spoke: "Mother, I will give up my commission."

"God will reward you my son for yielding to your mother."

The glorious career of Washington all turned upon this decision. If he had entered the navy, he would not have been in Gen. Braddock's campaign, where his wisdom and bravery won for him the position of Commander-in-Chief of the Colonial Army.

George Washington, in changing his plans, and submitting to a great disappointment in deference to his mother's love, showed greatness of mind.

Those who are stubborn and boast that they never change their views or plans on account of the desires of others are usually narrow, selfish natures that never reach the greatness, which is only another name for achieving good for fellow men.

—*Ellery A. Greene.*

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

(First stanza.)

WHEN Freedom from her mountain height,
 Unfurled her standard to the air,
 She tore the azure robe of night,
 And set the stars of glory there.
 She mingled with its glorious dyes
 The milky baldric of the skies,
 And striped its pure, celestial white,
 With streakings of the morning light,
 Then, from his mansion in the sun
 She called her eagle-bearer down,
 And gave into his mighty hand
 The symbol of her chosen land!
 —Joseph Rodman Drake.

THE STAR IN THE WEST.

THERE'S a star in the West, that shall never go down,
 Till the records of valor decay;
 We must worship its light, though it is not our own,
 For liberty burst in its ray.
 Shall the name of a Washington ever be heard
 By a freeman, and thrill not his breast?
 Is there one out of bondage, that hails not the word
 As the Bethlehem star of the West?
 "War, war to the knife! be enthralled or ye die,"
 Was the echo that woke in his land;
 But it was not *his* voice that promoted the cry,
 Nor *his* madness that kindled the brand.
 He raised not his arm, he defied not his foes,
 While a leaf of the olive remained;
 Till goaded with insult, his spirit arose
 Like a long-baited lion unchained.
 He struck with firm courage the blow of the brave,
 But sighed o'er the carnage that spread;
 He indignantly trampled the yoke of the slave,
 But wept for the thousands that bled.
 Though he threw back the fetters, and headed the strife,
 Till man's charter was fairly restored;
 Yet he prayed for the moment when freedom and life
 Would no longer be pressed by the sword.
 Oh! his laurels were pure, and his patriot-name
 In the page of the future shall dwell,

And be seen in all annals, the foremost in fame,
 By the side of a HOFER and TELL.
 Revile not my song, for the wise and the good
 Among Britons have nobly confessed,
 That his was the glory, and ours was the blood
 Of the deeply-stained field of the West.
 —*Eliza Cook.* (English poet.)

CROWN OUR WASHINGTON.

ARISE! 'tis the day of our Washington's glory,
 The garlands uplift for our liberties won.
 Oh sing in your gladness his echoing story,
 Whose sword swept for freedom the fields of the sun!
 Not with gold, nor with gems,
 But with evergreens vernal,
 And the banners of stars that the continent span
 Crown, crown we the chief of the heroes eternal,
 Who lifted his sword for the birthright of man!
 He gave us a nation to make it immortal;
 He laid down for freedom the sword that he drew,
 And his faith leads us on through the uplifting portal,
 Of the glories of peace and our destinies new.
 Not with gold, nor with gems,
 But with evergreens vernal,
 And the flags that the nations of liberty span,
 Crown, crown him the chief of the heroes eternal,
 Who laid down his sword for the birthright of man!
 Lead, Face of the Future, serene in thy beauty,
 'Till o'er the dead heroes the peace star shall gleam,
 Till Right shall be Might in the counsels of duty,
 And the service of man be life's glory supreme.
 Not with gold, nor with gems,
 But with evergreens vernal,
 And the flags that the nations in brotherhood span,
 Crown, crown we the chief of the heroes eternal,
 Whose honor was gained by his service to man!
 O Spirit of Liberty, sweet are thy numbers!
 The winds to thy banners their tribute shall bring,
 While rolls the Potomac where Washington slumbers,
 And his natal day comes with the angels of spring.
 We follow thy counsels,
 O hero eternal!
 To highest achievement the school leads the van,
 And, crowning thy brow with the evergreens vernal,
 We pledge thee our all to the service of man!
 —*Hesekiah Butterworth.*

PROGRAMME.

PRIMARY GRADES.

SONG: America.

Flag Salute.—Balch. (See page)

SONG: Some Flags are Red, or White or Green.—Eleanor Smith, or

There Are Many Flags.—Howliston.

RECITATION: Our Colors. (By three children and school.)

*"Red, from the leaves of the Autumn woods
On our frost-kissed northern hills;—
Red, to show that patriot blood
Is beating now in a hurrying flood
In the hearts of American men.*

*"White, from the fields of stainless drift
On our wide, white western plains;
White, to show that, as pure as snow,
We believe that the Christ light yet shall glow
In the souls of American men.*

*"Blue, from the arch of the winter sky
O'er our fatherland outspread;
Blue, to show that, wide as heaven,
Shall justice to all mankind be given,
At the hands of American men.*

(School.)

*"Red, white and blue, and the light of the stars,
Through our holy colors shine;
Love, truth and justice, virtues three.
That shall bloom in the land of liberty.
In the homes of American men."*

STORY: Little George Washington.

The apple.

School life.

The hatchet.

The colt.

Playing soldier.

Love for his mother.

RECITATION: A True Soldier.—Alice Jean Cleator.

Though we may never be soldiers
On the battlefield.

Though we may not carry banners,
Bayonets or shields;

Each may be as true and valiant,
Till life's work is done;

SPECIAL DAYS IN SCHOOL

Each may be as brave a soldier
As George Washington.

There are mighty hosts of evil,
Armies great and strong;
Each can be a little soldier,
Fighting all day long.
Let us ever fight them bravely,
Let us valiant be;
Fight the host of falsehood, envy,
Pride and cruelty.

Oh, how valiant are the soldiers
Who to battle go;
Yet more brave are those who struggle
With an unseen foe.
When the battles all are ended,
And the victory's won,
Each will be as true a soldier
As George Washington.

STORY: Great George Washington.

As a soldier.
As our President.

RECITATION: The Bells of Mt. Vernon.—Butterworth.

SONG: Guard the Flag.—George M. Vickers.

MAXIMS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON:

Obey and honor your father and mother.
Speak not evil of the absent; it is unjust.
Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful
to keep your promise.
Say not anything that will hurt another, either in fun or
earnest.
When another person speaks, listen yourself, and do not
try to disturb others.
Let your recreations be manly, not sinful.
It is better to be alone than in bad company.
Do not speak when others are speaking.

RECITATION: The Birthday of Washington Ever Honored.
—Howland.

SIMPLE TRIBUTES TO WASHINGTON:

SONG: Columbia, or
Washington, Our Washington.

P R O G R A M M E .

I N T E R M E D I A T E G R A D E S .

SONG: Freedom, Our Queen.—Holmes.

RECITATION: Ode for Washington's Birthday.—Holmes.
(First stanza.)

- Welcome to the day returning,
 Dearer still as ages flow,
 While the touch of Faith is burning,
 Long as Freedom's altars glow!
 See the hero whom it gave us
 Slumbering on a mother's breast;
 For the arm he stretched to save us,
 Be its morn forever blest!

TOPIC: Boyhood of Washington.

- (a) Birthplace.
- (b) Education.
- (c) Anecdotes of early life.

TOPIC: Youth of Washington.

- (a) Wish to be a sailor.
- (b) Love for his mother.
- (c) As a surveyor.
- (d) As a messenger to the French.
- (e) As Braddock's aid-de-camp.

WORDS OF WASHINGTON:

To persevere in one's duty, and to be silent, is the best answer to calumny.

Peace with all the world is my sincere wish.

Whatever service I have rendered to my country, in its general approbation I have received my reward.

The value of liberty is enhanced by the difficulties of attainment, and the worth of character is appreciated by the trials of adversity.

I require no guards except those of the people.

Without virtue, and without integrity, the finest talents and the most brilliant accomplishments can never gain the respect and conciliate the esteem of the truly valuable part of mankind.

Let us have a government by which our lives, liberties, and properties will be secured.

TOPIC: Washington in the Revolution.

- (a) At Valley Forge.

- (b) Friendship of Washington and Lafayette.
- (c) Crossing the Delaware.
- (d) Yorktown.

RECITATION: Crown Our Washington.—Butterworth. (See page 87).

TOPIC: Washington, Our President.

READING: Washington's Farewell Address.

TRIBUTES TO WASHINGTON:

America has furnished to the world the character of Washington; if American institutions had done nothing else, that alone, would have entitled it to the respect of all mankind.
—*Webster*.

Washington is the mightiest name on earth,—long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty, still mightiest in moral reformation. * * * To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington, are alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounce the name, and in its naked, deathless splendor, leave it shining on.
—*Lincoln*.

The purest figure in history. —*Gladstone*.

Eternity alone can reveal to the human race its debt of gratitude to the peerless and immortal name of Washington.
—*Garfield*.

Never did I behold so superb a man. —*Lafayette*.

First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, he was second to none in the humble and endearing scenes of private life.

—*Richard Henry Lee*.

TOPIC: The Home Life of Washington.

SONG: Mt. Vernon Bells.

TRIBUTES FROM THE POETS:

Where may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state!
Yes, one,—the first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,—
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make men blush there was but one!

—*Byron*. (From "Ode to Napoleon.")

Virginia gave us this imperial man
 Cast in the massive mould
 Of those high-statured ages 'old
 Which into grander forms our mortal metal ran.
 —*Lowell*. (From "Under the Old Elm.")

Thus 'mid the wrecks of thrones shall live
 Unmarred, undimmed, our hero's fame,
 And year succeeding year shall give
 Increase of honors to his name.
 —*Bryant*. From ("The Twenty-second of February.")

TOPIC: Famous Statues and Memorials to Washington.
 The Washington Monument.

Build it to the skies; you cannot outreach the loftiness of
 his principles! Found it upon the massive and eternal
 rock; you cannot make it more enduring than his fame!
 Construct it of the peerless Parian marble; you cannot
 make it more pure than his life!

—*Robert C. Winthrop*.

SONG: America, or
 Columbia, or
 The Star Spangled Banner.

There is a wide field for selection in making a programme
 for Washington's birthday. Some other good topics are:
 Comparison of Washington and Lincoln.
 The influence of Washington's life on the lives of men
 who lived afterward.
 The history of the flag of our country.

The Washington and Lincoln Day programmes may be
 combined and but one day celebrated for both.

It is not necessary to have a programme. The wise teacher
 may make quite as deep an impression without one, by
 readings, pictures and decorations.

WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN.

A COMBINED programme for Washington's and Lincoln's Birthdays may be used with the less mature classes, or when time does not permit giving two afternoons.

The portraits of these two heroes may be hung before the children, each picture being draped with the nation's colors, and a large flag draped between them. Children may wear or carry small flags.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

SONG: America.

Flag Salute.—Balch.

RECITATION: The Twenty-second of February.

Pale is the February sky,
And brief the mid-day's sunny hours;
The wind-swept forest seems to sigh
For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.

Yet has no month a prouder day,
Not even when the summer broods,
O'er meadows in their fresh array.
Or autumn tints the glowing woods.

For this chill season now again
Brings, in its annual round, the morn
When, greatest of the sons of men,
Our glorious Washington was born.

* * * * *

Thus, 'mid the wreck of thrones, shall live
Unmarred, undimmed our hero's fame,
And years succeeding years shall give
Increase of honors to his name.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

By permission of D. Appleton & Co.

STORY: Young George Washington.

- (a) The apple.
- (b) The hatchet.
- (c) The colt.
- (d) Playing soldier.
- (e) School life.
- (f) His wish to be a sailor. (See Story, page 69.)

RECITATION: A hero.—Alice Jean Cleator. (See page 54.)

STORY: Great George Washington.

- (a) As a soldier.
- (b) As our president.

RECITATION: The Bells of Mount Vernon.—Butterworth.

SONG: There are Many Flags.

STORY: How Our Flag Was Made. (See page 56.)

RECITATION: Our Colors.

Red! 'tis the hue of battle,
The pledge of victory;

In sunset light, in northern night,
 It flashes brave and free.
 "Then paint with red thy banner,"
 Quoth Freedom to the Land,
 "And when thy sons go forth to war,
 This sign be in their hand!"

White! 'tis the sign of purity,
 Of everlasting truth;
 The snowy robe of childhood,
 The stainless mail of youth.
 Then paint with white thy banner,
 And pure as northern snow
 May these thy stately children
 In truth and honor go.

Blue! 'tis the tint of heaven,
 The morning's gold-shot arch,
 The burning deeps of noontide,
 The stars' unending march,
 Then paint with blue thy banner,
 And bid thy children raise
 At daybreak, noon and eventide
 Their hymn of love and praise.

Valor and truth and righteousness,
 In threefold strength to-day
 Raise high the flag triumphant,
 The banner glad and gay.
 "And keep thou well thy colors,"
 Quoth Freedom to the Land,
 "And 'gainst a world of evil
 Thy sons and thou shall stand."

—*Laura E. Richards.* (From "Youth's Companion.")

RECITATION: The Birthday of Washington Ever Honored.
 —Howland.

Tributes to Washington.

SONG: Columbia
 or

Washington, Our Washington.

PART II.

RECITATIONS:

God give us men. A time like this demands
 Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands:
 Men whom the lust of office does not kill,
 Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
 Men who possess opinions and a will;

Men who have honor—men who will not lie;
 Men who can stand before a demagogue
 And scorn his treacherous flatteries without winking,
 Tall men sun-crowned, who live above the fog
 In public duty, and in private thinking.

—*J. G. Holland.*

TOPIC: Washington, Lincoln's Hero.

- (a) The few books that Lincoln was able to read.
- (b) How and where he read them.
- (c) Weems' Life of Washington and the effect on the boy.
- (d) His tribute to Washington. (See page 76.)

RECITATION: Nobility.—Alice Cary.

Or

Press On.—Park Benjamin.

SONG: *Come, Boys of Noble Spirit, Come!—A. J. Foxwell.
 (American Book Company.)

TOPIC: Lincoln's Manhood.

- (a) The rail splitter.
- (b) The postmaster and storekeeper.
- (c) The politician.

SONG: Guard the Flag.

FAMOUS SAYINGS OF LINCOLN.

RECITATION: Our Good President.—Phoebe Cary.

TRIBUTES TO LINCOLN.

RECITATION: Abraham Lincoln.—Alice Cary.

SONG: Heroes.—Frank L. Bristow. (Marching song for eight boys.) (The John Church Publishing Co.)

RECITATION: Heroes. (By the school.)

Mother Earth! Are thy heroes dead?
 Do they thrill the soul of the world no more?
 Are the gleaming snows and the poppies red
 All that is left of the brave of yore?
 Are there none to fight as Theseus fought,
 Far in the young world's misty dawn?
 Or teach as the gray haired Nestor taught?
 Mother Earth! Are thy heroes gone?

Gone? In a nobler form they rise;
 Dead? We may clasp their hands in ours,
 And catch the light of their glorious eyes,
 And wreath their brows with immortal flowers.

*American Book Company.

Whenever a noble deed is done
There are the souls of our heroes stirred;
Whenever a field for truth is won,
There are our heroes' voices heard.

Their armor rings on a fairer field
Than Greek or Trojan ever trod;
For Freedom's sword is the blade they wield,
And the light above them the smile of God!

So in his isle of calm delight,
Jason may dream the hours away,
But the heroes live, and the skies are bright,
And the world is a braver world to-day.
—*Edna Dean Proctor.*

Cheiftain, farewell! The nation crowns thee. Mothers
shall teach thy name to their lisping children. The youth
of our land shall emulate thy virtues. Statesmen shall study
thy record, and learn lessons of wisdom. Mute though thy
lips be, yet they still speak. Hushed is thy voice, but its ech-
oes of liberty are ringing through the world, and the sons
of bondage listen with joy.

—*Matthew Simpson.*

POETS' DAY

PRIMARY GRADES.

THE CARY SISTERS, CELIA THAXTER, EUGENE FIELD.

IT is the purpose of this Poets' Day Programme to gather together the poems and stories with which the children are familiar in order to deepen the impressions made, and to more closely associate the poems with the home life of the poets.

Let the children reproduce the life of each in a simple and child-like manner, dwelling only on the incidents which are of interest to them. Recall all of the poems from each author that they have memorized during their study, and re-read the others.

Have pictures which will help strengthen the impressions. Flowers and birds may brighten the room. A bouquet of pink carnations will serve to remind the children that Eugene Field loved them the best of all the flowers; and pretty sea shells upon the table will bring the childhood home of Celia Thaxter before them.

REFERENCE BOOKS:

- Life of Alice and Phoebe Cary.—Mary Clemmer Ames. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
- Poems of Alice and Phoebe Cary. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
- In Lullaby Land.—Eugene Field. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)
- Love Songs of Childhood.—Eugene Field. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)
- With Trumpet and Drum.—Eugene Field. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)
- The Eugene Field Book.—Eugene Field. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)
- A Little Book of Profitable Tales.—Eugene Field. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)
- Poems and Stories for Children.—Celia Thaxter. (Houghton Mifflin & Co.)
- Authors' Portraits and Homes.—The Perry Pictures. (Malden, Mass.)
- Talks about Authors.—Ella Reeve Ware. (A. Flanagan.)

SONGS:

- * Father and Mother.
- * The Hayloft.—Robert Louis Stevenson.
- * The Tiptoe Song.—Mrs. Ormiston Chant.
- * Song of the Waves.—Carl Reinecke.
- ** The Drum.—Eugene Field.
- ** A Summer Lullaby.—W. W. Gilchrist.
- ** Wind Song.—Eleanor Smith.
- ** The Angels are Singing.—Carl Reinecke.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Feb. 27, 1807—March 24, 1882.

MANY years ago in a city by the seashore, there was born a little boy who was to become a great poet. His name was Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

When he was a boy he loved the birds, the flowers, the trees, the brooks and the sea, and he wished to see every one happy.

All day long his mind and heart were full of good and beautiful thoughts, so when he grew older he had only to put these thoughts into poetry, that other people might know them too.

All his life this poet loved children very dearly. He used to take his afternoon walk just in time to meet the "children coming home from school." They often met at a blacksmith shop to watch the smith at his work.

Longfellow taught the children to respect all honest toil. Once he wrote a poem about this blacksmith and his honest life. The poem is called "The Village Blacksmith."

Mr. Longfellow had five children of his own who loved him very much. Their play room was just over his study. During the daytime they did not disturb him in his work; but at the hour:

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,"

when they knew he could no longer see to write, they would run down stairs and into his study and have a merry romp with him. He loved to have them come, and this time of day he called the "Children's Hour."

(See Longfellow.—Poets' Birthdays.)

*Published by American Book Co.

**Published by Scott, Foresman & Co.

ALICE AND PHOEBE CARY.

April 26, 1820—Feb. 12, 1871.

Sept. 4, 1824—July 31, 1871.

A GREAT many years ago, in a low brown house near Mt. Pleasant, Ohio, not far from Cincinnati, two little girls were born. These two little girls were Alice and Phoebe Cary, whose poems we have learned to love so well.

Alice, who was four years the older, was a girl of very strong character and a leader among her associates; Phoebe was of a more gentle and clinging disposition, and she depended much on her sister. The two girls could never bear to be separated long at a time, and all their lives they lived happily together. Even death could not long separate them, Phoebe living but four months after the death of Alice, which occurred in 1871.

Though the home in which they spent their childhood was "low and little and black and old," as Alice tells us, it was nevertheless a very dear one to them, for Phoebe has immortalized it by her vivid pictures in "Our Homestead," and Alice has shown us her love for it in "Pictures of Memory" and "The Little Brown House on the Hill," in which she says,—

O Memory, be sweet to me—

Take, take all else at will,

So thou but leave me safe and sound,

Without a token my heart to wound,

The little house on the hill!

Of their mother they have said some beautiful and tender things, and we must believe her, indeed, a very sweet and lovable woman, as Alice calls her,

A lady the loveliest the sun ever shone upon,
and Phoebe says, .

My mother's voice was always kind,

And her smile was always sweet.

While the mother lived, the girls seem to have had no desire to leave the home; but when Alice was fifteen years of age the mother died, and then, as so often happens, all was changed. It was not the same home any longer. The girls, who were very fond of reading and study, now had little time or opportunity for either; but by good management they succeeded in doing some studying often late at night and by the light of a rag dipped in lard. They also wrote many of their beautiful poems at this time. After they had earned a little money from the sale of their poems, they left the dear old home and went to seek their fortunes in the great city of New York. They hired two small rooms and went earnest-

ly to work. They were so successful in their literary efforts, and they made so many friends that they were soon able to buy a cozy little home, where they lived happily all the rest of their lives. But they never forgot the old home in Ohio, "Clovernook," Alice sometimes called it, and each year they visited their father, often bringing him back with them to their happy little home in New York.

All over the world to-day, Alice and Phoebe Cary are known and loved through their sweet and simple poems, which reveal to us their noble lives.

Among their dearest friends was John Greenleaf Whittier, who called them "two song birds," in his poem "The Singer," written after a visit from them. Of Alice he says,

Her speech dropped prairie flowers; the gold
Of harvest wheat about her rolled.

and also,

She went with morning from my door,
But left me richer than before;
Thenceforth I knew her voice of cheer,
The welcome of her partial ear.

Years passed: through all the land her name
A pleasant household word became:
All felt behind the singer stood
A sweet and gracious womanhood.

Her life was earnest work, not play;
Her tired feet climbed a weary way;
And even through her lightest strain
We heard an undertone of pain.

Unseen of her her fair frame grew,
The good she did she rarely knew,
Ungessed of her in life the love
That rained its tears her grave above.

THE CARY TREE.

One day as the Cary sisters were coming home from the little district school near the old homestead, they found a tinv tree, that had fallen from a nursery man's wagon, lying in the dusty road. "Poor little thing!" said Alice, "see how sick it looks!" "Let us plant it in the shade," said Phoebe, "it will die if we leave it here."

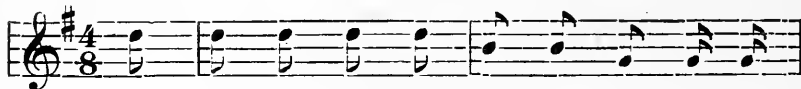
So they found a cool shady place near the road, and with sharp sticks they dug deep into the leafy mold and planted the little tree.

Every day, on the way to and from school, they watered and cared for it, until it grew strong and straight, stretching its limbs out to catch the rain and to feel the sunshine. Year by year it grew and thrived, and in after years when the

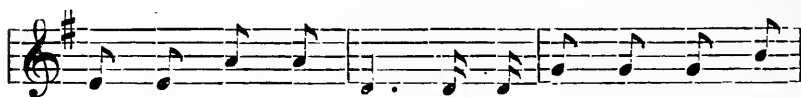
sisters visited the old home they never forgot to visit the tree also. It is a beautiful spreading sycamore, and is called the "Cary Tree." Travelers often pay it a visit, and many pick a leaf as a keepsake.

OUR HOMESTEAD.

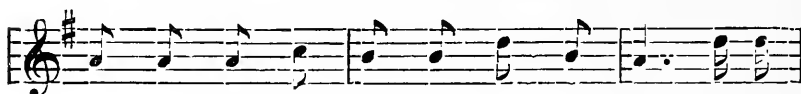
PHOEBE CARY.



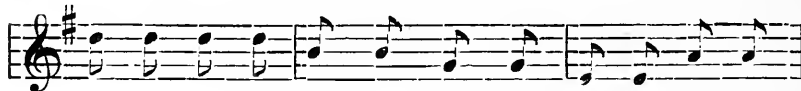
Our old brown homestead reared its walls From the



way-side dust a - loof, Where the ap - ple boughs could



al - most cast Their fruit up - on its roof; And the



cher - ry tree so near it grew That when a - wake I've



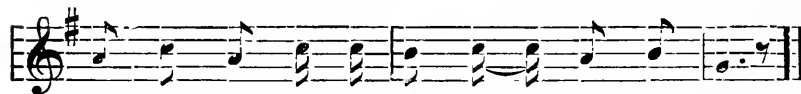
lain, In the lonesome nights, I've heard the limbs, As they



creak'd a - gainst the pane. And those orchard trees,



oh those or - chard trees! I've seen my lit - tle



brothers rock'd in their tops By the sum - mer breeze.

NOVEMBER.

The leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you, my child,

Though day by day, as it closes,
Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the winter is over,
The boughs will get new leaves,
The quail come back to the clover,
And the swallow back to the eaves.

The robin will wear on his bosom
A vest that is bright and new,
And the loveliest wayside blossom
Will shine with the sun and dew.

The leaves to-day are whirling,
The brooks are all dry and dumb,
But let me tell you, my darling,
The spring will be sure to come.

There must be rough, cold weather,
And winds and rains so wild;
Not all good things together
Come to us here, my child.

So, when some dear joy loses
Its beauteous summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow.

—*Alice Cary.*

By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

CELIA THAXTER.

June 29, 1836—Aug. 24, 1894.

CELIA THAXTER was born in the old seaport town of Portsmouth, New Hampshire; but when she was five years of age her father removed with his family to White Island, one of the Isles of Shoals, near the New England coast, where he was the keeper of the lights.

Here she lived, in a quaint, stone cottage which was joined to the great lighthouse by a covered walk. The cottage was strongly built to withstand the heavy storms which

often washed the sea against it; the walls were very thick, and there were deep window seats where Celia and her little brother made their playhouses during the long cold winters. There they would play from morning until night, or sit and watch the ships on the great stormy ocean. But in the spring and summer they were rarely indoors. White Island was their little world, and two happier children were rarely seen. They waded in the surf, made companions of the sand-pipers and the gulls, and they loved to watch the crabs, limpets and starfishes. The few wild flowers that grew on the island, too, were a great delight to them and the ferns and the mosses they called their little trees. They spread out the leaves of the sea-weed on the rocks, and when they were dry they cut from them queer figures of men, horses, dogs, and other animals, just as many children cut them from paper.

Little Celia never feared the thunder and lightning as most children do, and she dearly loved to be out in the rain. Only when it fell so heavily that she feared drenching would she seek shelter in the long covered walk between the cottage and the lighthouse, there to romp and play until the rain ceased.

She never tired of watching her father light the great lamps at night, and often begged to be allowed to light them herself. She understood their use and their value, and she wished to be a help to the great world.

Sometimes she would lie on the sand and dream pretty dreams of this great world, which to her was the distant New England shore, and which she wished much to visit.

When she grew older she went to live and work in the world of her childhood dreams; but she wrote mostly of the sea, the sea birds, flowers and ferns, and the pretty fancies of her childhood she wove into delightful stories for children. She never felt at home anywhere but on the Isles of Shoals, and when she was married, in 1851, she went to live on Appledore Island, which is near her old White Island home. There she wrote beautiful poems and stories and there she died in 1894.

Her first poem, "Land-locked," was published by James Russell Lowell, who was one of her earliest literary friends.

She was very fond of music, and she has written some beautiful poems to the memory of the great composers. Some of her books are, "Among the Isles of Shoals," "Driftwood," "An Island Garden," and "Stories and Poems for Children."

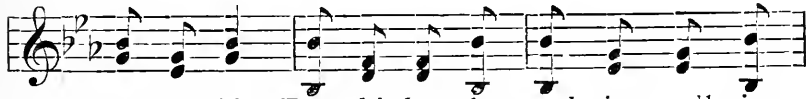
THE SAND MAN.

Andante.

L. LIEBER.



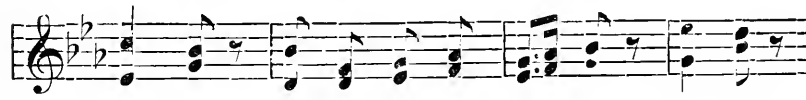
1. Who has seen the sand man strolling, Thro' the street at
2. No one sees him softly gliding Thro' the homes where
3. Gold-en grains so free-ly scattered, In - to drow-sy



ev - en-tide? From his bag the sand is roll - ing,
 children dwell, Still we know where he is hid - ing,
 eyes will creep, Lips are hush'd that gaily chatter'd,



Plain-ly mark-ing ev - 'ry stride. Sand man
 For his touch is quick to tell.
 Wea-ry chil-dren fall a - sleep.



sand man, Swift and kind and clev-er, Sand man,



sand man, Vain our watch for - ev - er

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SEA SHORE FAIRIES.

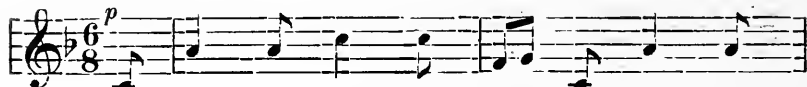
"HEAR the fairy voices in this dainty shell,
 Listen to the message they have come to tell,
 All the sea-shell fairies, dancing on the lea
 To the ocean's music, send their love to thee.

"Gaily, in the moonlight, fairies dance together,
 Hiding in the sea-shell when it's stormy weather,
 Kind words as you journey to the far-off sea,
 Give the dainty fairies one fond kiss for me."

THE SHELL.

REBECCA B. FORESMAN.

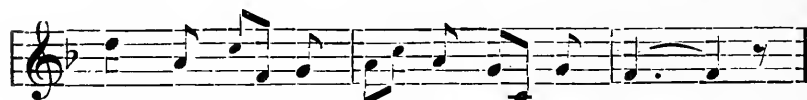
JULIA M. ADAMS.

Andante.

Up - on the shore I found a shell, I



held it to my ear, I listened glad - ly,



while it sang A sea song sweet and clear,



Loo, loo, loo, loo, I listened gladly



while it sang A sea song, sweet and clear.

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And that a little shell could sing,
 At first seemed strange to me,
 Until I thought that it had learned
 The music of the sea.

I could but wish the song had words,
 For then my little shell
 The secrets of the deep blue sea
 To me would surely tell.

For I had wondered many times
 What 'twas the water said,
 When it came rushing to the shore
 In waves high as my head.

But never would the little shell
 Tell everything to me;
 Although it sang fore'er, it kept
 The secrets of the sea.

EUGENE FIELD.

Sept. 3, 1850—1895.

I AM sure you would like to know about the man who wrote "Little Boy Blue," "Pittypat and Tippytoe," "The Rock-a-By-Lady" and the dear little queer little Dutch lullaby, "Wynken, Blynken and Nod," which you have learned to sing. I think I need not tell you that he was very fond of children, else he would not have written so many things to please them.

Perhaps, though, you do not know that he had three little girls and five little boys of his own, to whom he told his stories and repeated his poems as they sat at his knee every day, and who loved them as much as you do, and perhaps better, because their own dear papa wrote them.

Other little boys and girls, too, were fond of him, and wherever he went the children gathered around him and asked for stories, just as his own children did at home.

Eugene Field was the poet's name, and he was born in the great busy city of St. Louis. His parents were New England people, however, and at the death of his mother, he was sent to his cousin, Miss Mary French, at Amherst, Mass., to be prepared for college. His boyhood was spent in Massachusetts and Vermont. He must have loved his cousin very dearly, for he named one of his own little girls Mary French.

As a boy he was kind-hearted and generous, and he could never bear to see anything unhappy. He was a friend to all the stray and homeless dogs, and always disliked to see any animal caged.

He was fond of reading and his favorite stories, he tells us, were those of Hans Andersen, and his American hero was Abraham Lincoln.

When he grew to be a man, he went back to St. Louis and became a journalist. He was very successful and afterwards removed to Chicago, where most of his books were written. He has been called the "Chicago Humorist." The room in his house in which he wrote his books was full of odd toys and dolls that he had bought in his travels, and although they seemed such strange things for a man to be interested in, to him they each meant something, and he said they helped him in his writing. He once said that without them he could never have written his book "With Trumpet and Drum."

Mr. Field was a great lover of books. In his home he had more than three thousand of these friends, with whom he often visited. He even took them to bed with him at night.

He was never well and strong, and in 1889 it was thought

best for him to make a journey abroad in the hope that his health might be improved. Mrs. Field and the children went with him, and he proposed to put the children in school while he and his wife were traveling; but he found it so hard to part with them that he deferred it for some months. It was on the night before this separation that Mr. Field wrote his tender little poem, "Sometime."

"SOMETIME."

LAST night, my darling, as you slept,
 I thought I heard you sigh,
 And to your little crib I crept,
 And watched a space thereby,
 And then I stooped and kissed your brow,
 For oh! I love you so—
 You are too young to know it now,
 But sometime you shall know!

Some time when, in a darkened place,
 Where others come to weep,
 Your eyes shall look upon a face
 Calm in eternal sleep,
 The voiceless lips, the wrinkled brow,
 The patient smile shall show—
 You are too young to know it now,
 But sometime you may know!

Look backward, then, into the years
 And see me here to-night—
 See, O my darling! how my tears
 Are falling as I write;
 And feel once more upon your brow
 The kiss of long ago—
 You are too young to know it now,
 But sometime you will know!

When we remember that the father was in poor health and that he was parting from the children that he loved so well, this poem is especially full of pathos.

The beautiful poem, "Christmas Treasures," was the first poem published by Mr. Field. Many of his most pleasing stories are published in his "A Little Book of Profitable Tales." During his life he made so many friends that he was deeply mourned when he died, in 1895.

A DUTCH LULLABY.

EUGENE FIELD.

HELEN A. TRASK.

Wynken, blynken, and Nod one night, Sailed
off in a wooden shoe, Sailed on a riv-er of
mys - ty light In - to a sea of dew;
Where are you go-ing, and what do you wish? The
old man asked the three. We have come to fish for the
her - ring fish, That live in this beau - ti - ful
sea, Nets of gold and sil - ver have
we, Said Nynken, Blinken and Nod.

By permission of Helen A. Trask.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

'MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-
where.

I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,
 And feel that my mother now thinks of her child,
 As she looks on that moon from our own cottage door,
 Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
 Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
 The birds singing gaily, that came at my call;
 Give me them and that peace of mind, dearer than all.

CHORUS:

Home, home, sweet, sweet, home,
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

—*John Howard Payne.*

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

TOPIC: Longfellow.

SONG: The Angels are Singing.

RECITATION: The Village Blacksmith.

STORY: Simple Story of the Home-life of Longfellow. (See page 83.)

RECITATION: The Children's Hour. (By the school.)

PART II.

TOPIC: Alice and Phoebe Cary.

SONG: Our Homestead. (See page 86.)

STORY: Story of the Child-life of the Cary Sisters. (To be told by the children.) (See page 84.)

RECITATION: Pictures of Memory.

STORY: Story of the Cary Tree. (To be told by a child.) (See page 85.)

SONG: In the Hayloft.

READING: An Order for a Picture. (By the teacher.)

RECITATION: November. (See page 87.)

PART III.

TOPIC: Celia Thaxter.

SONG: The Sandman. (See page 89.) Or
 The Shell. (See page 90.)

STORY: The Story of the "Spray Sprite."—Celia Thaxter.
(By a little girl representing the "Spray Sprite,"
dressed in white, wearing strings of sea-shells or sea-
weeds. The dress and the hair may be sprinkled with
diamond dust to represent sparkling spray.)

RECITATION: The Sandpiper.

SONG: A Summer Lullaby.

RECITATION: The Alder by the River.

READING: Little Gustave.

Or

A Poppy Seed.

Or

The Water-Bloom.

SONG: Song of the Waves.

Or

Sea-Shore Fairies. (See page 89.)

PART IV.

TOPIC: Eugene Field. (Each child who takes part may
wear pink carnations, Mr. Field's favorite flower.)

SONG: The Tiptoe Song. (By two children coming in on
tiptoe.)

RECITATION: Pittypat and Tippytoe. (By the same children.)

SONG: The Drum.

READING: Little Boy Blue.

STORY: Story of Home-life of Eugene Field. (Told by a
child.) (See page 91.)

SONG: Wynken, Blynken and Nod. (See page 93.)

SONG: Home, Sweet Home. (See page 93.)

POETS' BIRTHDAYS.

INTERMEDIATE GRADES.

BRYANT, WHITTIER, LONGFELLOW, LOWELL, EMERSON,
HOLMES.

THERE is a time between the study of autumnal flowers and fruits and the study of the awakening life in the spring, a time when the earth is bound by its icy chain, that may be profitably devoted to the study of some of our best American authors.

Fortunately the birthdays of most of the authors we wish particularly to study come during this time. Bryant's in November when the children are much interested in nature in the "sere and yellow leaf," and when they are watching all things preparing for their winter's sleep.

"When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters
of the rill."

Whittier's birthday is in December when we are glad to sit comfortably beside the fire and study "Snow-Bound;" and Longfellow's and Lowell's are both in February.

During the autumn some of the poems of these authors have been studied, and just before the birthday of the author his poems with which the children are familiar may be recalled and new ones added. Some the teacher will wish only to read; others she will wish to have the children study and reproduce; and still others, the choicest, to have them memorize.

The birthday exercises help to arouse in the children a lively interest in the author, and to create a desire for a more extended study of his works. They also help to associate an author with his writings.

Children who are thus led to become interested in an author usually get his books, and in this way little home libraries are often started.

It is not necessary to have the exercises on the birthday of the author; but it helps to establish a fact in history sometimes, and if convenient they should be given at that time.

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 Life of John Greenleaf Whittier.—W. J. Linton.
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EMERSON. May 25, 1803.

Life of Emerson.—Holmes.

Emerson, The Lecturer.—Lowell, in "My Study Windows."

Emerson and Carlyle.—Henry James, Jr., "Century," June, 1883.

Emerson in His Home.—F. B. Sanborn, "Arena," Dec., 1885.

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HOLMES. Aug. 29, 1809.

Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes.—John T. Morse, Jr.

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- Give Thy Heart's Best Treasures.—A. Procter. (American Book Company)
 Building. (American Book Company)
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 The Willow Song.—Jennie Youngs. (The Wyatt Company)
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 The Winter Song of the Tree.—Jennie Youngs. (The Wyatt Company)
 The Song of the Rose.—"Golden Robin."
 Our Country's Call.—"Patriotic Songs."
 The Arrow and the Song. (Published in sheet music)
 The Bridge. (Published in sheet music)
 The Day is Done. (Published in sheet music)
 The Psalm of Life. (Published in sheet music)

BRYANT.

Nov. 3, 1794—June 12, 1878.

MANY of the poems of Bryant, the American Wordsworth, are peculiarly adapted to the understanding of children, but judicious selection should be made in introducing him. The duty of the teacher is to create a taste for further study of each author.

The birthday of Bryant is, fortunately, in November, just after the children have studied, read or recited his "Autumn Woods," "To a Waterfowl," and "To a Fringed Gentian." As a lover of nature he is now a friend of theirs, and may be introduced through his simple nature poems and his stories in verse.

POEMS SUGGESTED FOR STUDY: (Nature)

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------------|
| To a Waterfowl. | October |
| To a Fringed Gentian. | November. |
| Autumn Woods. | March |
| The Painted Cup. | Green River. |
| The Death of the Flowers. | The West Wind. |
| The Song of the Sower. | The Planting of the Apple-Tree. |
| The Gladness of Nature. | |
| A Summer Ramble. | Robert of Lincoln. |
| A Winter Piece. | The Snow Shower. |
| The Yellow Violet. | |

SELECTIONS FROM:

Thanatopsis.	Life.
The Forest Hymn.	Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood.

(Patriotic Poems)

Our Country's Call	Death of Lincoln.
The Battle Field.	Death of Slavery.

(Stories in Verse)

The White-Footed Deer.	Sella.
The African Chief.	Little People of the Snow.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

THOU blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds have flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

—Bryant.

THE GLADNESS OF NATURE.

IS this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs around;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
The ground-squirrel gaily chirps by his den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space
And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And there they roli on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look on the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles;
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

—Bryant.

MARCH.

THE stormy March is come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah, passing few are they who speak,
Wild, stormy month! in praise of thee;
Yet though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou, to northern lands, again
The glad and glorious sun doth bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

And, in thy reign of blast and storm,
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and warm,
And heaven puts on the blue of May.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills
In joy that they again are free,
And, brightly leaping down the hills,
Renew their journey to the sea.

The year's departing beauty hides
Of wintry storms the sullen threat;
But in thy sternest frown abides
A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,

When the wide bloom, on earth that lies,
 Seems of a brighter world than ours.
 —Bryant.

These poems of Bryant are used by special permission of D. Appleton & Company, publishers of the poetical and the prose works of William Cullen Bryant.

BRYANT'S BIRTHDAY PROGRAM.

PART I.

SONG: The Rose.

TOPIC: Bryant, the American Poet of Nature.

- (a) His home, surroundings, rambles, influences, readings, etc.
- (b) His admiration for Wordsworth, the English Poet of Nature.
- (c) Favorite poems from Wordsworth.
- (d) Influence of these poems on his writings.

RECITATIONS:

To the Fringed Gentian. (See page 100.)

Among the Trees.

To a Waterfowl. (See Bird Days.)

Autumn Woods.

The Gladness of Nature. (See page 100.)

The Planting of the Apple-Tree. ((See Arbor Day.)

The Yellow Violet.

March. (See page 101.)

SONG: In the Woods.—Hauptmann.

PART II.

TOPIC: Bryant As a Story Writer.

- (a) The Story of Sella.
- (b) The Story of Little People of the Snow.
 (Selections from each recited.)

READINGS:

The White-Footed Deer.

The African Chief.

SONG: To The Cuckoo.—Wordsworth.

PART III.

TOPIC: Bryant as a Patriot.

RECITATIONS:

The Death of Lincoln.

The Battle-Field.

From The Death of Slavery.

SONG: Our Country's Call.

PART IV.

ESSAY: Bryant's Home Life and Friends.

- (a) Bryant's wife and family.
- (b) Friends among the poets and authors.
- (c) Friends among statesmen.
- (d) His seventieth birthday celebration.
- (e) His eightieth birthday present, the Bryant vase.

RECITATIONS:

The Death of the Flowers. (To his sister.)

O Fairest of the Rural Maids. (To the woman who became his wife.)

Selections from "Bryant's Seventieth Birthday," Holmes;
or "Bryant on His Birthday," Whittier.

SONG: Give Thy Heart's Best Treasures.

Give thy heart's best treasures;
From fair Nature learn;
Give thy love and ask not,
Wait not a return.
And the more thou spendest
From thy little store,
With a double bounty,
God will give thee more.

—*Adelaide Procter.*

WHITTIER.

Dec. 17, 1807.—Sept. 7, 1892.

TO the children Whittier has become the poet of every-day life. He was one who constantly saw beauty in the common things in the midst of which the children live.

The story of his life in boyhood, youth and manhood appeals to children as few such histories do; and the thought of the purity, simplicity and earnestness that characterized all of his acts should be brought impressively before them.

His work during the Civil War is especially interesting, and the love shown by him for the children in his later writings brings him still nearer to them.

Among the Perry Pictures are the following, which will interest the children in their study of this poet:

Portrait of Whittier.

His Home, Amesbury.

His Home, Oak Knoll.

Barbara Frietchie.

POEMS SUGGESTED FOR STUDY: (Nature)

The Corn Song.	Autumn Thoughts.
The Last Walk in Autumn.	St. Martin's Summer.
For an Autumn Festival.	A Dream of Summer.
The Mayflowers.	The Palm-Tree.
The Trailing Arbutus.	

(Patriotic Poems)

Our Countrymen in Chains.	Ichabod.
The Peace Autumn.	Barbara Frietchie.
The Return of the Birds.	The Hive at Gettysburg.
The Christmas Carmen.	The Emancipation Group.

(Stories in Verse)

Snow-Bound.	My Playmate.
In School Days. (See below.)	The Barefoot Boy.
	(See page 105.)
The Robin.	King Solomon and the
The Cypress-Tree of Ceylon.	Ants.
The Witch's Daughter.	Skipper Ireson's Ride.

IN SCHOOL DAYS.

STILL sits the school-house by the road,
 A ragged beggar sunning;
 Around it still the sumachs grow,
 And blackberry vines are running.
 Within, the master's desk is seen,
 Deep scarred by raps official;
 The warping floor, the battered seats,
 The jack-knife's carved initial;
 The charcoal frescos on its wall;
 Its door's worn sill, betraying
 The feet that, creeping slow to school,
 Went storming out to playing!
 Long years ago a winter sun
 Shone over it at setting;
 Lit up its western window-panes
 And low eaves' icy fretting.
 It touched the tangled golden curls,
 And brown eyes full of grieving,
 Of one who still her steps delayed
 When all the school were leaving.
 For near her stood the little boy
 Her childish favor singled:
 His cap pulled low upon a face
 Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered;—
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word:
I hate to go above you,
Because,"—the brown eyes lower fell,—
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her,—because they love him.

—*Whittier.*

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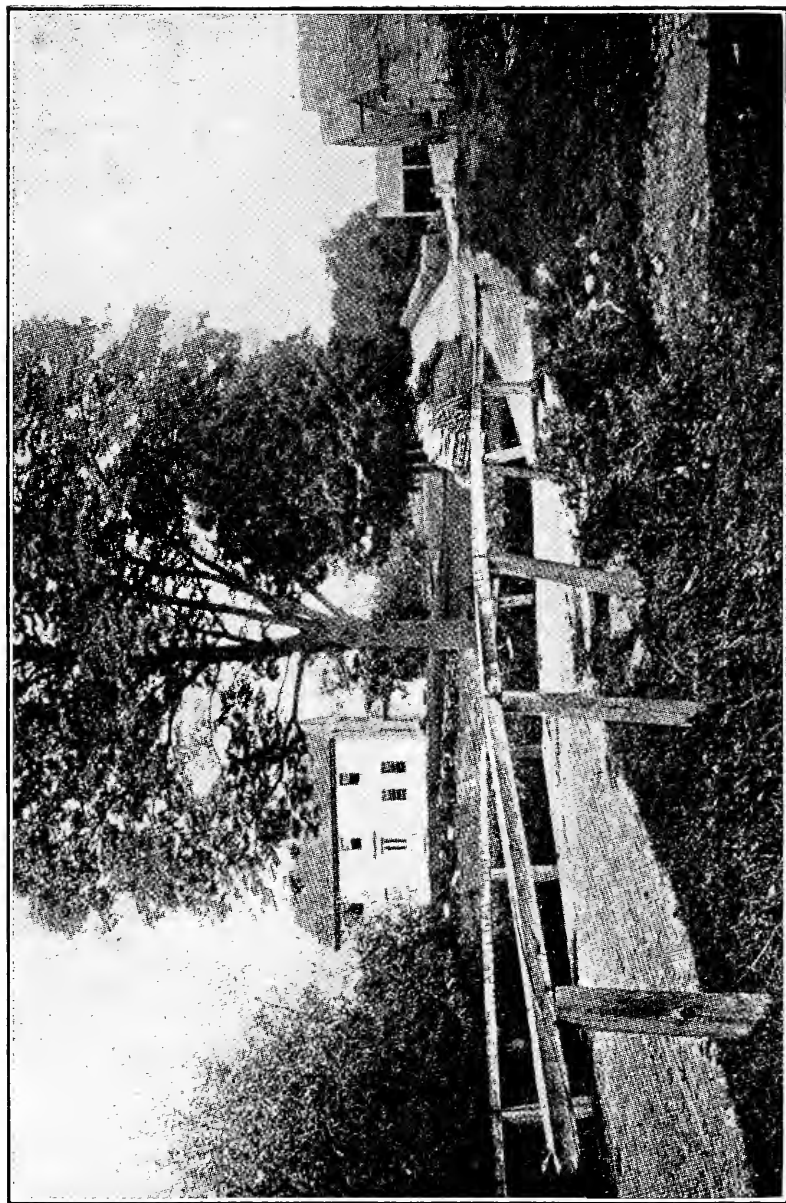
THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy.—
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye.—
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,

Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the groundnut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!—
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too,
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!



THE PERRY PICTURES.

WHITTIER'S HOME, HAVERHILL, MASSACHUSETTS.

O for festal dainties spread,
 Like my bowl of milk and bread,—
 Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
 On the door-stone, gray and rude!
 O'er me, like a regal tent,
 Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
 Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
 Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
 While for music came the play
 Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
 And, to light the noisy choir,
 Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
 I was monarch: pomp and joy
 Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
 Live and laugh as boyhood can!
 Though the flinty slopes be hard,
 Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
 Every morn shall lead thee through
 Fresh baptisms of the dew;
 Every evening from thy feet
 Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
 All too soon these feet must hide
 In the prison cells of pride,
 Lose the freedom of the sod,
 Like a colt's for work be shod,
 Made to tread the mills of toil,
 Up and down in ceaseless moil:
 Happy if their track be found
 Never on forbidden ground;
 Happy if they sink not in
 Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
 Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
 Ere it passes, barefoot boy! —*Whittier.*

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LIFE OF WHITTIER.

Dec. 17, 1807—Sept. 7, 1892.

NOT so very far from the Plymouth where the Pilgrims landed is the little town of Haverhill and the old farm house which we want to visit, the Whittier birthplace. And the ocean, that great ocean which the brave Puritans crossed, is still nearer to Whittier's early home. As he himself has told us—

"The wind blew east; we heard the roar
 Of Ocean on his wintry shore."

Let us imagine how the old home looked on that day, so many years ago, when no doubt the hills and the fields were drifted with snow. On December 17th (the same month in which the Pilgrims nearly two hundred years before landed on the New England coast), came a little stranger into the Whittier home. Only a little baby boy into a humble New England farm house.

How little his mother and father guessed that their baby boy, whom they named John Greenleaf—a good, honest, plain name—would ever grow up to be so dear to people all over America. A poor, plain, little boy, living a quiet, country life, enjoying outdoor play as any boy does; always, however, in his work or play, noble and true-hearted, he grew into a noble manhood. We love to remember and honor such lives as this.

I have just told you he was a poor boy. Now I must tell you of his riches. Some of the children smile and say, "How can this be?" Will you be surprised to hear that this little boy grew up to be one of the greatest and best poets? His riches he has left us if we care to use them. They were his beautiful thoughts. These thoughts, as he grew older, came to take the form of poetry, as we call it. I think poetry is only heart music set to words. And these words, although we may not sing them to any given tune, go down and sing themselves over to our souls, as they sung themselves to Whittier and other poets. This kind of riches we can take with us into the great, beautiful life "Beyond," for

"As the soul liveth
It shall live
Beyond the years of time."

Where, you ask, did the farmer boy get his beautiful thoughts? I am sure he had a book first, the great "nature book," which is spread above, below, around us everywhere. He had but few other books, and none of the pretty picture books which children have now. The few books which he had he loved and read again and again. The almanac was studied carefully by the children as well as by their elders. A copy of Burns' poems, also of Shakespeare's, which came into his hands when he was nearly twenty, gave him great enjoyment. But, oh! how he loved the "nature book" from his earliest childhood. Every cloud in the sky, the birds and the animals, the trees and the flowers, the insects, the brook flowing along the hillside, the sea with its many waves and changes, the snow, the winds—all had voices for him. He said little, but he listened and saw and thought much.

There are three of his poems which tell us a great deal about his own childhood's home and life. They are "Snow-

Bound," "The Barefoot Boy," and "In School Days." "My Playmate," too, is a dear little poem for you to read some day, and there are many others. But most of all do I want you to know now these three which I have named, that you may feel better acquainted with the boy Whittier, and so better understand his later life. "Snow-Bound" is a long poem, but if you cannot read it perhaps some one will read it for you. You will learn to love it, I am sure. Let us take the book now and read a little of this poem together.

Here we get a real glimpse of the Whittier home, and let us imagine we can see the family gathered about the big kitchen fire-place. In those days the kitchen was used a great deal, and the kitchen in the Whittier house was large and long, with painted floor and low ceiling. In one corner was a cupboard, with some quaint old dishes which, with a desk, a table, some chairs, the spinning wheel, and a few pictures, almost completed the furniture of the room. But at night, when the great logs were piled on the fire-place, with the warm, red glow, came a change,

"Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst flower-like, into rosy bloom."

* * * * *

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door.

* * * * *

The house dog on his paws outspread,
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood."

Can you see it all, children? Do we not feel sure, as we read on, that the boy Whittier had a happy home and a comfortable home, too, although it might seem rather plain to us? What a beautiful picture he has given us of his mother and his two sisters, both of whom were very dear to the boy. We can imagine, too, the stern, but kind old father, with his snow white hair, telling stories of his travels and of the Indians. Then there was the Aunt Mercy, whose stories were equally precious to the children, and the

uncle, who could best tell them of the delights of hunting and fishing. Sometimes the schoolmaster, or a guest from the village, came to pass the long evenings with them.

Over the fireplace hung a bull's-eye watch, and when this watch pointed to the hour of nine, off went little John and his brother to their cold room upstairs, where often during the night the snow sifted in through cracks in the walls, falling on the boys' faces. But little they cared for this, and with hearts untroubled they slept the sweet sleep of childhood.

Did you know, children, that this home which once belonged to the Whittiers, still stands? That the dear old kitchen, with its same furniture even to the watch, is still as in those days told of in "Snow-Bound?"

I hope you may be able some day to visit the place. You will feel, I am sure, as much reverence as you cross the threshold of this house as if it were a grand palace or a church. The spirit of him whose life and writings have made it dear to us seems very near to one there.

Now, let us imagine it is summer time and let us stand on the rustic bridge which spans the brook.

Oh, children! If you could see this brook, you would not wonder that the boy loved to wander along its banks; that he felt himself rich, as

"Laughed the brook for my delight,
Through the day and through the night."

These lines you will find in "The Barefoot Boy," and I rather think many a time John Greenleaf's bare feet dipped into this very brook. It winds in and out among the trees and grasses, a hill at one side covered with many varieties of trees, some bending lovingly over the water. Every few steps brings one into some pretty nook where ferns, mosses and flowers grow along the water's edge.

"I was rich in flowers and trees;
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played.

* * * * *

For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;

* * * * *

Mine, the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still, as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too."

Do you think the one whose birthday we remember to-day sowed good seeds in his lifetime? The "little things,"

the everyday things, the "here and now" are what count in a lifetime.

Have you heard about the Amesbury home of J. G. Whittier? How he lived the latter half of his life, many long, patient years in this home? Amesbury is, perhaps, less than an hour's ride from Haverhill. He never traveled abroad, as so many of our poets and writers do. In fact, an occasional visit to Boston, to Hampton Falls, or Danvers, to the "Isles of Shoals," where lived a dear friend, Celia Thaxter, sometimes a visit to the lakes or mountains formed the few breaks in his quiet life after the excitement of our Civil War was ended. Whittier's part in this slavery struggle was with pen and not sword.

The house at Amesbury stands a little back from the elm-shaded street, a very pleasant looking New England home, large and comfortable, but plainer and simpler than that of Longfellow and others of our New England writers. The library in which he sat, while writing so many of his poems, overlooks the yard and garden at the side and back, and a door opens from it on to the vine-covered porch where the poet often sat. You would enjoy very much a glimpse into this library which is kept about as when he used it.

His dear old home friends passed away long before Whittier's life was ended, and he endured many lonely hours. You would never know from his poems so cheerful and trustful, how feeble his health was, how many long sleepless nights he spent for years. There were many dear friends who loved him, but you know these could not always fill the place of his own household.

"I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And he can do no harm."

So, at last, when Whittier's head wore a "silver crown" and his life had ripened for the heavenly home, he, too, was led on beyond our sight, but not from our hearts. I love to think that it was in September, in the crowning season of the year, when Whittier, crowned with the fruitage of good deeds and kindly thoughts, was called home. How humble he himself felt in regard to his life, we may learn from this poem, one of his last:

"No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
No street of shining gold,

* * * * *

Some humble door among the many mansions
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,

TOPIC: Whittier in Youth and Manhood.

- (a) His early education.
- (b) His apprenticeship as shoemaker.
- (c) His school life at Haverhill.
- (d) His early writings, showing his love and appreciation of the common things of life.

RECITATIONS: From—

The Shoemakers.
The Huskers.

The River Path.
St. Martin's Summer.

The Pumpkin.

SONG: The Harvest. (Tune, Ward.)

PART III.

TOPIC: Whittier and Slavery.

RECITATIONS:

Our Country in Chains. The Song of the Free.
Ichabod, with story.

SONGS:

The Suwanee River. The Banner of the Free.

PART IV.

TOPIC: Whittier's Later Life and Works.

- (a) His homes. (b) Writings.
- (c) Friends.

RECITATIONS:

To John Greenleaf Whittier.—Holmes.
John Greenleaf Whittier.—Phoebe Cary.

SONG: My Psalm. (Tune, Dundee.)

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm.
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west-winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day. —Whittier.

Or, The Eternal Goodness.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

* * * * *

And so beside the Silent Sea
 I wait the muffled oar;
 No harm from Him can come to me
 On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
 Their fronded palms in air;
 I only know I cannot drift
 Beyond His love and care. —*Whittier.*

LOWELL.

Feb. 22, 1819—Aug. 12, 1891.

BECAUSE of Lowell's many beautiful poems on the trees, the children have come to know him as the "Tree Poet." As a lover of trees they should know him at first, and through his poems on the trees come to feel that a tree is really a thing of life, to be honored and loved.

To have a day with Lowell and the trees is a good preparation for Arbor Day; and although his birthday is in February, it seems like a herald of spring to have a talk and study of the trees at this time.

Pictures of the representative trees may be grouped prettily about the portrait of Lowell, and below the words,

"Lowell and Some of His Friends."

I care not how men trace their ancestry,
 To ape or Adam; let them please their whim;
 But I in June am midway to believe
 A tree among my far progenitors,
 Such sympathy is mine with all the race,
 Such mutual recognition vaguely sweet
 There is between us. Surely there are times
 When they consent to own me of their kin,
 And condescend to me and call me cousin,
 Murmuring faint lullabies of eldest time,
 Forgotten, and yet dumbly felt with thrills,
 Moving the lips though fruitless of all words.
 And I have many a lifelong, leafy friend,
 Never estranged nor careful of my soul,
 That knows I hate the axe, and welcomes me
 Within its tent as if I were a bird,
 Or other free companion of the earth,
 Yet undegenerate to the shifts of men.

—*Lowell.* (From "Under the Willows.")

THE FIRST SNOW FALL.

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our little Mabel,
Saying "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-Father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow.
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar that renewed our woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.—*Lowell.*

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J U N E .

AND what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?
Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebb'd away
Comes flooding back, with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,

Tells all in his lusty crowing!
 Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
 Everything is happy now,
 Everything is upward striving;
 'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
 As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—
 'Tis the natural way of living;
 Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
 In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
 And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
 The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
 The soul partakes the season's youth,
 And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
 Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
 Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.
 —Lowell. (From "The Vision of Sir Launfal.")
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LOWELL'S BIRTHDAY PROGRAMME.

LOWELL AND THE TREES.

SONG: The Winter Song of the Trees.—Jennie Youngs.

TOPIC: Lowell's Love for Trees.

- (a) His birthplace, Elmwood.
- (b) Rambles with his mother.
- (c) Their readings.
- (d) Lowell's Study Windows.
- (e) How he made the trees his companions.

QUOTATIONS: From "Under the Willows."

"I care not how men trace their ancestry,"
 —eighteen lines.

"In June 'tis good to lie beneath a tree,"
 —fifteen lines.

"As to an oak, and precious more and more,"
 —ten lines.

"Among them one, an ancient willow, spreads."
 —twenty-two lines.

"This willow is as old to me as life,"
 —nine lines.

"My soul went forth, and mingling with the tree,"
 —nine lines.

SONG: The Willow Song.—Jennie Youngs.

REPRODUCTION: The Ballad of Singing Leaves.

SONG: Softly Rustle the Leaves.

RECITATIONS:

The Oak. To a Pine Tree. The Birch Tree.

SONG: The Brave Old Oak.—Hill.

RECITATIONS:

(Spring) The Maple.

(Autumn) Under the October Maples.

SONG: The Song of the Maples.

RECITATIONS:

On planting a Tree at Inverary.

Selections from "An Indian Summer Reverie."

- | | |
|-------------------|------------------|
| 1. The Oak. | 5. The Red Oak. |
| 2. The Birch. | 6. The Chestnut. |
| 3. The Swamp Oak. | 7. The Elm, and |
| 4. The Ash. | 8. Woodbine. |

(By seven children).

SONG: Farewell to the Woods.—Esser.

LONGFELLOW AND LOWELL.

AS the birthdays of Longfellow and Lowell occur but five days apart, it may be thought best, in some grades, to combine the birthday exercises. Below is a suggested program.

LONGFELLOW AND LOWELL DAY.

Part I.

SOLO: The Arrow and the Song.—Longfellow.

TOPIC: The Friendship of Longfellow and Lowell.

- Situations of Elmwood and Craigie House.
- Intimacy between the two families.
- Longfellow's influence over Lowell (like that of an older brother).

RECITATION: Two Angels.—Longfellow.

NOTE.—This poem was written on the death of Mrs. Lowell and the birth of one of Longfellow's own children which occurred the same night.

RECITATION: To Henry W. Longfellow on His Birthday,—Lowell.

Part II.

SONG: Friendship—Mozart.

TOPIC: Sweet Home Life in the Longfellow and Lowell Families.

RECITATIONS: (To their children)

The Children's Hour.—Longfellow.

Children.—Longfellow.

The First Snowfall. (See page 115.)

The Changeling.—Lowell.

She Came and Went.—Lowell.

Part III.

CHORUS: To Thee, O Country.—Eichberg.

TOPICS: The Patriotism of Longfellow and Lowell.
Lowell's Influence in Public Affairs During the Civil War.

RECITATIONS: The Ship of State.—Longfellow.

"Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!

Sail on, O Union strong and great!"

—From "The Building of the Ship."

The Present Crisis.—Lowell.

READING: The Legend Beautiful.—Longfellow.

READING: Yussouf.—Lowell.

REPRODUCTION: The Vision of Sir Launfal.—Lowell.

Finish with the recitation "June" from the poem. (By the school) (See page 116.)

LONGFELLOW.

Feb. 27, 1807—Mar. 24, 1882.

UNDoubtedly Longfellow is the favorite American poet among both old and young. While he cannot be called a children's poet, he has written many things for them which even the youngest can enjoy.

It is a very easy matter to make appropriate selections from his poems for study in any grade.

Among the Perry Pictures are the following pictures which help to make the poet real to the children while studying his poems.

*The "Sister" refers to his first-born, little Blanche, who died in infancy.

His Birthplace.	His Arm Chair.
His Home, Portland.	His Statue, Portland.
His Home, Cambridge.	The Wayside Inn.
His Daughters.	Evangeline.

POEMS SUGGESTED FOR STUDY: (Nature)

Autumn.	Spring.
The Harvest Moon.	Rain in Summer.
Woods in Winter.	A Day of Sunshine.
Snowflakes.	Daybreak.
An April Day.	

(For the Children)

Children.	The Children's Hour.
The Castle-Builder.	From My Arm-Chair

(Stories in Verse) (For Reading)

Evangeline.	The Birds of Killingworth.
Miles Standish.	The Bell of Atri.
Hiawatha.	The Legend Beautiful.
The Emperor's Bird's-Nest.	The Old Clock on the Stair.
The Wreck of the Hesperus.	Paul Revere's Ride.

(Other poems)

Excelsior.	The Ladder of St. Augustine.
The Village Blacksmith.	The Psalm of Life.
The Builders.	The Arrow and the Song.

Note.—Careful selection must be made to suit the grade and ability of the children.

SNOW - FLAKES .

OUT of the bosom of the Air,
 Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
 Over the woodlands brown and bare,
 Over the harvest fields forsaken,
 Silent, and soft, and slow
 Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take
 Suddenly shape in some divine expression,
 Even as the troubled heart doth make
 In the white countenance confession,
 The troubled sky reveals
 The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,
 Slowly in silent syllables recorded;

This is the secret of despair,
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
Now whispered and revealed
To wood and field.

—Longfellow.

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THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.
His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.
Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.
And the children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.
He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.
It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
 Onward through life he goes;
 Each morning sees some task begin,
 Each evening sees it close;
 Something attempted, something done,
 Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
 For the lesson thou hast taught!
 Thus at the flaming forge of life
 Our fortunes must be wrought;
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
 Each burning deed and thought.

—Longfellow.

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LIFE OF LONGFELLOW.

Feb. 27, 1807—March 25, 1882.

IN the city of Portland, Maine, many years ago, a little boy was born; a little blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked boy who was to become known and loved all over the world for his beautiful poems. This little boy was Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Of course no one knew how famous he would become, as he was just like other little boys, full of life and play. He always wished to see everyone around him happy; he loved the birds and the flowers; he was very fond of his home; he loved the sea and the sea birds; he delighted in the ships, and he would often run away and play on the long black wharves.

Years after he had left his home he wrote a pretty poem showing that he had not forgotten it. In this poem he says:

Often I think of the beautiful town
 That is seated by the sea;
 Often in thought go up and down
 The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
 And my youth comes back to me.

* * * * *

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
 And catch, in sudden gleams,
 The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
 And islands that were the Hesperides
 Of all my boyish dreams.

* * * * *

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
 And the sea-tides tossing free;

And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
 And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
 And the magic of the sea.

* * * * *

In his youth he attended Bowdoin college. In his class was another boy who also became a famous author. The boy was Nathaniel Hawthorne. All their lives they were close friends. Mr. Hawthorne once said to Longfellow, "Common things are seen to possess a rareness after you have held them in your hand." Common things also had a beauty after Longfellow had written about them.

Mr. Longfellow was at different times a lawyer and a teacher, but he liked better to write poems and stories.

While he was a teacher in the great University of Harvard, he went to Cambridge to live in the house once occupied by Gen. George Washington. This house commands a fine view of the Charles River Meadows. Here Longfellow lived forty years, here his children were born, and here in the room once used by Washington as a reception room, the poet wrote most of his best poems.

Above this room is the room in which Washington had slept. This was the playroom of Longfellow's children. There were two girls and three boys. Of the boys we know little, but with the girls, "Grave Alice and laughing Allegra and Edith with golden hair," we feel somewhat acquainted.

That Longfellow loved his children very dearly, we have many proofs. He has written some beautiful tributes to them. He says in one of these,—

What the leaves are to the forest,
 With light and air for food,
 Ere their sweet and tender juices
 Have hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children;
 Through them it feels the glow
 Of a brighter and sunnier climate
 Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!
 And whisper in my ear
 What the birds and the winds are singing,
 In your sunny atmosphere.

* * * * *

Ye are better than all the ballads
 That ever were sung or said;
 For ye are living poems,
 And all the rest are dead.

None but a loving father could have written such words and we feel sure that they came from his full heart.

The Cambridge children loved him too. They used often to visit him at his home and he was always glad to entertain them. Sometimes he would meet them coming home from school. They would often stop and watch the blacksmith, Dexter Pratt, working in his shop on Brattle Street. It was of this man and of this shop that Longfellow wrote his poem, "The Village Blacksmith."

After a time it was decided to widen Brattle Street, and "the spreading chestnut tree" had to be cut down. Longfellow mourned for the tree as for a friend.

When the Cambridge school children heard of this, they begged to be allowed to have a chair made from the wood of the tree that they might present it to him on his seventy-second birthday.

This chair was made, and when finished it was set by the fireplace in his study. The poet was so much pleased with this token of their love for him that he wrote the following poem to the children.

FROM MY ARM-CHAIR.

AM I a king, that I should call my own
This splendid ebony throne?
Or by what reason or what right divine,
Can I proclaim it mine?

Only, perhaps, by right divine of song
It may to me belong;
Only because the spreading chestnut tree
Of old was sung by me.

* * * * *

And now some fragments of its branches bare,
Shaped as a stately chair,
Have by my hearthstone found a home at last,
And whisper of the past.

* * * * *

I see the smithy with its fires aglow,
The blossoms and the bees,
And hear the children's voices shout and call,
And the brown chestnuts fall.

I see the smithy with his fires aglow,
I hear the bellows blow,
And the shrill hammers on the anvil beat
The iron white with heat!

And thus, dear children, have ye made for me
 This a day of jubilee,
 And to my more than three-score years and ten
 Brought back my youth again.

* * * * *

Only your love, and your remembrance could
 Give life to this dead wood,
 And make these branches, leafless now so long,
 Blossom again in song.

Longfellow's seventy-fifth birthday was celebrated in the schools all over the United States. Whittier wrote a poem about this celebration entitled "The Poet and the Children." The same year, 1882, Longfellow died, and at his funeral were his brother poets, Emerson, Whittier, Holmes and Lowell.

"My Arm-Chair" is used by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE BUILDERS.

IN the elder days of Art,
 Builders wrought with greatest care
 Each minute and unseen part;
 For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
 Both the unseen and the seen;
 Make the house, where Gods may dwell,
 Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
 Standing in these walls of Time,
 Broken stairways where the feet
 Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
 With a firm and ample base;
 And ascending and secure
 Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
 To those turrets where the eye
 Sees the world as one vast plain,
 And one boundless reach of sky.

—Longfellow.

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THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

SAINTE AUGUSTINE! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!
All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.
The low desire, the base design,
That makes another's virtues less;
The revel of the ruddy wine,
And all occasions of excess;
The longing for ignoble things;
The strife for triumph more than truth;
The hardening of the heart that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth;
All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will;—
All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.
We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.
The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.
The distant mountains, that uprear
Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways that appear
As we to higher levels rise.
The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
 With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
 We may discern—unseen before—
 A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past,
 As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
 If, rising on its wrecks, at last
 To something nobler we attain.

—Longfellow.

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LONGFELLOW'S BIRTHDAY PROGRAMME.

Part I.

SONG: Building.

In the elder days of Art,
 Builders wrought with greatest care
 Each minute and unseen part;
 For the Gods see everywhere.

—Longfellow.

TOPIC: Longfellow, The Children's Friend.

- (a) In his own family.
- (b) The story of the arm-chair.

RECITATIONS:

The Children's Hour.
 The Village Blacksmith.

From My Arm-Chair.
 Children.

Part II.

SONG: Hemlock-Tree.

TOPIC: Longfellow, A Lover of Nature.

RECITATIONS: (Poetry of the Seasons)

The Harvest Moon. (See page 15.)
 Snow-Flakes. (See page 120.)

An April Day.
 Rain in Summer.

Part III.

SONG: The Arrow and the Song.

TOPIC:

Longfellow's Stories in Verse.
 Tales of a Wayside Inn.

- (a) The Birds of Killingworth.
- (b) The Bell of Atri.

READING:

The Legend Beautiful.

Story of Evangeline.

Story of Miles Standish.

RECITATIONS: From Hiawatha.

READING: The Emperor's Bird's-Nest.

Part IV.

SONG: The Psalm of Life.

TOPIC: Longfellow's Earnestness.

- | | |
|------------------------|-----------------------------|
| (a) In school. | (c) As a teacher. |
| (b) In his profession. | (d) In his literary career. |
| (e) In his home life. | |

RECITATIONS:

From Excelsior.

The Ladder of St. Augustine.

SONG: The Bridge, or

The Day is Done.

(By some friend of the school)

LONGFELLOW AND WHITTIER.

IT may be deemed advisable to have a Longfellow and Whittier Day combined, following the study of these two poets. Below is a suggested programme.

PROGRAMME.

Part I.

LONGFELLOW.

SONG: The Arrow and the Song.

TOPIC: Longfellow's Home Life.

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| (a) His childhood. | (b) His children. |
| (c) In his family. | |

RECITATIONS:

Children.

The Children's Hour.

STORY: The Arm-Chair.

RECITATION: From My Arm-Chair.

(By boy dressed as Longfellow, sitting in an arm-chair.)

SONG: O Hemlock-Tree.

RECITATIONS: (Longfellow's Nature Poems)

The Harvest Moon.

An April Day.

Snow-Flakes. (See page 120.)

Rain in Summer.

(By four children dressed as the seasons.)

TOPIC: Longfellow's Stories.

(Let children tell which of Longfellow's stories they enjoy most, and why.)

TOPIC: Longfellow's Seventy-fifth Birthday Celebration.

RECITATION: The Poet and the Children.—Whittier.

SONG: Building.

TOPIC: Longfellow Memorials.

(a) Statue at Portland.

(b) Proposed Statue at Cambridge.

SONG: The Bridge, or

The Day is Done.

(By some friend of the school).

Part II.

WHITTIER.

SONG: The Corn Song.—Klein.

TOPIC: The Early Life of Whittier.

(a) In boyhood, his home, etc.

RECITATION: Barefoot Boy. (By a boy dressed to impersonate the barefoot boy.)

(b) His early schooldays.

RECITATION: In School Days.

(c) Learning a trade.

RECITATION from "The Shoemakers." (By three children.
Recitation to finish each topic.)

SONG: Your Mission.

TOPIC: Whittier's Manhood.

(a) Education.

(b) Love for the poems of Burns.

(Recite selection.)

TRIBUTE TO BURNS.

TO-DAY be every fault forgiven
Of him in whom we joy!
We take, with thanks, the gold of Heaven
And leave the earth's alloy.
Be ours his music as of spring,
His sweetness as of flowers,
The songs the bard himself might sing
In holier ears than ours.
Sweet airs of love and home, the hum
Of household melodies,

Come singing as the robins come
 To sing in dooryard trees.
 And heart to heart, two nations lean,
 No rival wreaths to twine,
 But blending in eternal green
 The holly and the pine!

SONG: Friendship.—Mozart.

TOPIC: Whittier in Later Life.

- (a) His homes. (b) His later writing.
 (c) His friends.

QUOTATIONS:

To Bryant on His Birthday.
 The Singer. (To Alice Cary)
 The Poet and the Children. (To Longfellow)
 Within the Gates. (To Lydia Maria Child)
 Our Autocrat. (To Holmes)
 Garrison. (To William Lloyd Garrison)

TOPIC: Whittier's Stories in Verse.

(Children name their favorite story, relate it or give reason for the choice.)

Part III.

THE POET PATRIOTS.

SONG: Guard the Flag.—George M. Vickers.

TOPIC: Longfellow and Whittier as Patriots.

- (a) Their patriotic poems.
 (b) Their opposition to slavery.

QUOTATIONS:

Our Countrymen in Chains.
 The Slave's Dream.

SONG: To His Country.—Klein.

EMERSON.

May 25, 1803—Apr. 25, 1882.

NO ATTEMPT should be made to have an Emerson Day in the intermediate grades. Emerson's writings are beyond the understanding of children. However, it is well for them to know of him as an author and poet; a contemporary and friend of those about whose works they already know something.

Let the children know him as one whom they will wish to study sometime; a man so wise and good that he was called the "Seer of Concord."

"My Garden," "The Mountain and the Squirrel," "The Humble-Bee," "The Titmouse," and "Each and All," may be read to them, that Emerson may become more real.

"The Rhodora" should be memorized as an Arbor Day selection, or in connection with the study of the spring flowers.

With the Independence Day celebration or the study of the Declaration of Independence, however, Emerson may come to the children pleasantly and profitably through his poems, "The Concord Hymn," "Boston" and "The Boston Hymn."

The admirers of Emerson's essays have tried to interest the children in them, but without much success. Beautiful as are the thoughts contained in these writings, only the mature mind can appreciate them. His Concord home and its historical surroundings always interest children.

H O L M E S .

Aug. 29, 1809—Oct. 7, 1894.

HOLMES is best known to the children through his patriotic poems; as a patriot they become most interested in him, and therefore it is a good plan to introduce him as such, to teach his patriotic poems, and perhaps have a flag day in his honor. Decorate the school-room on this day with flags and bunting, and drape the portrait of Holmes with the Stars and Stripes.

SUGGESTED POEMS:

(The Flag.)

God Save the Flag.

Union and Liberty.

The Flower of Liberty.

(Patriotic.)

The Voyage of the Good Ship Union.

Angel of Peace. Old Ironsides.

Our Yankee Girls.

The Wasp and the Hornet.

Freedom, Our Queen.

One Country.

(Patriotic Stories in Verse.)

Grandmother's Story of the Battle of Bunker Hill.

Ballad of the Boston Tea Party.

GOD SAVE THE FLAG!

WASHED in the blood of the brave and the blooming,
 Snatched from the altars of insolent foes,
 Burning with star-fires, but never consuming,
 Flash its broad ribbons of lily and rose.

Vainly the prophets of Baal would rend it,
 Vainly his worshippers pray for its fall;
 Thousands have died for it, millions defend it,
 Emblem of justice and mercy to all:

Justice that reddens the sky with her terrors,
 Mercy that comes with her white-handed train,
 Soothing all passions, redeeming all errors,
 Sheathing the saber and breaking the chain.

Borne on the deluge of old usurpations,
 Drifted our Ark o'er the desolate seas,
 Bearing the rainbow of hope to the nations,
 Torn from the storm-cloud and flung to the breeze!

God bless the Flag and its loyal defenders,
 While its broad folds o'er the battle-field wave,
 Till the dim star-wreath rekindle its splendors,
 Washed from its stains in the blood of the brave!
—Holmes.

FREEDOM, OUR QUEEN.

LAND where the banners wave last in the sun,
 Blazoned with star-clusters, many in one,
 Floating o'er prairie and mountain and sea;
 Hark! 'tis the voice of thy children to thee!

Here at thine altar our vows we renew
 Still in thy cause to be loyal and true,—
 True to thy flag on the field and the wave,
 Living to honor it, dying to save!

Mother of heroes! if perfidy's blight
 Fall on a star in thy garland of light,
 Sound but one bugle-blast! Lo! at the sign
 Armies all panoplied wheel into line.

Hope of the world! thou hast broken its chains,—
 Wear thy bright arms while a tyrant remains,
 Stand for the right till the nations shall own
 Freedom their sovereign, with Law for her throne!

Freedom! sweet Freedom! our voices resound,
 Queen by God's blessing, unsceptred, uncrowned!
 Freedom, sweet Freedom, our pulses repeat,
 Warm with her life-blood, as long as they beat!

Fold thy broad banner-stripes over her breast,—
 Crown her with star-jewels Queen of the West!
 Earth for her heritage, God for her friend,
 She shall reign over us world without end!

—*Holmes.*

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PROGRAMME.

HOLMES AND THE FLAG.

SONG: God Save the Flag. (See page 132.)

TOPIC: Holmes, The Patriot.

RECITATION: The Flower of Liberty.

SONG: Freedom, Our Queen. (See page 132.)

STORY: The Frigate Constitution and How Holmes Saved It.

RECITATION: Old Ironsides.

SONG: The Star Spangled Banner, or
 The Banner of the Free.

RECITATION: The Voyage of the Good Ship Union.

RECITATION: Our Country.

SONG: Angel of Peace. (Tune, Keller's American Hymn.)

Angel of Peace, thou hast wandered too long!
 Spread thy white wings to the sunshine of love!
 Come while our voices are blended in song,—
 Fly to our ark like the storm-beaten dove,
 Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove,
 Speed o'er the far-sounding billows of song,
 Crowned with the olive-leaf garland of love;
 Angel of Peace, thou hast waited too long!

RECITATION: Union and Liberty. (By the school.)

Lord of the Universe! shield us and guide us,
 Trusting thee always, through shadow and sun!
 Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
 Keep us, O keep us, the many, in One!
 Up with our banner bright,
 Sprinkled with starry light;

Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore;
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry,—
Union and Liberty! One Evermore!
(Raise a large flag at the line, "Up with our banner
bright.")

FLAG SALUTE: (By school.)

"I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the Republic for
which it stands: One Nation, indivisible, with Liberty and
Justice for All."

NOTE:—This program may be used on Memorial Day.

ARBOR DAY

THE TREE.

I LOVE thee when thy swelling buds appear,
And one by one their tender leaves unfold,
As if they knew that warmer suns were near,
No longer sought to hide from winter's cold;
And when with darker growth thy leaves are seen
To veil from view the early robin's nest,
I love to lie beneath thy waving screen,
With limbs by summer's heat oppressed;
And when the autumn winds have stripped thee bare,
And round thee lies the smooth untrodden snow,
When naught is thine that made thee once so fair,
I love to watch thy shadowy form below,
And through thy leafless arms to look above
On stars that brighter beam when most we need their
love. —Jones Very.

The main object of the Arbor Day celebration is to lead the children to love and appreciate trees; to teach them how to plant and care for trees, and to understand their great value in the economy of Nature.

THE ORIGIN OF ARBOR DAY.

Arbor Day originated with J. Sterling Morton, our ex-United States commissioner of agriculture. In 1872 he was governor of Nebraska, which was then a vast treeless prairie. At a meeting of the state board of agriculture, he proposed that the 10th day of April should be set apart for the planting of trees, and offered a premium for the proper planting of the greatest number. More than one million trees were planted that day in Nebraska, and now more than 700,000 acres are planted with trees. The first intention of Arbor Day tree planting was a purely economic one, but in itself an unselfish act—planting that others may enjoy—developed the esthetic sentiment: "He who plants trees loves others besides himself." It cultivated broader views of things; aroused a sentiment of patriotism, a love of the beautiful in nature, which leads "through nature up to nature's God."

REFERENCE BOOKS:

Arbor Day Manual.—Skinner.
 Arbor Day Music.—C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y.
 Parables of Nature.—Mrs. Gatty.
 Trees of Northwestern U. S.—Apgar.
 Three Little Lovers of Nature.—Ware.
 Trees of Northwestern U. S.—Newhall.
 A Year Among the Trees.—Wilson Flagg.
 Pepacton.—John Burroughs.
 Foot-Path Ways.—Bradford Torrey.
 Wild Apples.—Thoreau.
 Early Spring in Massachusetts.—Thoreau.
 The World by the Fireside.—Kirby. (T. Nelson & Son, New York.)

NOTE.—The Forest Tree Photo-Reproduction Co., Chicago, Ill., print excellent 10 x 12 pictures of typical trees.

STORIES:

The Maple Leaf and the Violet.—“Story Hour.”
 The Walnut Tree that Wanted to Bear Tulips.—Wiltse’s “Morning Talks.”
 The Oak Tree and the Acorn.—Wiltse’s “Morning Talks.”
 The Anxious Leaf.—Henry Ward Beecher.
 The Talk of the Trees Along the Village Street.—Jane Andrews in “Stories Mother Nature Told.”
 Apple Trees in Love.—Henry Ward Beecher.
 The Last Dream of the Old Oak.—Hans Andersen.
 The Kind Old Oak.—Hans Andersen.
 Philemon and Baucis.—Cook. “Nature Myths.”
 Springtime.—Eugene Field in “A Little Book of Profitable Tales.”
 The Little Lilac Buds.—“Cat Tails and Other Tales.”
 The Story of the Forest.—“Story Hour.”
 The Maple Tree’s Children.—Abby Morton Diaz.
 How the Oak Tree Became King.—Bertha Hortense Gault.

POEMS:

To a Pine Tree.—Lowell.
 The Oak.
 The Birch Tree.—Lowell.
 Selections from Under the Willows.—Lowell.
 Selections from The Maples.—Lowell.
 Selections from On Planting a Tree at Inverary.—Lowell.
 An April Day.—Longfellow.
 The Hemlock Tree.—Longfellow.

Hiawatha's Sailing.—Longfellow.
Hiawatha's Canoe Building.—Longfellow.
Spring.—Longfellow.
Eliot's Oak.—Longfellow.
The Palm Tree.—Whittier.
The Trailing Arbutus.—Whittier.
Mayflowers.—Whittier.
Jack in the Pulpit.—Whittier.
Among the Trees.—Bryant.
The Planting of the Apple Tree.—Bryant.
The Elm Tree and the Vine.—Bryant.
The Forest Hymn.—Bryant.
March.—Bryant.
The Gladness of Nature.—Bryant.
Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood.—Bryant.
April.—Alice Cary.
A Lesson.—Alice Cary.
Under the Washington Elm.—Holmes.
Spring.—Holmes.
Spring Has Come.—Holmes.
An April Welcome.—Phoebe Cary.
Spring Flowers.—Phoebe Cary.
In the Woods.—Adelaide Procter.
Sowing and Reaping.—Adelaide Procter.
Spring.—Celia Thaxter.
April Days.—Celia Thaxter.
A Ballad of Trees and Their Master.—Sidney Lanier.
Under the Cedarcroft Chestnuts.—Sidney Lanier.
The Palm and the Pine.—Sidney Lanier.
Spring Greeting.—Sidney Lanier.
Welcome, Spring.—Elaine Goodale.
The First Flowers.—Elaine Goodale.
Apple-Blossom Time.—Elaine Goodale.
A Bit of Woods.—Dora Read Goodale.
In the Woods.—Dora Read Goodale.
In the Spring.—Dora Read Goodale.
The Holly Tree.—Southy.
Woodman, Spare that Tree.—George P. Morris.
The Hickory Tree.—Charles H. Crandall.
Three Trees.—Charles H. Crandall in "Wayside Music."
The Tulip Tree.—Taylor.
The Oak.—George Hill.
The Rhodora.—Emerson.
The Heart of the Tree.
A Little Brown Seed.—Ida Burnham.
Talking in Their Sleep.—Edith M. Thomas.
The Tree.—Jones Very.
Springtime.—Howells.

The Tree.—Bjornstjerne Bjornson.
 The Cottonwood Tree.—B. C. Rude.
 Waiting to Grow.
 Pussy Willow.—Kate Brown in "Child Garden."
 Tree Planting.—Samuel Francis Smith. In "Poems of Home and Country."
 Arbor Day.—"Youth's Companion."
 March.—Mary Mapes Dodge.
 The Beech.—Campbell.
 The Seedling.—Paul Laurence Dunbar in "Lyrics of Lowly Life."
 Spring's Beacon.—Margaret Deland.
 Plant a Tree.—Lucy Larcom.
 Under the Palm Trees.—Julia C. R. Dorr.
 The Apple Tree.—Julia C. R. Dorr.
 The Two Elms.—J. T. Trowbridge.
 Arbutus Asleep.—William Whitman Bailey.
 The Frolic of the Leaves.—Henry C. Koopman.
 April.—Helen Hunt Jackson.
 An Apple Orchard in the Spring.—William Martin.

SONGS:

The Old Mountain Tree.—James G. Clark. ("Golden Robin."
 The Song of the Rose.—James G. Clark. ("Golden Robin."
 Swinging 'Neath the Boughs of the Old Apple Tree.—O. R. Barrows. (Siknner's Arbor Day Music.) (C. W. Bardeen)
 The Return of Spring.—"The Encore."
 The Winter Song of the Tree.—Jennie Youngs. (The Wyatt Company)
 The Brave Old Oak.—E. J. Loder. (Arbor Day Music)
 Now the Springtime Sun is Shining.
 O Hemlock Tree.—Longfellow. (Arbor Day Music)
 Forest Song.—Prof. W. H. Venable.
 Monarch of the Woods.—(Arbor Day Music)
 Song of the Maples.—(Arbor Day Music)

TOPICS FOR STUDY AND COMPOSITION:

The Origin of Arbor Day.
 How to Plant a Tree.
 How to Care for a Tree.
 Historic Trees.
 (1) The Charter Oak.
 (2) The Washington Elm.
 (3) The Burgoyne Elm.
 (4) The Treaty Elm. (Penn's Treaty with the Indians.)

- (5) Liberty Elm.
- (6) The Cary Sycamore.
- (7) The Lowell Tree.
- (8) The Napoleon Tree.
- (9) The Tulip Tree—King's Mountain S. C. (See Perry Pictures.)

OUR COMMON TREES:

- (a) Their Motions.
- (b) Their Shapes.
- (c) Their Music. (See Wilson Flagg.)

STRANGE TREES:

- (a) The Banyan.
- (b) The Palm.
- (c) The Cow Tree.
- (d) The Whistling Tree.

USES OF TREES.

TREES AS HOMES.

HISTORIC TREES.

The best known of these is the Charter Oak. Tell the story. Note: The vice president's chair is made from the wood of this tree, which was blown down in 1856. All New England was in mourning when its fate was known.

On the way from Boston to Mount Auburn cemetery, where so many distinguished people lie buried, one passes a venerable elm standing near the center of the street, and surrounded by an iron railing. It is marked by a tablet which reads:

Under This Tree
Washington
First Took Command
of the
American Army,
July 3, 1775.

Many sightseers visit it daily, and often the thoughtless ones tear off twigs and leaves as keepsakes. This keeps the lower branches bare most of the time. It is, nevertheless, honored by all.

There is a great horse chestnut tree beside the house where Lowell was born, which towers about the gables. It is called the Lowell tree, because he planted the nut from which it grew, in his boyhood.

In Copp's burying ground, Boston, there is a weeping willow which has grown from a branch taken from a tree

which shaded the grave of Napoleon at St. Helena. It is called the Napoleon willow. The burying ground is very old, and being in the business part of the city, no new graves are made there now, but the gates are left open, and all day long troops of happy children play under this willow's shade.

The elm under which Penn made his famous treaty with nineteen tribes of Indians is another famous tree of history.

The Burgoyne Elm at Albany was planted on the day of Burgoyne's surrender, and the King's Mountain Tulip Tree, stands upon the King's Mountain battlefield, S. C.

The Liberty Elm, Boston, marked the spot where many patriotic meetings were held during the colonial days.

From its branches the people hung, in effigy, obnoxious persons.

"The world shall never forget the spot where once stood the Liberty Tree." (Lafayette.)

One day, when returning from school, Alice and Phoebe Cary found a little tree lying in the dusty road.

They found a shady spot and planted it. The tree grew and thrived and is now a tall, beautiful sycamore. It is called the Cary Sycamore.

In place of these short, dry descriptions, the children may substitute:

The Autobiography of the Liberty Elm.

A Visit to the Tulip Tree of King's Mountain.

A Picnic Dinner Under the Cary Tree.

Thoughts While Standing Beside the Washington Elm.

Elms of History, etc.

THOUGHTS ABOUT TREES.

Summer or winter, day or night,
The woods are ever a new delight;
They give us peace, and they make us strong,
Such a wonderful balm to them belong:
So, living or dying, I'll take mine ease
Under the trees, under the trees.

—R. H. Stoddard.

Pleasant it was when woods were green,
And winds were soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where, the long drooping boughs between,
Shadows and sunlight sheen
Alternate come and go;

Or when the denser grove receives
 No sunlight from above,
 But the dark foliage interweaves
 In one unbroken roof of leaves,
 Underneath whose sloping eaves
 The shadows hardly move.

—*Longfellow*. (From "Prelude.")

The groves were God's first temples. —*Bryant*.

Go to the woods and hills! No tears
 Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.
 —*Longfellow*.

There's a pleasure in the pathless wood.
 —*Byron*.

And the trees
 Laid their dark arms about the field.
 —*Holmes*.

In kindly showers the sunshine buds
 The branches of the dull grey wood.
 —*Whittier*.

Naked lay in sunshine glowing
 Hills that once had stood,
 Down their sides the shadows throwing,
 Of a mighty wood. —*Whittier*.

Woodland green and gay with dew
 Here, to-day, I pledge anew
 All the love I gave to you.
 Through your bushy ways I trod,
 Or, lay hushed upon your sod,
 With my silence praising God.
 —*Alice Cary*. (From "A Lesson.")

"Trees are indeed the glory, the beauty, and the delight of mankind."

And this our life * * * * *
 Finds tongue in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
 —*Shakespeare*.

FOREST SONG.

A SONG for the beautiful trees,
 A song for the forest grand,
 The pride of His centuries,
 The garden of God's own hand.
 Hurrah for the kingly oak,

The maple, the forest queen,
The lords of the emerald cloak,
The ladies in living green.

For the beautiful trees a song,
The peers of a glorious realm,
So brave, and majestic, and strong,
The linden, the ash, and the elm.
Hurrah for the beech tree trim,
The hickory staunch at core,
The locust so thorny and grim,
And the silvery sycamore.

So long as the rivers flow,
So long as the mountains rise,
And shelter the earth below,
May the forest sing to the skies.
Hurrah! for the beautiful trees,
Hurrah! for the forest grand,
The pride of his centuries,
The garden of God's own hand.

—Prof. W. H. Venable.

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE.

COME, let us plant the apple-tree.
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mould with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As, round the sleeping infant's feet,
We softly fold the cradle-sheet;
So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs where the thrush, with crimson breast,
Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest;
We plant, upon the sunny lea,
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May-wind's restless wings,
When, from the orchard-row, he pours

Its fragrance through our open doors;
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop, when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky,
While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass,
At the foot of the apple-tree.

And when, above this apple-tree,
The winter stars are quivering bright,
And winds go howling through the night,
Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
Shall peel its fruit by cottage-hearth,

And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine
And golden orange of the line,
The fruit of the apple-tree.

The fruitage of this apple-tree,
Winds and our flag of stripe and star
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view,
And ask in what fair groves they grew;
And sojourners beyond the sea
Shall think of childhood's careless day,
And long, long hours of summer play,
In the shade of the apple-tree.

Each year shall give this apple-tree
A broader flush of roseate bloom,
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.

The years shall come and pass, but we
Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
In the boughs of the apple-tree.

And time shall waste this apple-tree.
Oh, when its aged branches throw
Thin shadows on the ground below,
Shall fraud and force and iron will

Oppress the weak and helpless still?
 What shall the tasks of mercy be,
 Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
 Of those who live when length of years
 Is wasting this little apple-tree?

"Who planted this old apple-tree?"
 The children of that distant day
 Thus to some aged man shall say;
 And, gazing on its mossy stem.
 The gray-haired man shall answer them:
 "A poet of the land was he,
 Born in the rude but good old times;
 'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes,
 On planting the apple-tree."

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

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THE TREES.

TIME is never wasted listening to the trees;
 If to heaven as grandly we arose as these,
 Holding toward each other half their kindly grace,
 Haply, we were worthier of our human place.
 Bending down to meet you on the hillside path;
 Birch, and oak, and maple, each his welcome hath;
 Each his own fine cadence, his familiar word,
 By the ear accustomed, always plainly heard.
 For every tree gives answer to some different mood;
 This one helps you climbing; that for rest is good;
 Beckoning friends, companions, sentinels they are;
 Good to live and die with, good to greet afar.
 Dear, inspiring, friendly dwellers of the woods.
 Always reaching downward, something grand or good
 From the lofty space where you breathe and live;
 Royally unconscious, careless what you give!
 O ye glorious creatures, heirs with us of earth!
 Might we win the secret of our loftier birth,—
 From our depths of being grow like you and climb
 To our heights of blessing,—life would be sublime!

—*Lucy Larcom.*

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TREE-PLANTING.

HE who plants a tree
 Plants a hope.
 Rootlets up through fibers blindly grope;
 Leaves unfold into horizons free.
 So man's life must climb
 From the clods of time
 Unto heavens sublime.
 Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
 What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree,
 He plants love;
 Tents of coolness spreading out above
 Wayfarers, he may not live to see.
 Gifts that grow are best;
 Hands that bless are blest;
 Plant! Life does the rest!
 Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
 And his work its own reward shall be.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

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THE HEART OF A TREE.

WHAT does he plant who plants a tree?
 He plants the friend of earth and sky;
 He plants the flag of breezes free;
 The shaft of beauty hovering high,
 He plants a home to heaven a-nigh,
 For song and mother-croon of bird
 In hushed and happy twilight heard—
 The treble of heaven's harmony.—
 These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
 He plants cool shade and tender rain,
 And seed and bud of days to be,
 And years that fade and flush again;
 He plants the glory of the plain;
 He plants the forest heritage;
 The harvest of a coming age;
 The joys that unborn eyes shall see,—
 These things he plants, who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
 He plants in sap and leaf and wood,
 In love of home and loyalty,

And forecast thought of civic good,—
 His blessing on the neighborhood;
 Who, in the hollow of his hand
 Holds all the growth of all the land—
 A nation's growth from sea to sea
 Stirs in his heart who plants a tree.

—*Selected.*

AN ARBOR DAY TREE.

DEAR little tree that we plant to-day,
 What will you be when we're old and gray?
 "The savings bank of the squirrel and mouse,
 For robin and wren an apartment house,
 The dressing room of the butterfly's ball,
 The locusts' and katydids' concert hall,
 The schoolboy's ladder in pleasant June,
 The schoolgirl's tent in the July noon,
 And my leaves shall whisper them merrily,
 A tale of the children who planted me."

—*Youth's Companion.*

THE TREE.

THE Tree's early leaf-buds were bursting their brown;
 "Shall I take them away?" said the Frost, sweeping
 down.

"No, let them alone
 Till the blossoms have grown,"

Prayed the Tree, while it trembled from rootlet to
 crown.

The Tree bore its blossoms and all the birds sung;
 "Shall I take them away?" said the Wind, as it
 swung.

"No, let them alone
 Till the berries have grown,"

Said the Tree, while its leaflets, quivering, hung.

The Tree bore its fruit in the midsummer glow:
 Said the girl, "May I gather thy sweet berries now?"

"Yes, all thou canst see:

Take them; all are for thee,"

Said the Tree, while it bent down its laden boughs
 low.

—*Bjornstjerne Bjornson.*

S P R I N G .

THE alder by the river
Shakes out her powdery curls;
The willow buds in silver
For little boys and girls,
The little birds fly over,
And oh, how sweet they sing!
To tell the happy children
That once again 'tis spring.
The gay green grass comes creeping
So soft beneath their feet;
The frogs begin to ripple
A music clear and sweet.
And buttercups are coming,
And scarlet columbine,
And in the sunny meadows
The dandelions shine.
And just as many daisies
As their soft hands can hold
The little ones may gather,
All fair in white and gold.
Here blows the warm red clover,
There peeps the violet blue;
O happy little children!
God made them all for you.

—*Celia Thaxter.*

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W A I T I N G T O G R O W .

LITTLE white snow-drops, just waking up,
Violet, daisy and sweet buttercup;
Think of the flowers that are under the snow,
Waiting to grow!
And think of what hosts of queer little seeds
Of flowers and mosses, of fern and of weeds,
Are under the leaves and under the snow
Waiting to grow!
Think of the roots getting ready to sprout,
Reaching their slender brown fingers about
Under the ice and the leaves and the snow,
Waiting to grow!

Only a month or a few weeks more,
 Will they have to wait behind that door,
 Listen and watch and wait below,
 Waiting to grow!

Nothing so small, and hidden so well,
 That God will not find it, and presently tell
 His sun where to shine, and His rain where to go,
 Helping them grow!

—*Selected.*

THE RHODORA.

IN May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
 I found the fresh rhodora in the woods
 Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
 To please the desert and the sluggish brook:
 The purple petals fallen in the pool
 Made the black waters with their beauty gay,—
 Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
 And court the flower that cheapens his array.
 Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
 This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
 Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
 Then beauty is its own excuse for being.
 Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
 I never thought to ask; I never knew,
 But in my simple ignorance suppose
 The selfsame Power that brought me there brought you.

—*Emerson.*

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AN APRIL WELCOME.

COME up, April, through the valley,
 In your robes of beauty drest,
 Come and wake your flowery children
 From their wintry beds of rest;
 Come and overblow them softly
 With the sweet breath of the south;
 Drop upon them, warm and loving,
 Tenderest kisses of your mouth.

 Touch them with your rosy fingers,
 Wake them with your pleasant tread,
 Push away the leaf-brown covers,
 Over all their faces spread;

Tell them how the sun is waiting
Longer daily in the skies,
Looking for the bright uplifting
Of their softly-fringed eyes.

Call the crow-foot and the crocus,
Call the pale anemone,
Call the violet and the daisy,
Clothed with careful modesty;
Seek the low and humble blossoms,
Of their beauties unaware,
Let the dandelion and fennel
Show their shining yellow hair.

Bid the little homely sparrows
Chirping, in the cold and rain,
Their impatient, sweet complaining,
Sing out from their hearts again;
Bid them set themselves to mating,
Cooing love in softest words,
Crowd their nests, all cold and empty,
Full of little callow birds.

Come up, April, through the valley,
Where the fountain sleeps to-day,
Let him, freed from icy fetters,
Go rejoicing on his way;
Through the flower-enameled meadows
Let him run his laughing race,
Making love to all the blossoms
That o'erlean and kiss his face.

But not birds and blossoms only,
Not alone the streams complain,
Men and maidens too are calling,
Come up, April, come again!
Waiting with the sweet impatience
Of a lover for the hours
They shall set the tender beauty
Of thy feet among the flowers!

—*Phoebe Cary.*

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TRIBUTES TO THE TREES.

THE OAK.

WHAT gnarled stretch, what depth of shade, is his!
 There needs no crown to mark the forest's king;
 How in his leaves outshines full summer's bliss!
 Sun, storm, rain, dew, to him their tribute bring,
 Which he with such benignant royalty
 Accepts, as overpayeth what is lent;
 All nature seems his vassal proud to be,
 And cunning only for his ornament.

—*Lowell*. (From "The Oak.")

These green-robed senators of the woods,
 Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
 Dream, and so dream all night without a stir.

—*Keats*.

A glorious tree is the old gray oak;
 He has stood for a thousand years,—
 He has stood and frowned,
 On the trees around,
 Like a king among his peers. —*George Hill*.

I am a monarch, the king of the trees,
 Calmly I rise and spread by slow degrees;
 Three centuries I grow, and three I stay
 Supreme in state, and in three more decay.
 —*Dryden*.

A traveler through a dusty road
 Strewed acorns on the lea;
 And one took root and sprouted up,
 And grew into a tree.
 The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
 The birds sweet music bore,
 It stood a glory in its place,
 A blessing evermore. —*Mackay*.

THE MAPLE.

THE Maple puts her corals on in May,
 While loitering frosts about the lowlands cling,
 To be in tune with what the robins sing,
 Plastering new log-huts 'mid her branches gray;
 But when Autumn southward turns away,
 Then in her veins burns most the blood of Spring,
 And every leaf intensely blossoming,
 Makes the year's sunset pale the set of day.
 —*Lowell*. (From "The Maple.")

There's red on the maples and color to spare,
Each bud is awake and awaiting its share.

* * * * *

When April winds
Grew soft, the maple burst into a flush
Of scarlet flowers. —*Bryant.*

The streams
Wake, laughing, from their winter dreams,
And tremble in the April showers
The tassels of the maple flowers. —*Whittier.*

SPRING'S BEACON.

Through the misty woodlands bare,
By the meadow brown and dead,
In the damp and chilly air
Stand the maples tipped with red;

They are flaming signals bright,
Waving 'gainst the dull, cold sky,
Heralding with ruddy light,
That the cheerful spring is nigh.

Crimson on the Robin's breast,
Crimson on the glowing tree—
Life and love alike are drest,
Love and life have come to me!
—*Margaret Deland.*

"Soon red will bud the maple trees,
The bluebirds will be singing."

"Take the birds with their songs so sweet,
Take the grass and the rustic seat;
Take them all, but leave to me
This one sun-kissed maple-tree."

And fast the maples now
Crimson through every bough. —*Celia Thaxter.*

THE ELM.

UPON these elm-arched solitudes
No hum of neighbor toil intrudes;
The only hammer that I hear
Is wielded by the woodpecker,
The single noisy calling his,
In all our leaf-hid Sybaris. —*Lowell.*

Swelled with new life, the darkening elm on high
Prints her thick buds against the spotted sky.

—*Holmes.*

The elms have robed their slender spray
With full blown flower and embryo leaf;
Wide o'er the clasping arch of day
Soars like a cloud their hoary chief.

—*Holmes.*

"The elm in all the landscape green,
Is fairest of God's stately trees;
She is a gracious mannered queen,
Full of soft bends and courtesies."

—*Selected.*

THE POPLAR.

THERE'S a dance of leaves in that aspen bower.

—*Bryant.*

"And yellow tassels in the breeze
Be from the poplar swinging;
And rosy will the May-flowers lie,
Upon its mossy pillow."

"The poplar trees burst into yellow leaf."

"The poplar drops beside the way
Its tasseled plumes of silver-gray."

THE PINE.

BENEATH the forest's skirt I rest,
Whose branching pines rise dark and high,
And hear the breezes of the West
Among the thread-like foliage sigh.

—*Bryant.* (From "The West Wind.")

It is as if the pine-trees called me
From the ceiled room and silent brooks,
To see the dance of woodland shadows,
And hear the song of April brooks!

—*Whittier.* (From "The First Flowers.")

I remember, I remember,
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.

—*Hood.*

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the
hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the
twilight,

Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bos-
oms. —*Longfellow*. (From "Evangeline.")

The South-west wind is warmly blowing
The odors from the springing grass,
The pine tree and the sassafras,
Are with it on its errand going. —*Whittier*.

THE WILLOW.

THERE'S gold on the willows and blue in the sky,
And pink where the snowdrifts of arbutus lie."

The willow, for thy grace's sake,
Was dressed with tender spray.

* * * * *

Before another week has gone,
Each bush, and shrub, and tree,
Will be as full of buds and leaves
As ever it can be.—*Alice Cary*. (From "April.")

The willow buds in silver
For little boys and girls.—*Celia Thaxter*.

And sweet and slow the south-wind blows,
And through the brown fields calling goes,
Come Pussy! Pussy Willow!
Within your close brown wrapper stir,
Come out and show your silver fur,
Come Pussy! Pussy Willow!

The green leaves in the willows
Laugh out their glad surprise.

—*Eben E. Rexford*.

By the swift river's flood
The willow's golden blood
Mounts to the higher spray,
More vivid day by day. —*Celia Thaxter*.

The pussy willows in their play,
Their varnished caps have flung away,
And hung their fur on every spray.
—*William Whitman Bailey*.

OTHER TREES.

THE tulip tree, high up,
Opened in airs of June, her multitude
Of golden chalices to humming birds
And silken-wing'd insects of the sky.—*Bryant*.

Rippling through thy branches goes the sunshine,

* * * * *

Thy foliage, like the tassels of a Dryad
Dripping round thy slim white stem, whose shadow
Slopes quivering down the water's dusky quiet,
Thou shrink'st as on her bath's edge would some startled
naiad.

—*Lowell*. (From "The Birch.")

On all her boughs the stately chestnut cleaves
The gummy shroud that wraps her embryo leaves.

—*Holmes*.

A health for the hickory tree—
Rough-coated, hale and free—
For its flesh is white and its heart is bright,
And it laughs with you and me.

—*Charles H. Crandall*.

The alder by the river,
Shakes out her powdery curls.

—*Celia Thaxter*

And from the alder's crown
Swing the long catkins brown.

—*Celia Thaxter*.

Sweet is the air with budding haws,
And the valley stretching far below
Is white with blossoming cherry-trees,
As if just covered with the lightest snow.

—*Longfellow*.

Blow, winds! and waft through all the rooms
The snowflakes of the cherry-blooms!
—*Longfellow*. (From "A Day of Sunshine.")

The trees their fairest foliage yield
In apple-blossom time.—*Elaine Goodale*.

O, hemlock tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful are thy
branches!

Green, not alone in summer time,
But in the winter's frost and rime!

O, hemlock tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful are thy
branches!

—*Longfellow*.

ARBOR DAY PROGRAMME.

PRIMARY GRADES.

RECITATION: Spring.—Celia Thaxter.

TOPIC: Why we Celebrate Arbor Day. (By a Child).

SONG: Now the Springtime Sun is Shining.

RECITATION: In the Woods.—Adelaide Procter.

SONG: Rain and the Flowers. (Three children personate the flowers mentioned, and come in when called by the rain.)

To the great brown house where the flow'rets live
Came the rain with its tap, tap, tap!
And whispered, "Violet, Snowdrop, Rose,
Your pretty eyes must now uncloseth
From your long, long wintry nap!"
Said the rain with its tap, tap, tap!

From the doors they peeped with a timid grace,
Just to answer the tap, tap, tap!
Miss Snowdrop curtesied a sweet "Good day!"
Then all came nodding their heads so gay,
And they said; "We've had our nap,
Thank you, Rain, for your tap, tap, tap!"—*Selected.*

STORY: The Maple Leaf and The Violet.—"Story Hour."
Or

The Walnut Tree that Wanted to Bear Tulips.—"Morning Talks."

READING: Springtime.—Eugene Field. (From "A Little Book of Profitable Tales.")

QUOTATIONS ABOUT FAMILIAR TREES. (By the school).

SONG: Dear Old Mother Tree.

STORY: The Cary Tree.

RECITATION: An April Welcome.—Phoebe Cary.

STORY: The Last Dream of the Old Oak.—Anderson.

SONG: The Brave Old Oak.—Loder.

RECITATION: An Apple Orchard in the Spring.—William Martin.

(Around the Tree.)

TALK ABOUT TREE PLANTING. (By the teacher.)

RECITATION: Tree Planting.—Lucy Larcom. Or
Tree-Planting.—Samuel Francis Smith. Or
An Arbor Day Tree.

ARBOR DAY PROGRAMME.**INTERMEDIATE GRADES.**

SONG: Arbor Day.

ESSAY: Origin of Arbor Day.

RECITATION: The Tree.—Jones Very.

QUOTATIONS: Thoughts about Trees. (School.)

SONG: The Forest Song.

RECITATION: The Planting of the Apple-Tree.—Bryant.
(See page 142.)

The Apple Tree.—Julia C. R. Dorr. Or

Three Trees.—Charles H. Crandall. (The last may be dramatized.)

SONG: Swinging 'Neath the Boughs of the Old Apple Tree.—Barrows.

ESSAY: Historic Elms.

RECITATION: Under the Washington Elm.—Holmes.

STORY: A Visit to King's Mountain Battle Field, and the Tulip Tree.

SONG: The Old Mountain Tree.—J. G. Clark.

ESSAY: The Uses of Trees.

(Around the Tree.—Arbor Day march to the tree, each carrying a twig, branch or leaf of the kind of tree to be planted.)

ADDRESS AND DEDICATION OF THE TREE.

RECITATION: The Heart of a Tree. Or

Poem appropriate for the particular tree planted.



THE PERRY PICTURES.

From painting by Breton.

SONG OF THE LARK.

❧ B I R D D A Y S ❧

APRIL and May are the months best chosen for the study of the birds. It is at this time that they are returning to us after their long absence, and they come to us with a newborn interest.

Early in April some bright conversation lessons should be given about the birds, that the children may tell what they know of the birds common to the section in which they live, and also that they may gain new knowledge of and interest in these feathered friends. The children should be encouraged to keep notebooks and to record in them their daily observations; this will keep them alert. A bird calendar should also be kept on the schoolroom board.

After much interest has been awakened, and several records have been made, it would be well to teach the following selections from "The Return of the Birds:"

I hear, from many a little throat,
A warble interrupted long;
I hear the robin's flute-like note,
The bluebird's slenderer song.

Brown meadows and the russet hill,
Not yet the haunt of grazing herds,
And thickets by the glimmering rill,
Are all alive with birds.

Oh choir of spring, why come so soon?
On leafless grove and herbless lawn
Warm lie the yellow beams of moon;
Yet winter is not gone.

For frost shall sheet the pools again;
Again the blustering East shall blow—
Whirl a white tempest through the glen,
And load the pines with snow.

* * * * *

Stay, then, beneath our ruder sky;
Heed not the storm-clouds rising black,
Nor yelling winds that with them fly;
Nor let them fright you back,—

* * * * *

Stay, for a tint of green shall creep
Soon o'er the orchard's grassy floor,
And from its bed the crocus peep
Beside the housewife's door.

Here build, and dread no harsher sound,
To scare you from the sheltering tree,
Than winds that stir the branches round,
And the murmur of the bee. —*Bryant.*

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As each bird comes, read or teach some of the beautiful tributes to him given us by our best poets and authors. Many of the poets have furnished stories in rhyme which may be read and reproduced. Some of these stories, however, are too sacred to be reproduced, and should be read impressively, and without comment. Children often understand more than we think they do, and our comments, in such cases, but mar the beauty of the selection.

Many of the poems are real literary gems and should be memorized; others are to be used simply for the information they contain. Among the former are the following:

To a Waterfowl.—*Bryant.*
The Song Sparrow.—*Lucy Larcom.*
To a Skylark.—*Shelley.*
The Bluebird.—*Eben E. Rexford.*
The Sandpiper.—*Celia Thaxter.*

Contrast these poems with the following, which is very useful in its place:

BIRDS' NESTS.

THE skylark's nest among the grass
And waving corn is found;
The robin's on a shady bank,
With oak leaves strewed around.
The wren builds in an ivied thorn
Or old and ruined wall;
The mossy nest, so covered in,
You scarce can see at all.
The martens build their nests of clay
In rows beneath the eaves;
The silvery lichens, moss and hair
The chaffinch interweaves.
The cuckoo makes no nest at all;
But through the woods she strays,
Until she finds one snug and warm,
And there her eggs she lays.
The sparrow has a nest of hay,
With feathers warmly lined;

The ringdove's careless nest of sticks
On lofty trees we find.

Rooks build together in a wood,
And often disagree;
The owl will build inside a barn
Or in a hollow tree.

Birds build their nests from year to year,
According to their kind—
Some very neat and beautiful;
Some simple ones we find.

The habits of each little bird,
And all its patient skill,
Are surely taught by God himself,
And ordered by His will. —*Selected.*

The following is a list of books which will be found very helpful in the study of the birds. A teacher who is, herself, full of the subject cannot fail to make the lessons a success.

A Year With the Birds.—Wilson Flagg. (Educational Publishing Co.)

Birds and Bees.—Burroughs. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Birds and Poets.—Burroughs. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Wake Robin.—Burroughs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

My Saturday Bird Class.—Olive Thorne Miller. (D. C. Heath & Co.)

A Bird Lover in the West.—Olive Thorne Miller. (D. C. Heath & Co.)

Birds Through an Opera Glass.—Merriam. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Birds of Village and Field.—Merriam. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Citizen Bird.—Wright and Coues. (The Macmillan Company.)

Short Stories of Our Shy Neighbors.—Kelly. American Book Company.)

Outdoor Studies.—Needham. (American Book Company.)

Tommy Anne.—Wright. (The Macmillan Company.)

My Studio Window.—Gibson. (Harper & Brothers.)

The Story of the Birds.—Basket. (D. Appleton & Co.)

Common Things With Common Eyes.—B. Hoskin Standish. (Minneapolis.)

Our Common Birds and How to Know Them.—Grant. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

The Birds About Us.—Abbott. (Lee & Shepard.)

BIRD STORIES:

- The Daisy and the Lark.—Hans Andersen.
 The Ugly Duckling.—Hans Andersen.
 The Bobolink.—Washington Irving.
 The Lark in the Barley Field.—Aesop.
 Robins.—John W. Woolman. (From "Child Life in Prose." Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
 The Bird's-Nest in the Moon. ("Child Life in Prose.")
 The Birds of Killingworth.—Longfellow.
 The Bird and the Ship.—Longfellow.
 The Falcon of Sir Federigo.—Longfellow.
 The Constant Dove.—Celia Thaxter.
 The Wounded Curlew.—Celia Thaxter.
 The Sparrow.—Celia Thaxter.
 The Cockatoos.—Celia Thaxter.
 The Parrot.
 The Robin and the Violet.—Eugene Field. (From "A Little Book of Profitable Tales.")
 Fido's Little Friend.—Eugene Field. (From "A Little Book of Profitable Tales.")
 The Robin's Nest.—Phoebe Cary.
 The Story of a Blackbird.—Alice Cary.
 Parables From Nature.—Mrs. Gatty.
 Lincoln and the Birds.

BIRD POEMS:

- The Return of the Birds.—Bryant.
 To a Waterfowl.—Bryant.
 The Lost Bird.—Bryant.
 Robert of Lincoln.—Bryant.
 The Nest.—Lowell.
 Phoebe.—Lowell.
 The Robin.—Whittier.
 The Emperor's Bird's-Nest.—Longfellow.
 The Legend of the Cross-Bill.—Longfellow.
 The Herons of Elmwood.—Longfellow.
 The Sandpiper.—Celia Thaxter.
 The Yellow-Bird.—Celia Thaxter.
 The Birds' Orchestra.—Celia Thaxter.
 The Great Blue Heron.—Celia Thaxter.
 The Swallow.—Celia Thaxter.
 The Robin.—Celia Thaxter.
 Perseverance.—Celia Thaxter.
 Under the Lighthouse.—Celia Thaxter.
 Robin's Rain-Song.—Celia Thaxter.
 To the First Robin.—Henry Stevenson Washburne.
 The Kingfisher.—Mary Howitt.
 Birds in Summer.—Mary Howitt.

- The Bluebird.—Eben E. Rexford.
 Sing and Look Up.—Julia H. May. (From "Songs from the Woods of Maine." J. H. Putnam's Sons.)
 The Bluebird.—Alexander Wilson.
 The Meadow Lark.—Hamlin Garland.
 The Bluejay.—Hamlin Garland.
 Whip-Poor-Will.—Mary Mapes Dodge. (From "Along the Way.")
 Phoebe. (From "Our Shy Neighbors.")
 A Bird's-Nest.—Florence Percy.
 The Song Sparrow.—Lucy Larcom.
 The Brown Thrush.—Lucy Larcom.
 Sir Robin.—Lucy Larcom.
 The Blackbird.—Alice Cary.
 What a Bird Taught.—Alice Cary.
 The Little Blacksmith.—Alice Cary.
 To a Skylark.—Shelley.
 The Green Linnet.—Wordsworth.
 The Cuckoo.—Wordsworth.
 To the Skylark.—Wordsworth.
 The Bluejay.—Susan Hartley Swett.
 The Songster.—James Thomson.
 The Mocking-Bird.—Joseph Rodman Drake.
 The Snow-Bird.—Butterworth.
 The Chickadee.—Sidney Dayre.
 The Flight of the Birds.—Harriet McEwen Kimball.
 "Bob White."—George Cooper.
 Winter Birds.—George Cooper.
 The Stormy Petrel.—Park Benjamin.
 The Flight of the Birds.—Harriet McEwen Kimball.
- SONGS: (Primary.)
- The Boy and the Lark.—Beethoven. (Scott, Foresman & Co.)
- "Now tell me, mother meadow lark,
 What sorrow fills your breast?
 You chirp and cry so piteously,
 You flutter round your nest."
- The Sweet Singers. (Swiss Song.)
- "I wait for your songs of the Springtime, O birds,
 I am sure you are not far away,
 And Nature has plenty of beautiful words
 To be sung with your glad roundelays."
- April Song. (Folk Song.)
- The Oriole's Nest Song.—Eleanor Smith. (Scott, Foresman & Co.)
- The Happy Bluebird.

Birdie's Song.—R. B. Addison. (American Book Company.)

SONGS: (Intermediate.)

To a Linnet.—Hoffmeister.

The Skylark. (Words by James Hogg; music by Frederick Peel.)

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling place.
Oh! to abide in the desert with thee.

(American Book Company.)

The Nightingale.—Attenhofer.

The sunrise wakes the lark to sing,
The moon awakes the nightingale.

Wood Birds. (Folk Song.)

I wander through the shady wood,
And hear the wild birds singing.
They pipe and flute, and flute and call,
The darling birds, both great and small,
They fill the woods with singing.

(Scott, Foresman & Co.)

All the Birds Have Come Again.—Jenks and Walker.
It is Lovely May. (From "Songs and Games.")

TRIBUTES TO THE BIRDS.

Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?

Do you ne'er think who made them and who taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies

Alone are the interpreters of thought?

Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught!

Whose habitations in the tree-tops even

Are half-way houses on the road to Heaven!

—*Longfellow*. (From "Birds of Killingworth.")

O happy life, to soar and sway

Above the life of mortal led,

Singing the merry months away

Master, not slave of daily bread,

And when the Autumn comes, to flee

Wherever the sunshine beckons thee.

—*Lowell*. (From "The Nest.")

Be merry, all birds, to-day,
 Be merry on earth as you never were merry before.
 —*Tennyson.*

Birds, birds, ye are beautiful things,
 With your earth-treading feet
 And your cloud-cleaving wings.
 Where shall man wander,
 And where shall man dwell,
 Beautiful birds, that ye come not as well?
 —*Selected.*

Then the little Hiawatha
 Learned of every bird its language,
 Learned their names and all their secrets.
 How they built their nests in Summer,
 Where they hid themselves in Winter,
 Talked with them whene'er he met them,
 Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."—*Longfellow.*

How pleasant the lives of the birds must be,
 Living in love in a leafy tree!
 And away through the air what joy to go
 And look on the bright, green earth below!
 What joy it must be, like a living breeze,
 To flutter about 'mid the flowering trees;
 Lightly to soar, and to see beneath
 The wastes of the blossoming purple heath.
 And the yellow furze like fields of gold,
 That gladden some fairy region old!
 On the mountain tops, on the billowy sea,
 On the leafy stems of a forest tree,
 How pleasant the life of a bird must be!
 —*Mary Howitt.* (From "Birds in Summer.")

God sent his Singers upon earth
 With songs of gladness and of mirth.
 That they might touch the hearts of men,
 And bring them back to heaven again.
 —*Longfellow.* (From "The Singers.")

The bird makes his heart glad amid the blaze of flowers;
 Which things appear the work of mighty God.
 —*Tennyson.*

THE ROBIN.

THE sweetest song the whole year 'round,—
 'Tis the first robin in the Spring. —*Stedman.*

In the tall elm tree sat the robin bright
 Through the rainy April day,

And he caroled clear with pure delight,
 In the face of the sky so gray,
 And the silver rain through the blossoms dripped,
 And fell on the robin's coat
 And his brave red breast, but he never stopped
 Piping his cheerful note.

—*Celia Thaxter*. (From "The Robins.")

Not a harbinger of spring,
 However sweetly he may sing,
 Can sing as thou singest, singest
 The old familiar song,
 As the seasons roll along,
 Robin, Robin!

—*Henry Stevenson Washburne*. (From "To the First Robin.")

Robin, Sir Robin, gay red-vested knight,
 Now you have come to us, summer's in sight.
 You never dream of the wonders you bring,—
 Visions that follow the flash of your wing;
 How all the beautiful by and by
 Round you and after you seem to fly!
 Sing on, or eat on, as pleases your mind,
 Well you have earned every morsel you find,

—*Lucy Larcom*. (From "Sir Robin.")

THE LARK.

UP soared the lark into the air,
 A shaft of song, a winged prayer,
 As if a soul released from pain
 Were flying back to Heaven again.—*Lowell*.

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world would listen then
 As I am listening now.

—*Shelley*. (From "To a Skylark.")

I heard the lark that soared on quivering wing,
 Pour forth his strains of melody above,
 Far out of sight, and yet I hear him sing
 His ceaseless, melting song of thankfulness and love.

—*Walter Jerrold*.

Up springs the lark,
 Shrill-voiced and loud, the messenger of morn,
 Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
 Amid the dawning clouds, and from his haunts
 Calls up the tuneful nations.

—*James Thomson*. (From "The Songsters.")

Hark, hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings.

—*Shakespeare*.

THE BLUEBIRD.

THE bluebird chants, from the elm's long branches,
 A hymn to welcome the budding year,
 The south wind wanders from field to forest,
 And softly whispers, "The Spring is here."

—*Bryant*. (From "An Invitation to the Country.")

April is here!

Listen, a bluebird is caroling near!

Low and sweet is the song he sings,

As he sits in the sunshine with folded wings,

And looks from the earth that is growing green

To the warm blue skies that downward lean,

As a mother does to kiss her child

That has looked up into her face and smiled.

—*Eben E. Rexford*. (From "In April.")

Winged lute that we call a bluebird,

You blend in a silver strain,

The sound of the laughing water,

The patter of spring's sweet rain,

The voice of the winds, the sunshine,

And fragrance of blossoming things.

Ah! you are an April poem, that

God has dowered with wings.

—*Eben E. Rexford*. (From "The Bluebird.")

THE SONG-SPARROW.

SUNSHINE set to music!

Hear the sparrow sing!

In his note is freshness

Of the newborn Spring.

In his thrill delicious

Summer ever flows;

Whiteness of the lily,

Sweetness of the rose!

Lucy Larcom. (From "The Song-Sparrow.")

Already close to my summer dwelling,
 The Easter Sparrow repeats her song;
 A merry warbler, she chides the blossoms—
 The idle blossoms that sleep so long.

—*Bryant*. (From "An Invitation to the Country.")

Little bird, how canst thou thus rejoice,
 As if the world had known no sin nor curse?
 God never meant to mock us with that voice!
 That is the key-note of the universe,
 That song of perfect trust and cheer,
 Courageous, constant, free of doubt or fear.

—*Celia Thaxter*. (From "The Song Sparrow.")

PHOEBE.

THERE is a little brown bird on that leafy bough—
 Do you see? Do you see?
 He is calling his mate, for I hear him just now
 Say, "Phoebe," and "Phoebe."

He is brim-full of joy, and he sings all the day;
 But it seems strange to me
 That this glad merry-maker finds nothing to say
 But "Phoebe"—just "Phoebe."

(From "Our Shy Neighbors.")

Do you see that bird on the apple tree,
 As white with blossoms as it can be?
 Ask her name, and she'll sing to thee—
 She heard you and answers, "Phe-be," "Phe-be!"
 —*Selected*.

THE MEADOW LARK.

A BRAVE little bird that fears not God,
 A voice that breaks from the snow-wet clod
 With prophecy of sunny sod,
 Set thick with wind-waved goldenrod.

From the first bare clod in the raw, cold spring,
 From the last bare clod when fall winds sting.
 The farm boy hears his brave song ring,
 And work for the time is a pleasant thing.

—*Hamlin Garland*.

THE SWALLOW.

THE swallow twitters about the eaves;
Blithely she sings, and sweet and clear;
Around her climb the woodbine leaves
Into a golden atmosphere.
Like a living jewel she sits and sings;
Fain would I read her riddle aright;
Fain would I know whence her rapture springs,
So strong in a thing so slight.
Oh, happy creature! what stirs thee so?
A spark of the gladness of God thou art,
Why should we seek to find and to know
The secret of thy heart.
—*Celia Thaxter*. (From "The Swallow.")

Swallow, swallow, hither wing,
Hither swallow, bringing spring. —*Selected*.

THE ORIOLE.

THERE from the honeysuckle gray
The oriole with experienced quest
Twitches the fibrous bark away,
The cordage of his hammock-nest,
Cheering his labors with a note,
Rich as the orange of his throat.
High o'er the loud and dusty road,
The soft gray cup in safety swings,
To brim ere August with its load
Of downy breasts and throbbing wings,
O'er which the friendly elm-tree heaves
An emerald roof with sculptured eaves.
—*Lowell*. (From "The Nest.")

They both were artists, gathering hair and hay,
And built their hidden cot with twittering joy,
Where orchards smiled with blossoms through the day,
And brooklets sang with gladness but were coy.
The eggs were tempting in the cherished nest,
Which hung and swayed secure from bending limbs;
When soon the birdlings came with orange breast,
And listening morn was charmed by woodland hymns.
—*J. Hazard Hartzell*. (From "Golden Orioles.")

There is a bird that comes and sings;
 Upon the English oak he swings,
 And tells and tosses in the breeze.
 I know his name, I know his note,
 That so with rapture takes my soul;
 Like flame the gold beneath his throat,
 His glossy cope is black as coal.
 —*W. D. Howells.* (From "The Song the Oriole Sings.")

THE CHICKADEE.

THE chickadee, the chickadee!
 A chosen friend of mine is he.
 * * * * *
 The whole day long he sings one song;
 Though dark the sky may be;
 And better than all other birds,
 I love the chickadee.

—*Marian Douglas.*

I love the high heart of the osprey,
 The meek heart of the thrush below,
 The heart of the lark in the meadow,
 And the snowbird's heart in the snow.
 But the dearest to me,
 Chickadee! chickadee!

Is that true little heart in the snow.

—*Butterworth.* (From "The Snow Birds.")

Do you know the little chickadee
 In his brownish ashen coat,
 With a cap so black and jaunty
 And a black patch on his throat?
 Oft we call him titmouse,
 And we call him snow-bird too,
 Gayly doth he sing his song
 All the long winter through.

—*Selected.*

THE BLUEJAY.

HIS eye is bright as burnished steel,
 His note a quick, defiant cry;
 Harsh as a hinge his grating squeal
 Sounds from the keen wind sweeping by.

He is the true American! he fears
 No journey and no wood or wall,
 And in the desert, toiling voyagers
 Take heart of courage from his call.

—*Hamlin Garland.* (From "The Bluejay.")

O, Bluejay up in the maple tree,
Shaking your throat with such bursts of glee,
How did you happen to be so blue?
Did you steal a bit of the lake for your crest,
And fasten blue violets into your vest?
Tell me, I pray you,—tell me true!

—*Susan Hartley Swett.* (From "The Bluejay.")

NOTE.—Among the Perry Pictures are copies of these noted paintings:

The Song of the Lark.—Breton.

Feeding the Birds.—Millet.

The Pet Bird.—Bremen.

THE BLUEBIRD.

I KNOW the song that the bluebird is singing—
Out in the appletree where he is swinging.
Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary;
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat.
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
Listen awhile and you'll hear what he's saying
Up in the apple-tree swinging and swaying:

Dear little blossoms down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know;
Hark! while I sing you a message of cheer:
Summer is coming, and springtime is here.

Little white snowdrops! I pray you arise;
Bright yellow crocus! come, open your eyes:
Daffodils, daffodils, say, do you hear?
Summer is coming, and springtime is here!

—*Emily Huntington Miller.*

A BIRD'S NEST.

Over my shaded doorway,
Two little brown-winged birds
Have chosen to fashion their dwelling,
And utter their loving words.
All day they are going and coming
On errands frequent and fleet,
And warbling over and over—
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

Their necks are changeful and shining,
 Their eyes are like living gems,
 And all day long they are busy,
 Gathering straws and stems,
 Lint and feathers and grasses;
 And half forgetting to eat;
 Yet never failing to warble,
 "Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

I scatter crumbs on the doorsteps,
 And fling them some flossy threads;
 They fearlessly gather my bounty,
 And turn up their graceful heads,
 And chatter, and dance, and flutter,
 And scrape with their tiny feet,
 Telling me over and over,
 "Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

What if the sky is clouded?
 What if the rain comes down?
 They are all dressed to meet it,
 In waterproof suits of brown.
 They never mope or languish
 Nor murmur at storm or heat,
 But say,—whatever the weather,—
 "Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

Always merry and busy,—
 Dear little brown-winged birds,
 Teach me the happy magic
 Hidden in these soft words,
 Which always in shine or shadow,
 So lovingly you repeat
 Over, and over, and over,
 "Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

—*Florence Percy.*

THE BLUEBIRD.

LISTEN a moment, I pray you; what was that sound
that I heard?

Wind in the budding branches, the ripple of brooks,
or a bird?

Hear it again, above us! and see a flutter of wings!
 The bluebird knows it is April, and soars toward the sun
 and sings.

Never the song of the robin could make my heart so glad;
 When I hear the bluebird singing in spring, I forget to be
 sad.

Hear it! a ripple of music! sunshine changed into song!
It sets me thinking of summer when the days and their
dreams are long.

Winged lute that we call a bluebird, you blend in a silver
strain

The sound of the laughing water, the patter of spring's
sweet rain.

The voice of the winds, the sunshine, and fragrance of
blossoming things,

Ah! you are an April poem, that God has dowered with
wings!

—Eben Eugene Rexford.

A SONG SPARROW IN MARCH.

HOW much do the birds know, afloat in the air,
Of our changeable, strange human life and its care?

Who can tell what they utter,

With carol and flutter,

Of the joy of our hearts, or the pain hidden there?

In the March morning twilight I turned from a bed
Where a soul had just risen from a form lying dead:

The dim world was ringing

With a song sparrow's singing

That went up and pierced the gray dawn overhead.

It rose like an ecstasy loosed from the earth;

Like a rapture repeating the song of its birth;

In that clear burst of gladness

Night shook off her sadness,

And death itself echoed the heavenly mirth.

While her sorrowful burden the sufferer laid by,

The little bird passed, and caught up to the sky,

And sang to gray meadow

And mist-wreath and shadow

The triumph a mortal had found it to die.

Oh, the birds cannot tell what it is that they sing!

But to me must the song sparrow's melody bring,

Whenever I hear it,

The joy of a spirit

Released into life on that dim dawn of spring.

—Lucy Larcom.

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P R O G R A M M E .**PRIMARY GRADES.**

SONG: The Sweet Singers.

RECITATION: The Birds' Orchestra.—Celia Thaxter.

Or

The Songsters.—James Thomson.

STORY: The Robin and the Violet.—Eugene Field.

RECITATION: Sir Robin.—Lucy Larcom.

TRIBUTES TO THE BIRDS: (By School. See page 162.)

SONG: The Boy and the Lark.—Beethoven.

TALK ABOUT THE PICTURE: "The Song of the Lark."
—Breton.

Subjects:

- (a) Life of the girl.
- (b) Expression of the face.
- (c) Happiness contributed by the bird.
- (d) Artist.

SONG: The Oriole's Nest Song.

READING: "I Told You So." (From "Our Shy Neighbors.")

RECITATION: What a Bird Taught.—Alice Cary.

RECITATION: Sing and Look Up.—Julia H. May.

STORY: Lincoln and the Birds.

READING: Birds' Nests. (See page 158.)

RECITATION: The Brown Thrush.—Lucy Larcom.

TALK, About why we need birds and why we love them.

SONG: The Happy Bluebird.

RECITATION: The Bluebird.—E. Rexford.

Or

Birds in Summer.—Mary Howitt. (By the school.)

DECORATION OF ROOM.

FLOWERS.

CANARY BIRDS.

PICTURES.

DRAWINGS ON BOARD.

NOTE.—The Perry Pictures should be mounted on some soft, neutral-tinted bristol board, and placed in pretty groups about the room. The magazine, "Birds," furnishes some very beautiful plates.

PROGRAMME.

INTERMEDIATE GRADES.

SONG: The Return of Spring.

RECITATION: The Return of the Birds.—Bryant.

STORY: The Birds of Killingworth.—Longfellow.

READING: From "A Year with the Birds."—Wilson Flagg.

RECITATION: To a Skylark.—Shelley.

SONG: The Skylark.—James Hogg.

STORY: Daily Bread. (From "Parables from Nature.")

TRIBUTES TO THE BIRDS. (By the school. See page 162.)

READING: From Burroughs.

SONG: Wood Birds. (Folk Song.)

RECITATION: The Song Sparrow.—Lucy Larcom.

RECITATION: The Green Linnet.

Hail to thee above the rest
In joy of voice and pinion!
Thou linnet! in thy green array,
Presiding spirit here to-day,
Dost lead the revels of the May;
And this is thy dominion.

A life, a presence like the air
Scattering thy gladness without care,
Too blest with any one to pair,
Thyself thine own enjoyment. —*Wordsworth*.

SONG: The Nightingale.—Attenhofer.

RECITATION: To a Waterfowl.—Bryant. (By the school.)

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

NOTE.—This poem is published by special permission of Messrs. D. Appleton & Company, publishers of the poetical works and prose works of William Cullen Bryant.

Should it be deemed best to have a Humane Day, the following programme may be found suggestive:

SONG: The Chickadee.

Or

The Boy and the Lark.—Beethoven.

STORY: The Birds of Killingworth.—Longfellow.

Or

The Bell of Atri.—Longfellow.

QUOTATIONS. (By the school.)

READING: The Wounded Curlew.—Celia Thaxter.

READING: Little Bell.—Thomas Westwood.

*SONG: Come, Boys of Noble Spirit, Come!—Foxwell.

STORY: The Emperor's Bird's-Nest.—Longfellow.

STORY: The White-Footed Deer.—Bryant.

RECITATION: The Brown Thrush.—Celia Thaxter.

Or

Little Gustave.—Celia Thaxter.

STORY: A Lesson of Mercy.—Alice Cary.

*SONG: In The Woods is Peace.

RECITATION: He Made and Loveth All.—Coleridge.

APPROPRIATE QUOTATIONS:

The heart is hard in nature and unfit
For human fellowship, as being void
Of sympathy, and therefore, dead alike
To love and friendship both that is not pleased
With sight of animals enjoying life
Nor feels their happiness augment his own.
—Cowper.

I would not place upon my list of friends,—
Though gifted with rare learning and fine sense
Yet wanting sensibility,—the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm. —Cowper.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all. —Coleridge.

Among the noblest in the land,
Though he may count himself the least,
That man I honor and revere
Who, without favor, without fear,
In the great city dares to stand
The friend of every friendless beast.
—Longfellow.

'Tis best to pray,
But praying best succeeds,
When seconded by manly deeds, —Saxe.

Of all music, that which reaches farthest into heaven,
is the beating of a loving heart.—Henry Ward Beecher.

"Nay," Solomon replied,
"The wise and strong should seek
The welfare of the weak,"
And turned his horse aside.

His train with quick alarm,
Curved with their leader round
The ant-hill's peopled mound,
And left it free from harm.

—Whittier. (From "King Solomon and the Ants.")

Choose then, O youth, both bright and brave!
Wilt be a monarch or a slave?
Ah! scorn to take one step below
The path where truth and honor go!
On manhood's threshold stand, a king
Demanding all that life can bring
Of lofty thought, of purpose high,
Of beauty and nobility.
Once master of yourself, no fate,
Can make your rich world desolate,
And all men shall look up to see
The glory of your victory. —*Celia Thaxter.*

PICTURES:

Plowing.—Bonheur.

Cows in Pasture.—Dupre.

Shepherdess and Sheep.—Millet.

Shepherdess and Sheep.—La Rolle.

The Lion of Lucerne.—Thorwaldsen.

(Perry Pictures Co.)

MEMORIAL DAY

FROM "The First Memorial Day Proclamation:"

We should guard their graves with sacred vigilance. All that the consecrated wealth and taste of the nation can add to their adornment and security is but a fitting tribute to the memory of her slain defenders. Let no wanton foot tread rudely on such hallowed grounds. Let pleasant paths invite the coming and going of reverent visitors and fond mourners. Let no vandalism or avarice or neglect, no ravages of time, testify to the present or to the coming generations that we have forgotten as a people the cost of a free and undivided republic. If other eyes grown dull, and other hands slack, and other hearts cold in the solemn trust, ours shall keep it well as long as the light and warmth of life remain in us.

Let us, then, gather around their sacred remains, and garland the passionless mounds above with the choicest flowers of springtime; let us raise above them the dear old flag they saved from dishonor. Let us, in this solemn presence, renew our pledges to aid and assist those whom they left among us as a sacred charge upon a nation's gratitude,—the soldiers' and sailors' widows and orphans.—John A. Logan, G. A. R. Commander, May 5th, 1868.

In the North, May 30th is celebrated as Memorial Day; but in the South, where the season is more advanced, it is usually celebrated in April.

Year after year this beautiful custom has been followed, and this year we shall decorate also the graves of the soldiers and sailors who died in the Spanish-American war.

If but one special day during the year can be celebrated, it should always be Memorial Day.

Every day at school should be opened by singing some patriotic song, or by repeating some striking patriotic poem. The children should know the history of our flag and the origin and story of our patriotic songs. We must inspire the children with a loyal and enthusiastic patriotism. They must have a genuine love and reverence for the flag as a symbol of all that it represents.

For a week or two before Memorial Day the children should march in and out of school to some of our old and best loved war songs that make good marches, as:

Dixie Land.

Just Before the Battle, Mother.

Battle Cry of Freedom.

While We were Marching through Georgia.

If this course is followed during the year, when Memorial Day comes the making of a programme will be a very easy matter.

The following list of books, selections, songs and poems may be found useful.

REFERENCES AND PROSE SELECTIONS:

- A Man Without a Country.—E. E. Hale.
- Patriotic Citizenship. (American Book Company.)
- Four Great Americans.—James Baldwin, Ph. D.
(Werner Book Company.)
- Four American Patriots.—Alma Holman Burton.
(Werner Book Company.)
- Liberty and Union.—Fellows.
- Four Naval Heroes. (The Midland Publishing Co.)
- The Young American. (Maynard, Merrill Co.)
- The Words of Lincoln.—O. T. Oldroyd. (Washington,
D. C.)
- Our Country's Flag.—Edward S. Holden, LL.D. (D.
Appleton & Co.)
- Two Little Confederates.—Thomas Nelson Page.
- Patriotic Selections.—Burdette.
- Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.
- The Story of Sir Philip Sidney. (From "A Book of
Golden Deeds.")
- The Influence of American Liberty.—Daniel Webster.
- Liberty and Union.—Daniel Webster.
- What Is Patriotism?—Fisher Ames.
- American Battle Flags.—Carl Schurz.
- A Tribute to Our Honored Dead.—Henry Ward
Beecher.
- Tribute to Lincoln.—Emilio Castelar.
- Eulogy on America.—Charles Phillips.
- True Fame.—John Jay.
- The Union of the States.—Randolph.
- The Honors of a Nation.—W. R. Prince.
- Decoration Day.—Sarah Orne Jewett. (From "A Na-
tive of Windby.")
- What Is Patriotism?—Sidney Smith.
- The National Flag.—Charles Sumner.
- Homage We Owe the Fallen.—Schuyler Colfax.
- The American Flag.—Henry Ward Beecher.
- Duty of the American Scholar.—George W. Curtis.
- The Stars and Stripes.—Anon.
- Foes United in Death.—Abbott.
- The Southern Soldier.—Henry W. Grady.
- The Love of Flowers.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Freedom and Patriotism.—Orville Dewey.

Patriotism.—Thomas F. Meagher.

The National Banner.—Edward Everett.

What America Has Done for the World.—G. C. Verplanck.

Heroes and Martyrs.—Edwin H. Chapin.

NOTE.—Many of these selections are to be found in our best school readers and books of selections for reading.

MEMORIAL DAY POEMS:

Decoration Day.—Longfellow.

The Nameless Grave.—Longfellow.

Soldier, Rest.—Scott.

Flowers for Memorial Day.—Margaret Sangster.

Decoration Day.—Helen Hunt Jackson.

Flowers for the Brave.—Celia Thaxter.

The Blue and the Gray.—Francis M. Finch.

The Graves of the Patriots.—Percival.

Cover Them Over.—W. M. Carleton.

The Army of the Dead.—W. M. Carleton.

How Sleep the Brave.—William Collins.

The Bivouac of the Dead.—O'Hara.

Sleep, Soldier, Sleep.—W. G. Park.

Palmetto and Pine.—Manley H. Pike.

Decoration Day.—Thomas W. Higginson.

The Boys Across the River.—Lloyd G. Thompson.

Somebody's Darling.—Marie Lacoste.

Memorial Day.—Charles H. Crandall.

Spring After the War.—Phoebe Cary.

Memorial Day.—T. C. Harbaugh.

Decoration of the Soldiers' Graves.—Henry Timrod.

The Soldier's Reprieve.

Selections from "The Elegy."—Gray.

The New Memorial Day.—Albert Bigelow Paine.

For One of the Killed.—W. D. Howells.

OTHER APPROPRIATE POEMS:

Selections from—

The Battlefield.—Bryant.

The Peace Autumn.—Whittier.

The Commemoration Ode.—Lowell.

The Present Crisis.—Lowell.

Driving Home the Cows.—Kate P. Osgood.

Wounded.—W. E. Miller.

The Burial of Sir John Moore.—Wolfe.

The Young Soldier.—Alice Cary.

The Hero of Fort Wagner.—Phoebe Cary.

Forget Me Not.—Epes Sargent.

Drafted.—Anon.
 Song of the Camp.—Bayard Taylor.
 The Children of the Battle Field.—James G. Clark.
 After the Fight.
 The Little Drummer Boy.—R. H. Stoddard.
 The Picket Guard.—E. L. Beers.
 The Picket Guard.—Mrs. Howland.
 Roll Call.—N. G. Shepherd.
 Jackson.—Harry Nash.
 Dirge for the Soldier.—George H. Baker. (In memory
 of General Philip Kearny.)
 Forgive and Forget.—Charles Swain.
 Keeping the Bridge.—Macaulay.
 American Independence.—A. B. Street.
 The Battle field.—Mrs. Hemans.
 The Soldier's Dream.—Campbell.
 The Coast Guard.—Emily H. Miller.
 In Memory of the Soldiers and Marines.—Curtiss May.
 (From "Youth's Companion," May, 1899.)
 Custer's Last Night.—Frederick Whittaker.
 Monterey.—Charles F. Hoffman.
 The Absent Boy.—Margaret Sangster.
 False Peace and True.—Richard Burton.
 The Conquered Flag.—Father Ryan.
 (The Spanish-American War.)
 One Beneath Old Glory. (From "Poems of American
 Patriotism.")
 A Song of the Fleet.—Clinton Scollard.
 War Hymn.—Bulah R. Stevens.
 The Heroic Dead.—George D. Emery.
 Under the Stars and Stripes.—Madison Cawein.
 To Admiral George Dewey.—Virginia Vaughn.

NOTE.—Many of the poems here referred to are to be
 found in "Poems of American Patriotism," published by L.
 C. Page and Company, Boston.

PATRIOTIC POEMS, FLAG POEMS:

Union and Liberty.—Holmes.
 Freedom, Our Queen.—Holmes.
 God Save the Flag.—Holmes.
 My Native Land.—Scott.
 Warren's Address to His Soldiers.—Pierpont.
 Saving the Colors.—Boyle.
 My Country. (From "Hesperion.")
 The American Flag.—Drake.
 Old Glory.—Harriet Prescott Spofford.
 Our Flag.—Hewett.

The Patriot Spy.—Francis M. Finch.
 On the Shores of Tennessee.—N. P. Beers.
 The Star of Columbia.—N. P. Beers. (To the G. A. R.)
 The Stars and Stripes.—James T. Fields.
 National Anthem.—William Ross Wallace.
 The Ship of State.—Longfellow. (From "The Building of the Ship.")
 The Bugle Song.—Tennyson.
 Our Whole Country.—Anon.
 The Battle Flag at Shenandoah.—Joaquin Miller.
 Stand by the Flag.—Joseph Holt.
 America.—John E. McCann.

FLAG SONGS:

Guard the Flag.—George M. Vickers.
 Rally Around the Flag.
 The Stars and Stripes.
 Star Spangled Banner.—Francis Scott Key.
 Columbia, Gem of the Ocean.—Shaw.
 There Are Many Flags.—Howliston.
 Flag Song.—Eleanor Smith. (Scott, Foresman & Co.)
 On the Shores of Tennessee.—N. P. Beers.
 The Banner of the Free.—Brinley Richards.
 Three Little Sisters.—W. W. Gilchrist.
 Our Starry Banner.—Offenbach.
 Our Flag is There.

PATRIOTIC SONGS:

Hail, Columbia.—Joseph Hopkinson.
 America.—Samuel Francis Smith.
 To Thee, O Country.—Eichberg.
 Land of Greatness.—A. J. Foxwell. (Scott, Foresman & Co.)
 Battle Hymn of the Republic.—Julia Ward Howe.
 God, Ever Glorious.—Samuel Francis Smith.
 The New "Hail, Columbia." "Tabasco March."—G. W. Chadwick.
 My Own Country.
 My Native Land.—Wohlfahrt.
 Keller's American Hymn. (Oliver Ditson Co.)
 Home, Sweet Home.—John Howard Payne.
 Angel of Peace.—O. W. Holmes.
 Hail to the Land.—Gounod.

SONGS OF WAR:

The Battle Cry of Freedom.
 Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.

Do They Think of Me at Home?
The Soldier's Farewell to Home.
Maryland, My Maryland.
Tenting To-night. (Oliver Ditson Co.)
Just Before the Battle, Mother.
We've Drunk from the Same Canteen.—J. G. Clarke.
Dixie Land.
Way Down Upon the Suwanee River.
The Vacant Chair.
Bugle Song.—Tennyson. (Scott, Foresman & Co.)
Our Boys Are Coming Home.—T. Martin Town.
When This Cruel War is Over.—Henry Tucker.

DECORATION DAY SONGS:

Cover Them Over.—Will Carleton.
Somebody's Darling.—Lacoste.
Bring the Flowers.
Bring Forth the Flowers.
Tell Them, Lovely Flowers.
Flowers For the Brave.—E. W. Chapman. (Scott,
Foresman & Co.)

MEMORIAL DAY SELECTIONS.

My Country! May she ever be right; but, right or wrong,
my country.—Webster.

They never fail who die
In a great cause. The block may soak their gore;
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls;
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others, and conduct
The world at last to Freedom. —Byron.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,—
Despite these titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentr'd all in self,
Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonor'd and unsung.

—*Sir Walter Scott.* (From "The Lay of the Last
Minstrel.")

O Beautiful! My Country! Ours once more!
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,
And letting thy set lips,
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare.
What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the nations bright beyond compare?
What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we give thee;
We will not dare to doubt thee:
But ask whatever else, and we will dare!

—*Lowell.* (From "The Commemoration Ode.")

Shine, Star of our Nation! the Herald of Day,
 To Liberty, Justice and Right lead the way.
 God guard the Republic, when skies are all bright,
 In darkness and gloom, be thou ever its light.
 May our banner of freedom, in glory unfurled,
 Be the Guide, and the Hope, and the Joy of the world,
 That the star of Columbia in splendor may shine,
 And the voices of nations in anthems combine.

—*N. P. Beers.* (From "The Star of Columbia.")

North and South, we meet as brothers;
 East and West, we are wedded as one;
 Rights of each shall secure our mother's,
 Child of each is her faithful son!
 We give thee heart and hand,
 Our glorious native land,
 For battle has tried thee, and time endears;
 We will write thy story,
 And keep thy glory,
 As pure as of old, for a thousand years!

—*Bayard Taylor.* (From "Songs of 1776.")

God of peace, whose spirit fills
 All the echoes of our hills,
 All the murmurs of our rills,

Now the storm is o'er—
 Oh, let freedom be our sons,
 And let future Washingtons
 Rise to lead their valiant ones

Till there's war no more. —*Pierpont.*

THE OLD AND THE NEW SOUTH.

THE old South rested everything on slavery and agriculture, unconscious that these could neither give nor maintain healthy growth. The new South presents a perfect democracy, the oligarchs leading in the popular movement,—a social system, compact and closely knitted, less splendid on the surface, but stronger at the core, a hundred farms for every plantation; fifty homes for every palace, and a diversified industry that meets the complex needs of this complex age.

The new South is enamored of her work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair upon her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands full statured and equal among the peoples of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the ex-

panding horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because, in the inscrutable wisdom of God, her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten.

—*Henry W. Grady.*

No civilized nation, from the republics of antiquity down to our days, ever thought it wise or patriotic to preserve in conspicuous and durable form the mementos of victories won over fellow citizens in civil war. Why not? Because every citizen should feel himself with all others as the child of a common country, and not as a defeated foe. All civilized governments of our day have instinctively followed the same dictate of wisdom and patriotism.

Should the son of South Carolina, when in some future day defending the Republic against some foreign foe, be reminded, by an inscription on the colors flying over him, that under this flag the gun was fired that killed his father at Gettysburg?

Let the colors of the army, under which the sons of all the States are to meet and mingle in common patriotism, speak of nothing but union,—not a union of conquerors and conquered, but a union which is mother of all, equally tender to all, knowing of nothing but equality, peace, and love among her children.

—*Thoughts of Charles Sumner.*
(From "American Battle Flags.")

We may adorn with loving tributes the resting place of our beloved dead; the flowers which are strewn may symbolize the living fragrance of their memory; but we shall honor them the most by having their example teach us to love our country more, to value its dearly purchased institutions more, to prize its manifold blessings more, and to advance its greatness and true glory more.

—*Schuyler Colfax.*

Let our children know the names and deeds of the men who preserved the Union; let piety and patriotism sweetly unite in forming the character of our children, that we may have a race of loyal and noble Americans to carry forward the triumphs of liberty after those who won it have gone to their reward.

—*Robert S. MacArthur.*

Remember that we are one country now. Do not bring up your children in hostility to the government of the United States. Bring them up to be Americans.—*Robert E. Lee.*

(To his soldiers.)

We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag, and keep step to the music of the Union.—*Rufus Choate.*

Oh, tell me not that they are dead,—that generous host, that airy army of invisible heroes. They hover as a cloud

of witnesses above this nation. Are they dead that yet speak, louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society, and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism?

—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

(From "A Tribute to Our Honored Dead.")

They sleep in their manhood, the true and the brave,
And Liberty guardeth each patriot's grave;
Some in the sunlight, and some in the shade,
Some 'neath the vine in the wren-haunted glade,
Some in a nook nearly hidden from sight,
Others far up on the lone mountain height;
Though scattered they be, the Blue and the Gray,
The love of the Nation will find them to-day.

—*T. C. Harbaugh.* (From "Memorial Day.")

Beautiful is the death sleep
Of those who bravely fight,
In their country's holy quarrel,
And perish for the right. —*Bryant.*

Evermore that turf lie lightly,
And, with future showers,
O'er thy slumbers fresh and brightly
Blow the summer flowers. —*Whittier.*

Ah! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of her brave—
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save.
—*Bryant.* (From "The Battle-Field.")

Fast asleep the boys are lying, in their low and narrow tents,
And no battle cry can wake them, and no orders call them
hence;
And the yearnings of the mother, and the anguish of the
wife,
Cannot, with their magic presence, call the soldiers back to
life.

—*Will M. Carleton.*

(From "The Army of the Dead.")

Scatter your flowers alike to-day
Over the graves of the Blue and the Gray.
Time has healed all the Nation's scars,
Peace has hushed all the noise of wars;
And North and South, and East and West,
There beats but one heart in the Nation's breast.

—*Selected.*

You are sweetly asleep where the low grasses creep,
And the ferns in their beauty unfold,
Where the long silence thrills through the misty blue hills,
In their glory of purple and gold.

O soldiers in blue, you were loyal and true,
You were brave in the conflict with wrong;
We will praise you with cheers, we will mourn you with
tears,
And crown you with story and song.

—*Angelina W. Wray.*

Breathe balmy airs, ye fragrant flowers,
O'er every silent sleeper's head;
Ye crystal dewes and summer showers,
Dress in fresh green each lowly bed.
Strew loving offerings o'er the brave,
Their country's joy, their country's pride;
For us their precious lives they gave,
For Freedom's sacred cause they died.

Long, where on glory's fields they fell,
May Freedom's spotless banner wave,
And fragrant tributes grateful tell
Where live the free, where sleep the brave.

—*Samuel F. Smith.*

Rest, comrades, rest and sleep!
The thoughts of men shall be
As sentinels to keep
Your rest from danger free.

Your silent tents of green
We deck with fragrant flowers;
Yours has the suffering been,
The memory shall be ours.—*Longfellow.*
(From "Decoration Day.")

"Rest in your grassy beds,
While bloom a nation spreads
On each appears;
We, too, will love our land,
And serve with loyal hand
In all the years."

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blessed!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,

She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than fancy's feet have ever trod.
 —*William Collins.* (From "How Sleep the Brave!")

TO LINCOLN.

Let childhood drop the wreaths of May,
 Fair women place choice funeral flowers
 Above his grandly confined clay:
 The palm is his, the cross is ours.

—*W. H. C. Hosmer.*

On Fame's eternal camping ground
 Their silent tents are spread,
 And Glory guards with silent round
 The bivouac of the dead.
 —*O'Hara.* (From "The Bivouac of the Dead.")

Sleep on, brave hearts, and take your rest,
 A hundred million, strong and free,
 Shall guard in each heroic breast
 Your pure and priceless legacy.
 'Twas not in vain, O noble band,
 Your blood imbued Columbia's sod,
 United now her children stand,—
 One flag, one country and one God.
 —*George D. Emery.* (From "The Heroic Dead.")

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

BY the flow of the inland river,
 Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
 Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
 Asleep are the ranks of the dead;
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day—
 Under the one the blue;
 Under the other the gray.

These in the robings of glory,
 Those in the gloom of defeat,
 All, with the battle-blood gory,
 In the dusk of eternity meet;
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day—
 Under the laurel the blue;
 Under the willow the gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
 The desolate mourners go,

Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Under the roses the blue;
Under the lilies the gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
'Broidered with gold the blue;
Mellowed with gold the gray.

So when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Wet with the rain the blue;
Wet with the rain the gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Under the blossoms the blue;
Under the garlands the gray.

No more shall the war cry sever
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Love and tears for the blue,
Tears and love for the gray. —*F. M. Finch.*

A KNOT OF BLUE AND GRAY.

You ask me why, upon my breast,
Unchanged from day to day,
Linked side by side in this broad band,
I wear the blue and gray.

I had two brothers long ago,—
 Two brothers, blithe and gay;
 One wore a suit of Northern blue,
 And one a suit of Southern gray.
 One heard the roll-call of the South,
 And linked his fate with Lee;
 The other bore the Stars and Stripes,
 With Sherman to the sea.

Each fought for what he deemed was right,
 And fell with sword in hand;
 One sleeps amid Virginia's hills,
 And one by Georgia's strand.
 But the same sun shines on both their graves,
 'Mid valley and o'er hill,
 And in the darkest of the hours
 My brothers do live still.
 And this is why, upon my breast,
 Unchanged from day to day,
 Linked side by side in this broad band,
 I wear a knot of blue and gray. —*Selected.*

THE PALMETTO AND THE PINE.

THERE grows a fair palmetto in the sunny Southern lands;

Upon the stern New England hills a sombre pine-tree stands:

And each towers like a monument above the perished brave;
 A grave 'neath the palmetto—beneath the pine a grave.

The Carolina widow comes this bright May day to spread
 Magnolia and jessamine above her soldier dead.

And the Northern mother violets strews upon her son below.—

Her only son, who fell so many weary years ago.

Tears for the gallant Yankee boy—one of Grant's heroes
 he;

Tears for the stalwart Southern man—the man who marched
 with Lee;

But love, and only love, between the lonely ones who twine
 Their wreaths 'neath the palmetto—their chaplets 'neath the
 pine.

Oh, tried tree of the Southland! from out whose trunks
 were wrought

The ramparts of that glorious fort where Sergeant Jasper
 fought;

Oh, true tree of the Northland! whose pictured form supplied
The emblem of our earliest flag, that waved when Warren died—

Still watch the dead you've watched so long, the dead who died so well;

And matrons, mourn, as mourn you must, your lost dear ones who fell;

But joy and peace and hope to all, now North and South combine

In one grand whole, as one soil bears the palmetto and the pine!
—Manley H. Pike.

PROGRAMME.

PRIMARY GRADES.

THE best programme for the little folks is the field day preceding Memorial Day. If the children can themselves really gather their own Memorial Day floral offering, the impression is sure to be a lasting one. If this is not possible, a very simple programme should be made.

The room should be well decorated with flags, flowers and pictures. The portrait of Lincoln should occupy a conspicuous place in the room.

An appropriate programme is here given:

SONG: Flowers for the Brave. (By six children, each holding a bouquet.)

“Once again the flowers we gather,
On these sacred mounds to lay;
O'er the tombs of fallen heroes
Float the stars and stripes to-day.
From the mountain, hill and valley
Issued forth a noble throng,
With heroic valor fighting
Till was heard the victor's song.”

RECITATION: Decoration Day.—Longfellow.

RECITATION: Sleep, Soldier, Sleep.

Sleep, soldier, sleep,
Thy work is o'er,
No more the bugle calls “To Arms!”
Dream on beneath thy tents of green;
Sleep, soldier, sleep, free from all alarms.

Rest, soldier, rest!
While we to-day

Bring fragrant flowers with reverent tread
To deck the graves of those we love,
A tribute to our honored dead.

—*William G. Park.*

SONG: Tell Them, Lovely Flowers. (While singing this song, the children may march. The Vine or Wreath marches are pretty, simple and appropriate.)

RECITATION: The Daisy's Mission.

"I am going to blossom," a daisy said,
"Though the weather is cold and bleak."
"What for?" said a neighbor, lifting her head,
"It's too early yet, by a week."

Said the daisy, "A voice is whispering speed,
So I am wanted somewhere, I know."
"Well, I'm too wise such voices to heed,
How silly you are, to go!"

Memorial Day dawned cool and bright,
The sun his warm rays gave,
And there gleamed a star of purest white
On a lonely soldier's grave. —*Selected.*

MEMORIAL DAY QUOTATIONS. (By the school.) (See page 183.)

SONG: (Tune, "Sweet and Low.")

"Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Now let our music be,
Low, low, soft and slow,
Soft as the murmuring sea.
After the battle and toil of life,
The heroes who conquered in the strife
Low in their graves now lie;
And we reverence them,
And we honor them all.

"Sweet and low, sweet and low,
O'er their graves we sing,
Go, go, gently go,
Scatter the flowers we bring.
Scatter them on each hallowed grave,
Thus we remember our fallen brave,—
Remember them all with love,
While we sing of them,
While we honor them all."

QUOTATIONS. (By school.) (See page 183.)

RECITATION: My Country. (From "Hesperion.") (By the school.)

(First Stanza.)

I love my country's pine-clad hills,
Her thousand bright and gushing rills,
Her sunshine and her storms;
Her rough and rugged hills that rear
Their hoary heads high in the air,
In wild, fantastic forms.

SONG: Guard the Flag.—George M. Vickers.

FLAG SALUTE:

I give my head and my heart to God, and my country:
one country, one language, one flag. —*Balch.*

(Motions):

"Head"—Right hand to head.

"Heart"—Right hand to heart.

"Flag"—Right hand pointing to flag.

MEMORIAL DAY CONCERT.

PRIMARY GRADES.

PART I.

OUR FLAG.

CHORUS: Flag Song. (See page 195.)

Some flags are red, or white, or green,
And some are yellow, too,
But the dear old flag that we love best
Is red and white and blue.
Then hail to the flag, to the bonny flag
Of red and white and blue!—*Eleanor Smith.*

(Sung by children, holding flags of different countries.
One in front holding the Stars and Stripes. Flag
salute by school at close of song.)

TRIO: I Know Three Little Sisters.

(By three little girls, dressed as Red, White and Blue.)

CHORUS: Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom.

(By boys marching. The Circle or Snail-shell march
around one child, holding a large flag, makes a pretty
scene.)

FLAG DRILL: (By eight children.)

- | | |
|-----------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Carry Flags. | 8. Recover. |
| 2. Forward, March. | 9. Courage. |
| 3. Take Aim. | 10. Forward, March. |
| 4. Fire. | 11. Defence. |
| 5. Retreat. | 12. Suspense. |
| 6. Cowardice. | 13. Hope. |
| 7. Surrender. | 14. Victory. |
| 15. Peace and Thanksgiving. | |

PART II.

MEMORIAL DAY.

CHORUS: My Native Land.

DUET: The Vacant Chair.

SONG: The Meadow is a Battle-field.

READING: Tribute to Our Honored Dead.—H. W. Beecher.

SONG: Bring Forth the Flowers.

Or

Flowers for the Brave.—E. W. Chapman.

MUSIC: Our Flag Colors. (See next page.)

OUR FLAG COLORS.

E. L. McCORD.

W. W. GILCHRIST.



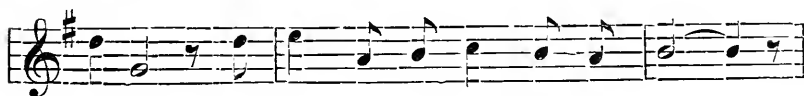
1. I know three lit - tle sis - ters, I think you know them
2. I know three lit - tle les - sons, These lit-tle sis-ters



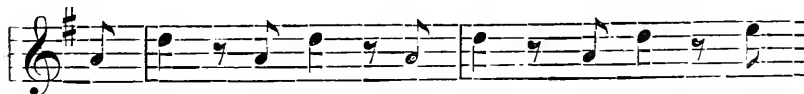
too, For one is red and one is white, And the
tell, The first is Love, then Pu - ri - ty, And



oth-er one is blue. Hurrah! for these three little
Truth we love so well.



sis-ters, Hurrah! for the red, white and blue.



Hurrah! Hurrah! Hur-rah! Hurrah! Hur-



rah for the red, white and blue....

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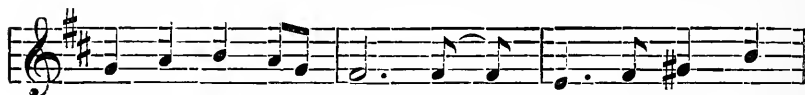
FLAG SONG.

LYDIA A. CONLEY.

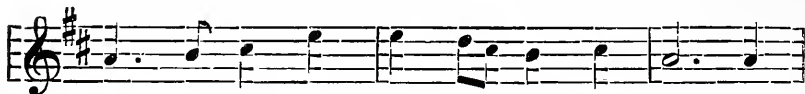
ELEANOR SMITH.



1. Some flags are red, or white or green, And
2. We love our na - tive coun - try's flag; To



some are yel - low too; But the dear, dear flag that
it our hearts are true; A - bove us wave in



we love best Is red, and white and blue. Then
splen-did folds, The red, and white and blue. Then



hail the flag, the bon-ny flag, of red, and white and blue.
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HURRAH FOR THE FLAG.

M. H. HOWLISTON.



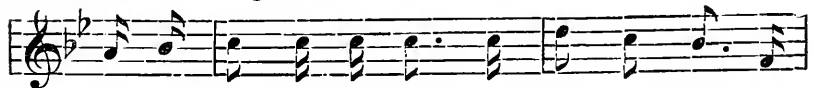
1. There are ma - ny flags in ma - ny lands, There are
2. I know where the prettiest col - ors are, And I'm
3. I would cut a piece from an evening sky, Where the
4. Then I'd want a part of fleec - y cloud, And some
5. We shall al - ways love the stars and stripes. And we



flags of ev - 'ry hue; But there is no flag, how -
 sure if I on - ly knew How to get them here, I could
 stars were shin - ing thro' And use it just as
 red from a rain - bow bright: And put them to - geth - er
 mean to be ev - er true To this land of ours, and the



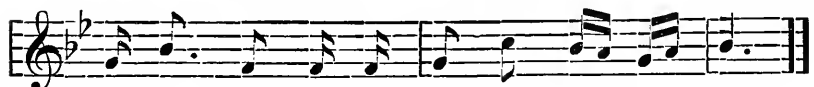
ev - er grand, Like our own "Red, White and Blue."
 make a flag, Of glorious "Red, White and Blue."
 was on high, For my stars and my field of Blue.
 sid by side, For my stripes of Red and White.
 dear old flag, The "Red, the White and Blue."



Then hur - rah for the flag! Our country's flag, Its



stripes and white stars too; There is no flag in



a - ny land, Like our own "Red, White and Blue."

P R O G R A M M E .

GOLDEN DEEDS OF PATRIOTISM.

SONG: The Battle Cry of Freedom.

RECITATION: The Battle Flag at Shenandoah.—Joaquin Miller. Or
Saving the Colors.—Boyle.

READING: From "Two Little Confederates." —Ella Reeve Ware.

RECITATION: The Hero of Fort Wagner.—Phoebe Cary.

SONG: On the Shores of Tennessee.—N. P. Beers. (May be dramatized.)

RECITATION: The Little Drummer Boy.—R. H. Stoddard.

STORY. (Of the Southern women of Atlanta, Ga., and the Northern women at Arlington Heights, decorating alike the graves of both friend and foe.)

RECITATION: The Blue and the Gray.—F. M. Finch. (See page 188.)

READING: The First Decoration Day Proclamation.—John A. Logan. (See page 177.)

SONG: Cover Them Over.—Will M. Carleton.

READING: The Southern Soldier.—Henry W. Grady.

ESSAY: The Work of Henry W. Grady.

READING: The New South.—Henry W. Grady. (See page 184.)

SONG: The New "Hail, Columbia."—G. W. Chadwick.

RECITATION: Hobson and His Men. (From "Poems of American Patriotism.")

RECITATION: To Admiral George Dewey.—Virginia Vaughn
Or

A Song of the Fleet.—Clinton Scollard.

SONG: Angel of Peace.—O. W. Holmes.

RECITATION: The New Memorial Day.—Albert Bigelow Paine.

Or

The Heroic Dead.—George D. Emery.

QUOTATIONS by School. (See page 183.)

RECITATION: Under the Stars and Stripes.—Madison Cawein.

Or

Beneath the Flag

(Beneath the Flag.)

On the sunny hillside sleeping,
On the calm and placid plain,
By the rivers swiftly sweeping,
By the rudely roaring main,
Lie the men who saved the nation
In the dark hour long ago,
Meeting death, with proud elation,
From a brave but erring foe.

In their earthly sleep unending,
Do the nation's martyred sons
Hear the war shouts hoarsely blending
With the booming of the guns?
Do they quicken at the rattle
As the mighty band sweeps by?
Do they see that still in battle
Heroes rise, to do or die?

Let us hope then warriors knighted
In the bright hereafter know
That our nation, firm, united,
Faces now a common foe;
That beneath the dear Old Glory,
Clearing Freedom's splendid way,
Adding luster to its story,
Side by side march Blue and Gray.

—(From "Cleveland Plain-Dealer.")

SONG: America.—Samuel Francis Smith.

If the school is especially talented in a musical line, it may be well, for variety, to have a concert, as suggested below.

MEMORIAL DAY CONCERT.

CHORUS: The Banner of the Free.—Brinley Richards.

SOLO AND CHORUS: The Star Spangled Banner,—Francis Scott Key.

DUET: The Vacant Chair.

CHORUS: To Thee, O Country.—Eichberg.

DUET: On the Shores of Tennessee.—N. P. Beers. (Man and master.)

INSTRUMENTAL: The Stars and Stripes Forever.

SOLO: Home, Sweet Home.—John Howard Payne.

CHORUS: The Battle Hymn of the Republic.—Julia Ward Howe.

SOLO: Somebody's Darling.—Marie Lacoste.

INSTRUMENTAL: Nearer, My God, To Thee. (Variation.)

DUET: We've Drunk From the Same Canteen. (Two boys, wearing uniforms, one carrying canteen.)

CHORUS: Angel of Peace.—O. W. Holmes.

SONG by School: America.—S. F. Smith.

PROGRAMME.

INTERMEDIATE GRADES.

PART I.

ENLISTING.

By boys dressed in uniform, carrying guns, knapsacks, etc.

RECITATION. (From "The Present Crisis,"—Lowell,
Or

"Our Country's Call."—Bryant.)

SONG: The Soldier's Farewell to Home.

PART II.

IN CAMP BEFORE ACTION.

SONG: Do They Think Of Me At Home?

RECITATION: Song of the Camp.—Bayard Taylor.

SONG: Just Before the Battle, Mother.

RECITATION: The Soldier's Dream.—Campbell.

PART III.

ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

SONG: The Bugle Call.—Tennyson.

RECITATION: God Save the Flag.—Holmes.

SONG: Our Flag Is There.

PART IV.

IN CAMP AND HOSPITAL AFTER ACTION.

RECITATION: Roll Call.—N. G. Shepherd.

SONG: Somebody's Darling.—Lacoste. (By girls dressed as hospital nurses.)

RECITATION: Slain.

PART V.

PEACE.

SONG: The Vacant Chair.

RECITATION. (From "The Peace Autumn."—Whittier.)

RECITATION: Driving Home the Cows.—K. P. Osgood.

SONG: Home, Sweet Home.—John Howard Payne.

PART VI.

DECORATION DAY.

ESSAY: The Origin of the Day.

RECITATION: The Blue and the Gray.—F. M. Finch. (See page 188.)

READING: Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. (See page 63.)

SONG: Cover Them Over.—Will Carleton.
(By chorus of girls with bouquets and wreaths.)

PART VII.

IN AFTER YEARS.

RECITATION: (From "The Battlefield."—Bryant.)

SONG: We've Drunk From the Same Canteen.—J. W. Clark. (By two boys dressed as veterans.)

RECITATION: The Star of Columbia.—N. P. Beers. (To the G. A. R.)

RECITATION: The Boys Across the River.—L. G. Thompson.

SONG: America.—S. F. Smith.

P R O G R A M M E .
H I G H E R I N T E R M E D I A T E O R G R A M
M A R G R A D E S .

MILITARY SCENES.

PART I.

FAREWELL.

PART II.

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

PART III.

ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

- | | |
|-------------|-----------------|
| (a) Picket. | (d) Ensign. |
| (b) Spy. | (e) Charging. |
| (c) Bugler. | (f) The Battle. |

PART IV.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

- | | |
|-----------------|-----------|
| (a) In prison. | (c) Death |
| (b) In hospital | (d) Home. |

PART V.

A SOLDIER'S BURIAL.

PART VI.

TRIBUTES TO OUR SOLDIERS.

PART I.

SONG: My Country, 'Tis Of Thee.

RECITATION:

1. Drafted.—Anon.
2. Auf Wiedersehen.—Lowell.
3. My Native Land, Adieu.—Byron.
4. Farewell to a Departing Volunteer.
5. Farewell.—Charles Kingsley.

SONG: My Ain Countrie. (Duet.)

RECITATION:

6. Farewell.—Celia Thaxter.
7. Forget-Me-Not.—Epes Sargent.
8. My Native Land.—Walter Scott.

SONG: The Battle Cry of Freedom.

PART II.

SOLO: Do They Think of Me At Home?

RECITATION:

1. Warrior's Address to His Soldiers.—Wolfe.
2. Songs of the Camp.—Bayard Taylor.
3. The Pride of Battery.—Cassaway.

SONG: Tenting To-night.

4. Oft in the Stilly Night.—Thomas Moore.

PART III.

SONG: Just Before the Battle, Mother.

RECITATION:

1. The Picket Guard.—E. L. Beers.
2. The Bugle Song.—Tennyson.
3. The Ensign Bearer.—Anon.
4. Saving the Colors.—Sir Thomas Boyle.

CHORUS: Our Flag is There.

5. The Patriot Spy.—F. M. Finch.
6. The Charge of the Light Brigade.—Tennyson.
7. The Bavonet Charge.—Nathan Uner.
8. Arnold Winklereid.—Montgomery.

SONG: Rally 'Round the Flag.

9. The Fight By the Ford.—Thomas English.
10. The Battle Flag at Shenandoah.—J. Miller.
11. The American Flag.—Drake.
12. Hohenlinden.—Campbell.

SONG: The Star Spangled Banner.

PART IV.

SONG: In the Prison Cell I Sit.

RECITATION:

1. After the Battle.—Anon.
2. In a Hospital.—Mrs. Browning. (From "Aurora Leigh.")
3. The Old Surgeon's Story.—E. E. Donnelly.
4. Home, Wounded.—Sidney Dobell.
5. Somebody's Darling.—Marie Lacoste.

CHORUS: Break the News to Mother Gently.

6. A Georgia Volunteer.—Xarifa.
7. (From "An Elegy in a Country Churchyard."—Gray.)
8. Stonewall Jackson's Grave.—N. Preston.
9. One in Blue, One in Gray.—William Ward.
10. Driving Home the Cows.—Kate P. Osgood.

SONG: Home, Sweet Home.

PART V.

RECITATION:

1. The Burial of Sir John Moore.—Wolfe.
2. The Bivouac of the Dead.—O'Hara.
3. Dirge for the Soldier.—George H. Baker.
4. How Sleep the Brave.—William Collins.

DUET: Nearer, My God, To Thee.

5. Soldier, Rest.—Scott.
6. The Nation's Dead.
7. Speech at the Dedication of Gettysburg Cemetery.—
Abraham Lincoln. (See page 63.)

PART VI.

SONG: Land of Greatness.

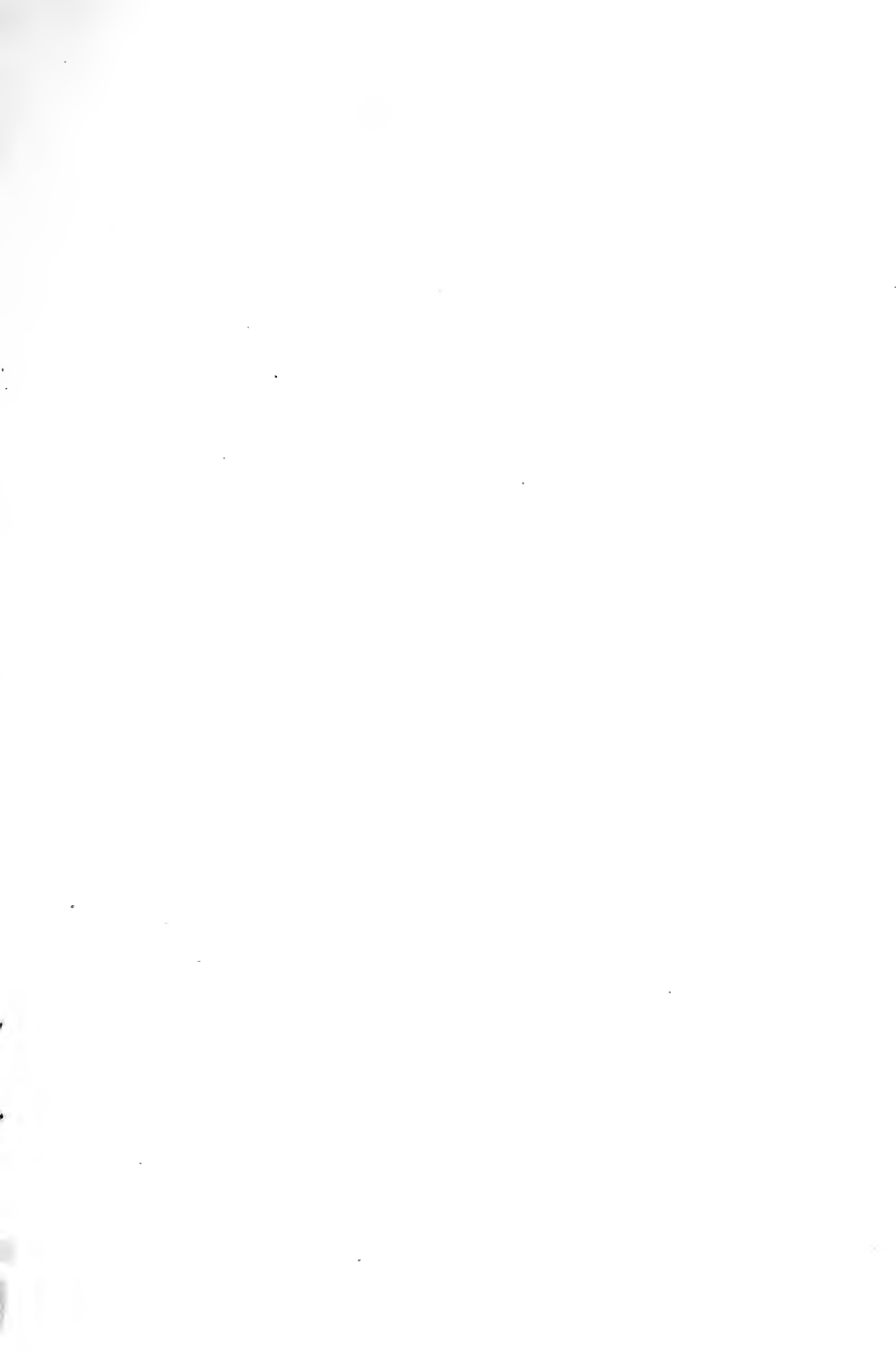
RECITATION:

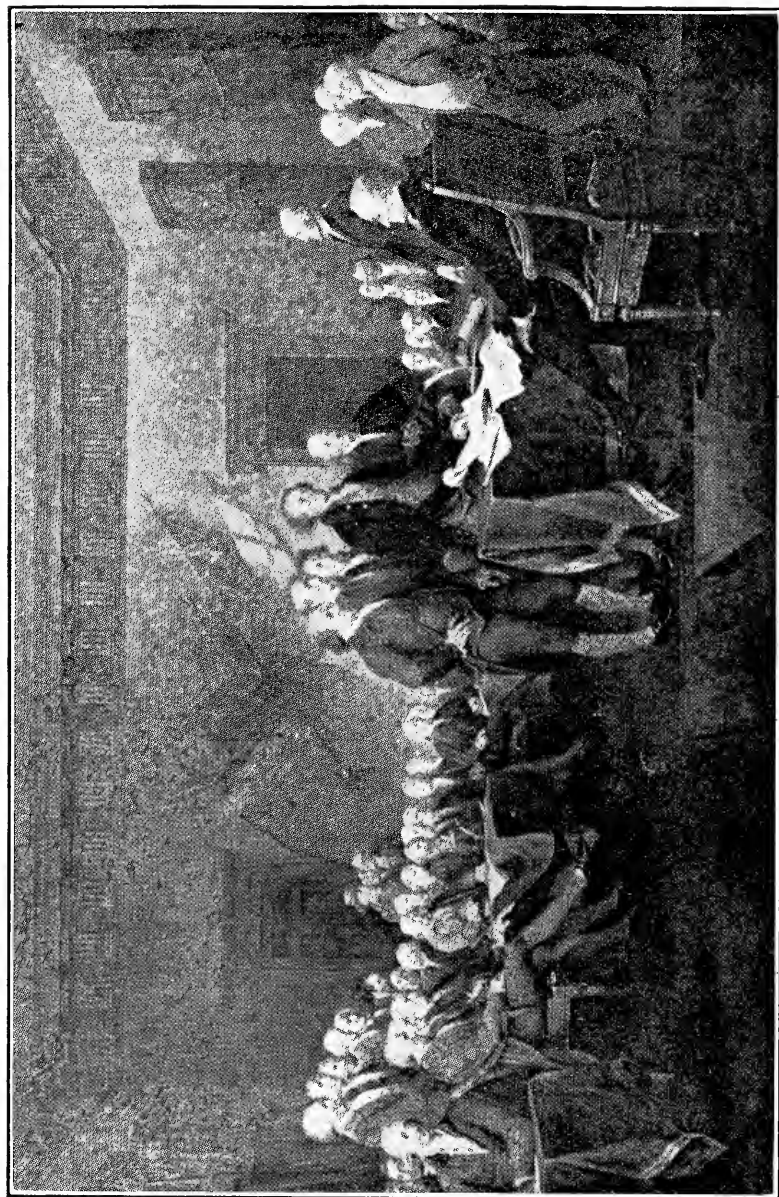
1. The Honored Dead.—H. W. Beecher.
2. Our Whole Country.—Anon.
3. Union and Liberty.—Holmes.
4. Decoration Day.—Longfellow.

SONG: To Thee, O Country.

NOTE.—It is not expected that the teacher will use all of the numbers on this programme. They are given that selections may be made.

The above programme is used by permission of Matilda E. Holtz of the Washington School, Minneapolis.





THE PERRY PICTURES.

From painting by Trumbull.

SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

INDEPENDENCE DAY

THE United States is the only country with a known birthday. All the rest began, they know not when, and grew into power, they know not how.

—*James G. Blaine.*

The Independence Day exercises should follow the careful study of the Declaration of Independence, one of the stepping-stones by which our country rose to a higher life, and one of the events leading up to it.

Among the Perry Pictures are the following:

Signing the Declaration of Independence.—Trumbull.

Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

Independence Bell.

Old South Church, Boston.

Old North Church, Boston.

Faneuil Hall, Boston.

Concord Bridge and Minute Men.

The Battle of Lexington.

The Battle of Bunker Hill.

Paul Revere's Ride.

The following is a list of helpful books and selections:

BIOGRAPHIES:

Eggleston's First Book of American History. (American Book Company.)

Montgomery's Beginner's American History. (Ginn & Company.)

Mowry's Primary American History.

Stories of American History.—Wright. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

Stories of American Progress.—Wright. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

Stories of American History.—Dodge. (Lee & Shepard.)

Poor Boys Who Became Famous.—Sarah K. Bolton. (T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

Life of General Lafayette.—P. C. Headley. (Lee & Shepard.)

Four Great Americans.—James Baldwin, Ph. D. (Werner Book Company.)

Four American Patriots.—Alma Holman Burton. (Werner Book Company.)

Lafayette, The Friend of American Liberty.—Alma Holman Burton. (Werner Book Company.)

Grandfather's Chair.—Washington Irving.

Stories of Massachusetts.—Hale.

The Story of Our Republic.—Guerber. (American Book Company.)

Boys of '76.—Coffin.

Old Times in the Colonies.—Coffin.

SELECTIONS:

The American Revolution.—Jared Sparks.

American Affairs. (1775)—Lord Chatham.

American Affairs. (1777)—Lord Chatham.

Taxation and Representation Inseparable.—Lord Chatham.

American Affairs.—Edmund Burke.

Enterprise of the American Colonies.—Edmund Burke.

American Affairs.—Lord Cavendish.

Principles of the American Revolution.—Josiah Quincy.

Address to the Citizens of Boston.—Josiah Quincy.

Speech of John Adams In Favor of the Declaration of Independence.—Webster.

The American Colonies Defended.—Edward Everett.

The American Revolution and Its Effects.—Burgess.

Address to the British Colonies. (1767)—John Dickinson.

The Minute Men of '76.—George William Curtis.

Washington's Genius.—E. P. Whipple.

American History.—Verplanck.

The Influence of American Liberty.—Webster.

National Rights of the Colonies as Men.—Samuel Adams.

The Responsibility of Our Country.—Madison.

The Voices of the Dead.—Orville Dewey.

Duties of American Citizens.—Wayland.

The American Colonists.—D. H. Montgomery.

Speech on American Independence.—Richard Henry Lee.

NOTE.—Many of the selections may be found in our best school readers and in books for reading and recitation, as: "Reading and Recitations" —Austin B. Fletcher, A. M., LL. B. (Lee & Shepard.) "Academic Speaker,"—B. D. Emerson.

POEMS:

The Concord Hymn.—Emerson.

Boston.—Emerson.

The Boston Hymn.—Emerson.

Ode.—Emerson.

Paul Revere's Ride.—Longfellow.

Lexington, 1775.—Whittier.

Lexington.—Holmes.

The Battle of Lexington.—Sidney Lanier.

A Ballad of the Boston Tea-Party.—Holmes.

Grandmother's Story of the Battle of Bunker Hill.—Holmes.

The Revolutionary Uprising.—T. B. Read.

Song of Marion's Men.—Bryant.

The Ride of Jennie M'Neal.—Will Carleton.

Warren's Address To His Soldiers.—Pierpont.

Spirit of Freedom.—Percival.

American Independence.—A. B. Street.

Centennial of American Independence.—Lowell.

The Church of the Revolution.—Butterworth.

The Nation's Defenders.—Butterworth.

Nathan Hale.—Francis M. Finch.

Independence Bell.

NOTE.—Many of these poems are to be found in "Poems of American Patriotism," by R. L. Paget (L. C. Page & Co.) "American War Ballads," by Eggleston (G. P. Putnam's Sons); and "Songs of History," by Butterworth (New England Publishing Company.)

The children of the schools may furnish the Fourth of July entertainment by reproducing the living pictures of the Declaration of Independence, with an appropriate program.

An entertainment of this kind was given by a Minnesota school not long ago. The room in which the Declaration of Independence was signed was faithfully reproduced, and the boys impersonating the signers were dressed in colonial costume.

When the curtain was drawn, they appeared in the exact pose of Trumbull's figures in his noted picture of the Declaration of Independence. During the exercises which followed, they were seated.

Many of them took part in the exercises, each, in the role of the character which he impersonated, coming forward as the address or quotation was given. Thus appeared John Hancock, Richard Henry Lee, Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Adams, John Adams and others. George Washington, Patrick Henry, James Otis, Josiah Quincy and some of our noble English champions also appeared and took active part.

The girls helped in the music and recitations, dressed as Martha Washington and her friends.

Sometimes scenes dramatized by children are made ridiculous; but in this case it seemed rather to make the audience feel that we are, indeed, children of our noble forefathers, living again each year in their struggles and triumphs. It left among the children a feeling of gratitude to these men, and a strong desire to become loyal Americans.

NOTE.—This entertainment may be given, charging an admission fee, and the proceeds be used in starting a school library or in buying pictures for the schoolrooms.

WARREN'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOLDIERS.

STAND! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?

Will ye look for greener graves?

Hope ye mercy still?

What's the mercy despots feel?

Hear it in that battle-peal!

Read it on yon bristling steel!

Ask it,—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?

Will ye to your homes retire?

Look behind you!—they're afire!

And, before you, see

Who have done it? From the vale

On they come!—and will ye quail?

Leaden rain and iron hail

Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!

Die we may.—and die we must:

But, O, where can dust to dust

Be consigned so well,

As where heaven its dew's shall shed

On the martyred patriot's bed,

And the rocks shall raise their head,

Of his deeds to tell?

—*Pierpont.*

INDEPENDENCE BELL, JULY 4th, 1776.

THERE was a tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down;
People gathering at the corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples,
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents

Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,

So they beat against the State House,

So they surged against the door;

And the mingling of their voices

Made a harmony profound.

Till the quiet street of chestnuts

Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"Oh, God grant they won't refuse!"
"Make some way there!" "Let me nearer;"
"I am stifling!" "Stifle then;
When a nation's life's at hazard
We've no time to think of men!"

So they beat against the portal—
Men and women, maid and child;
And the July sun in heaven
On the scene looked down and smiled;
The same sun that saw the Spartan
Shed his patriot blood in vain,
Now beheld the soul of freedom
All unconquered rise again.

Aloft in that high steeple
Sat the bell-man old and gray;
He was weary of the tyrant,
And his iron-sceptered sway;
So he sat with one hand ready
On the clapper of the bell,
When his eye should catch the signal,
Very happy news to tell.

See! See! the dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Looks forth to give the sign!
With his small hands upward lifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep clear intonations,
Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
List the boy's strong joyous cry!
"Ring!" he shouts, "Ring! Grandpa!
Ring! Oh, ring for Liberty!"
And straightway, at the signal,
The old bell-man lifts his hand,
And sends the good news making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calm-gliding Delaware!

How the bonfire and the torches,
 Illumed the night's repose,
 And from the flames like Phoenix
 Fair Liberty arose.

That old bell now is silent,
 And hushed its iron tongue,
 But the spirit it awakened
 Still lives,—forever young.
 And while we greet the sunlight
 On the Fourth of each July,
 We'll ne'er forget the bell-man,
 Who, 'twixt the earth and sky,
 Rang out our Independence!
 Which, please God, shall never die.

NEW ENGLAND'S DEAD.

NEW England's Dead! New England's dead!
 On every hill they lie;

On every field of strife made red
 By bloody victory.
 Each valley, where the battle poured
 Its red and awful tide,
 Beheld the brave New England sword
 With slaughter deeply dyed.
 Their bones are on the northern hill,
 And on the southern plain,
 By brook and river, lake and rill
 And by the roaring main.

The land is holy where they fought,
 And holy where they fell;
 For by their blood that land was bought,
 The land they loved so well.
 Then glory to that valiant band,
 The honored saviors of the land!
 Oh! few and weak their numbers were,—
 A handful of brave men;
 But to their God they gave their prayer,
 And rushed to battle then.
 And God of battles heard their cry,
 And sent to them the victory.

They left the ploughshare in the mould,
 Their flocks and herds without a fold,
 The sickle in the unshorn grain
 The corn, half garnered, on the plain;

And mustered in their simple dress,
 For wrongs to seek a stern redress;
 To right those wrongs, come weal, come woe;
 To perish or o'ercome their foe.

And where are ye, O fearless men?
 And where are ye to-day?
 I call: the hills reply again
 That ye have passed away;
 That on old Bunker's lonely height,
 In Trenton and in Monmouth ground,
 The grass grows green, the harvest bright,
 Above each soldier's mound.

The Bugle's wild and warlike blast
 Shall muster them no more;
 An army now might thunder past,
 And they not heed its roar.
 The starry flag, 'neath which they fought
 In many a bloody day,
 From their old graves shall rouse them not,
 For they have passed away.

—Isaac McLellan, Jr.

CONCORD HYMN.

BY the rude bridge that arched the flood,
 Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
 Here once the embattled farmers stood,
 And fired the shot heard round the world.
 The foe long since in silence slept;
 Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
 And Time, the ruined bridge has swept
 Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.
 On the green bank, by this soft stream,
 We set to-day a votive stone:
 That memory may their deed redeem,
 When like our sires, our sons are gone.
 Spirit that made these heroes dare
 To die and leave their children free,
 Bid Time and Nature gently spare
 The shaft we raise to them and thee.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

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THE NATIONAL FLAG.

THERE is the national flag! He must be cold, indeed, who can look upon its folds rippling in the breeze, without pride of country. If he be in a foreign land, the flag is companionship and country itself with all its endearments. Who, as he sees it, can think of a State merely? Whose eyes, once fastened upon its radiant trophies, can fail to recognize the image of the whole nation? It has been called a "floating piece of poetry," and yet I know not if it have an intrinsic beauty beyond that of other ensigns. Its highest beauty is in what it symbolizes. It is because it represents all, that all gaze at it with delight and reverence. It is a piece of bunting lifted in the air, but it speaks sublimely, and every part has a voice. Its stripes of alternate red and white proclaim the original union of thirteen States to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Its stars of white on a field of blue proclaim that union of States constituting our national constellation, which receives a new star with every new State. The two together signify union, past and present. The very colors have a language which was officially recognized by our fathers. White is for purity, red for valor, blue for justice; and all together, bunting, stars, stripes, colors blazing in the sky make the flag of our country—to be cherished by all our hearts; to be upheld by all our hands.

—*Charles Sumner.*

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

HAIL to the planting of Liberty's tree!
Hail to the charter declaring us free!

Millions of voices are chanting its praises,
Millions of worshippers bend at its shrine,
Wherever the sun of America blazes

Wherever the stars of our bright banner shine.

Sing to the heroes who breasted the flood
That, swelling, rolled o'er them—a deluge of blood,
Fearless they clung to the ark of the nation,
And dashed on mid lightning, and thunder, and blast,
Till Peace, like the dove, brought her branch of salvation,
And Liberty's mount was their refuge at last.

Bright is the beautiful land of our birth,
The home of the homeless all over the earth.

Oh! let us ever with fondest devotion,

The freedom our fathers bequeathed us, watch o'er
Till the angel shall stand on the earth and the ocean,

And shout mid earth's ruins, that Time is no more.

—*A. B. Street.*

QUOTATIONS

Amidst perils and obstructions, on the bleak side of the mountain on which it was first cast, the seedling oak, self-rooted, shot upward with a determined vigor. Now slighted and now assailed; amidst alternating sunshine and storm; with the axe of a native foe at its root, and the lightning of a foreign power, at times, scathing its top, or withering its branches, it grew, it flourished, it stands—may it forever stand!—the honor of the field.—*Josiah Quincy*. (From "An Address to the Citizens of Boston.")

Love of country was in them an absorbing principle, an undivided feeling,—not of a fragment, a section, but of the whole country. Union was the arch on which they raised the strong tower of a nation's independence. Let the arm be palsied that would loosen one stone in the basis of this fair structure, or mar its beauty,—the tongue mute that would dishonor their names, by calculating the value of that which they deemed without price.—*Jared Sparks*. (From "The American Revolution.")

Lexington was the gathering word; and the name flew from man to man, from colony to colony, as the lightning shoots along the dark bosom of the summer cloud. Almost at once, one spirit pervaded the whole country; and while our enemies were taking counsel to subdue us one by one, we had become a nation.—*Burgess*. (From "The American Revolution and Its Effects.")

You have no right to tax America. I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of our fellow citizens, so lost to every sense of virtue as tamely to give up their liberties, would be fit instruments to make slaves of the rest!—*Lord Chatham*. (From "Taxation and Representation Inseparable.")

"Slavery is ever preceded by sleep." Individuals may be dependent on ministers, if they please. States should scorn it; and if you are not wanting to yourselves, you will have a proper regard paid to you by those to whom, if you are not respectable, you will be contemptible.—*Dickinson*.

(From "To the British Colonies, 1767.")

As a civil act, and by the people's decree—and not by the achievement of the army, or through military motives—as the first stage of the conflict it assigned a new nationality with its own institutions, as the civilly pre-ordained end to be fought for and secured.—*William M. Evarts*. (From "The Declaration of Independence.")

Liberty is a solemn thing, a welcome, a joyous, a glorious thing, if you please, but it is a solemn thing. A free people must be a thoughtful people, a free people must be a serious people; for it has to do the greatest thing that ever was done in the world, to govern itself.—*Orville Dewey.*

“Who dares?”—this was the patriot’s cry,
As striding from the desk he came,—
“Come out with me in freedom’s name,
For her to live, for her to die?”
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered, “I.”—*T. B. Read.*

O with thee,
Spirit of Freedom! deserts, mountains, storms,
Would wear a glow of beauty, and their forms
Would soften into loveliness, and be
Dearest of earth, for there my soul is free.—*Moore.*

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, the child of the skies;
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendor unfold.
Thy reign is the last and the noblest of time,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
Let the crimes of the East ne’er encrimson thy name,
Be freedom, and science, and virtue thy fame.
—*Timothy Dwight. (1777.)*

Then sing ye the song of the nation’s defenders,
The wild roses bloom and the Western winds blow,
The natal day hail that to memory renders
The debt that to Liberty’s martyrs we owe!
In spirit they come when the bugles are blowing
The sweet note of peace on our festival days;
In spirit they live in the great empires growing,
And shall live forever!—sing, sing ye the praise,
Of the valor of old,
Of the flag we behold,
And the twice twenty stars that our banners unfold!
—*Butterworth. (From “The Nation’s Defenders.”)*

Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand years of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

—*Tennyson.*

What’s hallow’d ground? ’Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!
Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth

Earth's compass round;
And your high-priesthood shall make earth
All hallowed ground!—*Campbell.*

The noble race is gone—the suns
Of many years have risen and set;
But the bright links those chosen ones
So strongly forged are brighter yet,
Wide as our own free race increase,
Wide shall extend the elastic chain,
And bind in everlasting peace
State after State—a mighty train.
—*Bryant.* (From “The Constitution.”)

When a deed is done for Freedom,
Through the broad earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic,
Trembling on from east to west.
—*Lowell.* (From “The Present Crisis.”)

Great God! we thank Thee for this home,
This bounteous birthland of the free;
Where wanderers from afar may come,
And breathe the air of liberty!
Still her flowers untrampled spring,
Her harvests wave, her cities rise;
And yet, till Time shall fold her wing,
Remain earth's loveliest paradise.—*Selected.*

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

EVENTS LEADING TO THE DECLARATION.

SONG: Hail, Columbia. (By “The Sons of Liberty” sextette:)

Samuel Adams.

Patrick Henry.

James Otis.

Thomas Jefferson.

Josiah Quincy.

Richard Henry Lee.

TOPIC: Taxation Without Representation is Tyranny. (By James Otis.)

READING: The Revolutionary Uprising.

TOPIC: Patrick Henry's Virginia Resolutions and the Effect. (By Thomas Jefferson.)

“Caesar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell,
and George the Third—may profit by their example.
If this be treason, make the most of it.”

CHORUS: Land of Every Land the Best.—Murray. (By
"The Daughters of Liberty.")

SPEECHES BY OUR FRIENDS IN PARLIAMENT. (Speakers introduced by Benjamin Franklin.)

Lord Chatham. (In 1775.)

When your lordships have perused the papers transmitted us from America; when you consider the dignity, the firmness, and the wisdom with which the Americans have acted, you cannot but respect their cause. History, my lords, has been my favorite study; and, in the celebrated writings of antiquity have I often admired the patriotism of Greece and Rome; but, my lords, I must declare and avow, that, in the master states of the world I know not the people, nor the senate, who, in such a complication of difficult circumstances, can stand in preference to the delegates of America, assembled in General Congress at Philadelphia. I trust it is obvious to your lordships, that all attempts to impose servitude upon such men, to establish despotism over such a mighty continental nation, must be vain, must be futile.

* * * * * It is not repealing this or that act of parliament; it is not repealing a piece of parchment, that can restore America to your bosom: you must repeal her fears and resentments, and then you may hope for her love and gratitude. But now, insulted with an armed force, irritated with an hostile array before her eyes, her concessions, if you could force them, would be suspicious and insecure. But it is more than evident that you cannot force them to your unworthy terms of submission; it is impossible; we ourselves shall be forced ultimately to retract; let us retract while we can, not when we must.

Lord Chatham. (In 1777.)

I love and honor the English troops. I know their virtues and their valor. I know they can achieve anything except impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America *is an impossibility*. You cannot, I venture to say, *you cannot* conquer America. * * * * * If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms,—never, never, neyer!

Edmund Burke.

We have a right to tax America, the noble lord tells us; therefore we ought to tax America. * * * * * Oh! inestimable right! Oh! wonderful, transcendent right, the assertion of which has cost this country thirteen provinces, six islands, one hundred thousand lives, and seventy millions of money! Oh! invaluable right! for the sake of which we

have sacrificed our rank among nations, our importance abroad, and our happiness at home! * * * * A black and bitter day of reckoning will surely come; and whenever that day comes, I trust I shall be able, by a parliamentary impeachment, to bring upon the heads of the authors of our calamities the punishment they deserve.

Charles James Fox. (In 1778.)

You have two wars before you. * * * * The nature of the wars is quite different: the war against America is against our own countrymen; you have stopped me from saying against your fellow subjects; that against France is against your inveterate enemy and rival. Every blow you strike in America is against yourselves; it is against all idea of reconciliation, and against your own interest, though you should be able, as you never will be, to force them to submit. * * * * The war of the Americans is a war of passion; it is of such a nature as to be supported by the most powerful virtues, love of liberty and of their country; and at the same time, by those passions in the human heart which give courage, strength and perseverance to men; the spirit of revenge for the injuries you have done them; of retaliation for the hardships you have inflicted on them; and of opposition to the unjust powers you have exercised over them. Everything combines to animate them to this war, and such a war is without end; for whatever obstinacy enthusiasm ever inspired man with, you will now find in America. No matter what gives birth to that enthusiasm; whether the name of religion or of liberty, the effects are the same; it inspires a spirit which is unconquerable, and solicitous to undergo difficulty, danger and hardship; and as long as there is a man in America, a being formed such as we are, you will have him present himself against you in the field.

SONG: Freedom, Our Queen.

READING: A Ballad of the Boston Tea-Party.—Holmes.
(By Samuel Adams.)

SPEECH: "We Must Fight." (By Patrick Henry.)

TOPIC: The Minute Men.—Emerson. Followed by the recitation of the "Concord Hymn,"—Emerson. (By John Hancock.) (See page 211.)

DUET: Come, Ever-Smiling Liberty.—Handel. (By Martha Washington and Mrs. John Adams.)

RECITATION: Paul Revere's Ride.—Longfellow.

Or

Lexington.—Holmes.

RECITATION: Warren's Address to His Soldiers Before the Battle of Bunker Hill. (By Dr. Joseph Warren.)
(See page 208.)

SOLO: The Sword of Bunker Hill.

READING: Grandmother's Story of the Battle of Bunker Hill.—Holmes. (By girl in colonial costume.)

TABLEAU: George Washington, Our Country's Hero. (Taking command of the army.)

PART II.

THE SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

LIVING PICTURES PRESENTED.

READING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE (if desired).
(By Thomas Jefferson.)

SPEECH IN FAVOR OF THE DECLARATION. (By John Adams.)

SONG: The Star Spangled Banner. (By "The Sons of Liberty" chorus.)

SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION. (Quotations given as the name is affixed.)

There, John Bull may read my name without spectacles!
Gentlemen, we must be unanimous; we must hang together.
—*John Hancock.*

Yes, we must indeed all hang together, or else most assuredly, we shall hang separately.
—*Benjamin Franklin.*

I shall place "*Of Carrolton*" after my name, that there may be no mistake as to my identity.
—*Charles Carroll.*

Let this most happy day give birth to the American republic. Let her arise, not to devastate and conquer, but to re-establish the reign of peace and of the laws.
—*Richard Henry Lee.*

I shall never forget that Patrick Henry was my inspiration in this movement.
—*Thomas Jefferson.*

Sink or swim, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote.
—*John Adams.*

Just and true liberty, equal and impartial liberty in matters spiritual and temporal, is the thing that all men are clearly entitled to by the immutable laws of God and nature as well as by the laws of nations and all well-grounded municipal laws, which must have their foundation in the former.
—*Samuel Adams.*

What land has been visited by the influence of liberty,
that did not flourish like the spring?

—*Roger Sherman.*

In our collected might this shall be a free nation. Let
us consecrate to it our lives, our fortunes and our
sacred honor.

—*Elbridge Gerry.*

(Other quotations may be given if desired. See quotations.)

RECITATION: Independence Bell. (July 4, 1776.) (See
page 208.)

CHORUS: To Thee, O Country.

Or

America. (By "The Sons and Daughters of Liberty.")

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